

THE GUESTS SIZED UP.

Hotel Waiter Makes Shrewd Observations Upon Types of Men.

(New York Sun.) "One guest that I rather like to see," said the hotel waiter, "is the man that saves up his money and goes travelling only once a year. "He comes in to breakfast the minute the bell rings and eats everything on the bill of fare. Begins with fruit, and then eats a cereal and then beefsteak and ham and eggs and pork chops and potatoes and toast and rolls and whatever there is to eat, and drinks probably two cups of coffee and tops off with a plate of hot cakes, maybe two, eats enough without giving me any tip, but I do not dislike him. He comes in before breakfast and gives me something to do, and I'd rather be doing something than standing around, and I like to see him eat. He's not getting it he's doing the best he can, and he enjoys it. "He's the man who, when dinner time comes, orders seventeen hundred and forty-four different things, so that I have to push and jam the plates and dishes to get them in around him, and I can't be over particular; but that doesn't disturb him. He likes to see the things around, and he eats 'em all and is happy, and he isn't necessarily a greedy man either—at least, not a very greedy one. He's just got the chance, and he improves it. "The man who disturbs me is the lofty man who scans the bill of fare slowly and keeps me waiting, and finally says, 'You may give me this,' and 'you may give me that,' and then tosses the bill on the table and turns away and looks somewhere else or turns to talk to somebody else, all as if I was just nobody. But now the youngster, the young feller that's enjoying every minute of his time and every breath he breathes, and who's just elated with being alive, and sort of half-fancied that he's a young prince, though he's friendly enough to me, why, when he says 'you may give me so-and-so,' he's more than half-natural about it, and I'm glad to get him what he wants; and he'll be all right in a year or two anyway. "If you can't sometimes exactly tell the new traveller, or the man who doesn't travel much, any other way, you can tell him sure whenever we have on the bill of fare broiled spring chicken; for if he's new he's sure to order that every time. He hasn't learned yet. "Our broiled spring chickens have thin gutta-percha bodies stretched on frames of steel, and there's about as much taste and food and nourishment in 'em as there would be in a pasteboard chicken. When the experienced traveller sees them on the bill, why, he just gives them the skipper, and sticks to the tender and nicely broiled beefsteak. "But the man who stays at home and eats hash for breakfast fifty weeks in the year, when he sees broiled spring chicken on the bill of fare, why, you don't have to ask what he's going to order, and if you've had any doubt about a man before, why, if he orders broiled spring you know him then, all right. And I like to see 'em wrestling with the broiled spring and the man who sticks to the good old beefsteak enjoys the sight too. "But the man I like best of all is the man who treats me like a human being, and who has some thought for me, and treats me as he'd like to be treated himself. Not the man who says 'you may give me,' nor the man who says 'got me this or that,' nor the man who says 'give me so-and-so,' thinking all the time only of himself, but the man who gives a little thought to me. "I don't require to have a man say 'please give me this,' or 'please give me the other,' but I do like to hear a man say quietly and pleasantly, when he comes to order what he wants, 'I'd like some so-and-so,' treating me as if I was a human being. I can manage to find a good piece of steak for him, and it's a rare time when I can't find him a glass of milk, if he wants one; and if his breakfast he's eating I don't bring him cakes three weeks old, but I get him a plate hot off the griddle that the butter 'll melt on when he puts it on. "That's the sort of a man I like to wait on, the man that treats me on the level, and then if he's all right in staking me, why, if there's anything in the hotel he wants I get it for him if I can, and I generally can." BACHELOR'S WARNING. (Philadelphia Press.) For some time past a Spruce street resident has been greatly bothered by two young people who sit under his window nearly every night and spoon. The resident is an elderly bachelor and to him sentiment is as far removed as the North Pole from Philadelphia, and he could not see why two young people could be so foolish, and further that the conversation of sweet-nothings from below always disturbed his slumbers. At last, tired of the unmeaning words of devotion, he decided to put a stop to it. He secured a heavy-gonged alarm clock, attached it to a string, and the following night, about midnight, when the young couple were sitting serenely on the steps below his window, he lowered the clock down until it was about six inches above their heads. The young couple leaped at least three feet in the air, windows were thrown up and heads thrust out, while the old bachelor with an egotistical smile, returned to his bed and slumbers. SUGGESTIONS BY READERS FOR INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE TIMES WILL BE WELCOME AND GIVEN FULL CONSIDERATION.

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AMONG THE HUMORISTS.

Bulger—Would you call Tibbley a consistent Christian? Kingsley—Oh, yes, but his consistency is like that of melted butter. Mamma—I saw you with that Rowdy boy again. I told you I didn't want you to play with him. Willie—Why, ma, he's a bully feller. When he goes coasting he lets me have his sled half the time. He has it going down hill and I have it going up. "I hates," said Uncle Eben, "to see a man thinkin' he's done his whole duty as a taxpayer an' a patriot when he pins a campaign badge on his coal lapel."—Washington Star. She—Papa is preaching a sermon tonight on "Love One Another." He—And we are staying at home practicing what he preached, aren't we?—Chicago Journal. "My husband is getting to be a scientific whist player. "Is he? I've been wondering lately what made him look as if there was not much more left in the world that was worth trying for."—Chicago Record-Herald. Puddy—Seen the paper this morning? Daddy—Don't have to. Get all the news from other fellows on the way down town. No less than ten told me it was a fine morning, and one of two informed me it was colder than it was yesterday morning. Hickers—How do the Spooners get on now that they are married? Is Charley as attentive to Martha as he used to be in his courtin' days? Bartley—Well, perhaps not; but she is more attentive to him than ever. Watches him as a cat watches a mouse. Hobson—Look here, I've called no less than ten times for those shoes I left here for repair. You promised them a week ago. Cobler—I know, but if I don't look out for my business interests, who will I'd like to know? Hobson—Business interests? Cobler—Yes, don't you see, the more travelling back and forth you do the more shoe leather you'll wear out. It's my duty to myself, therefore, to keep you trotting as long as possible. Binks—Jones hasn't an ounce of brains, yet he seems prosperous. What does he do for a living? Jinks—He writes musical comedy librettos for the Theatrical Trust."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. It seems Woodley has discovered that he has a family tree. Yes, it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant."—Philadelphia Press. He—Of course, she made a good wife. She—Can't say as to that, but she made the man she married a mighty good husband.—Life. "What would you give for a novel of 60,000 words? Well," replied the editor, "if I had the authority I'd give six months!"—Atlantic Constitution. The Leading Lady—Every time I walk along the Rialto I meet half a dozen managers who owe me money. The Ingenue—Back salary or alimony.—Puck. Said the Salt Cellar to the Vinegar Cruet: "Those Croquettes are putting on a deal of stink." "Yes," replied the Vinegar Cruet, "but both of us can remember when they were only plain Hash." Puddy—Waffles is very fond of his wife. He never goes out in his automobile without her. Daddy—Don't you think that looks like treachery rather than fondness?

THE MODERN DETECTIVE

As Portrayed in the Sherlock Holmes Stories and Others of Similar Type.

(From the New York Evening Post.) To many in every layer of the English reading public the most important literary announcement of last year doubtless was that Sherlock Holmes had not met his death in the encounter with the late Professor Moriarty, and that Dr. Watson would give an account of some of his later adventures. With mixed feelings was the news received a few days ago that the great detective is to abandon his profession and retire to a beach in the island of Brighthelmston, in Sussex. Conan Doyle himself says, "I am tired of him, and so, probably, is the public." When the American actor who is making a drama out of the collection of short stories called for permission to marry off her hero, the distinguished author replied, "Marry him! Kill him! Do what you like with him. I am tired of him, and so, probably, is the public." The vast majority of detective stories are merely tales of the "shocker" type, told with an account of a crime, introduced by a detective, describes his successive clever moves while his rivals follow up what he has done with similar work. The story a sensational arrest is made, and the second half is devoted to the events which led up to the crime with which the tale began. Stories of that sort may be absorbing to the last degree, but they lack one element which explains the remarkable way in which the exploits of Sherlock Holmes have taken hold of his acquaintances. There have been several writers of detective stories whose names are known to the equal to that of Dr. Doyle, but if memory serves, there was never one who tried so consistently to "play fair" with his readers. Such stories as "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" and "The Adventure of the Red-Headed League" are not only good, but they show the author's art at its best—own their fascination not merely to the bizarre and extraordinary complications which were brought to No. 221B Baker street for solution, nor to the detective's mystifying deductions from his clients' fingerprints and shoes. The really remarkable thing about these stories is that, before the mystery is solved, the reader is put in possession of every fact material to its solution. The Chinese puzzle is handed over with no missing pieces. We know all that Holmes knew about the ruddy parawalker, the plot that brought him good wages for copying an encyclopedia, the obliging shop assistant, his passion for photography, his subterranean dark room, his opportunities for unmolested work in the cellarage, and the proximity of a rich bank vault. We do not know, to be sure, the name of the pawnshop assistant, but we know from Holmes's remark that he was recognized as a criminal. In the other story we are freely offered every single bit of evidence which convinced the detective that a deadly serpent was to be sent through a ventilator by the infamous Dr. Roylott. That is the reader has been kept in exactly the mental state of the ingenious Dr. Watson or the blundering officer, Lestrade and Grosvenor. He has seen all there is to be seen and if he fails to interpret events aright, it is simply because his own acuteness does not equal that of the detective. The proper construction of a story on this model demands obedience to canons somewhat in the nature of the drama. The characters themselves may be misled as never by you please, but the auditor must never be. If the detective story is to furnish pasture for the intellect as well as sensation, the information given to the reader should be accurate as far as it goes. The author of a popular detective novel a year or two ago occupied several chapters in following up a clew based on a woman's testimony, that a certain man was the third who entered a house in a certain time. Later in a footnote, it was explained that the observer counted wrong and the man was really the fourth. Such mistakes occur daily in a book where the author's astuteness ought to be matched against the reader's. It almost goes without saying that not all of the slighter and more stories about Sherlock Holmes will stand the test of the two we have analyzed. Even in a "Study in Scarlet" in which the detective and the doctor first make their appearance before the public, the mystery is solved only with the aid of a telegram which Holmes received from a lawyer, O. and said nothing about till he had the handcuffs on the criminal. But the ideal has evidently been to tell the reader everything, yet keep him in the dark. If it be true that the resurrected Sherlock Holmes has failed to meet the expectations of his admirers, it is not because people are tired of this particular detective, but because the new stories with all their ingenuity have failed to find the old in this consideration—fair play with the reader. "Here is your Chinese puzzle," says the author; "what do you make of it?" "I can make nothing of it," the reader may say, "Ah," is the rejoinder, "I expected you would fail. I now extract from my waistcoat pocket this additional bit, which you knew nothing about and putting that in its proper place, the whole thing is simple." "The Adventure of the Three Students" this missing bit is the fact that a "small ball of black dough or clay with specks of something which looks like sawdust in it" was the lump of clay caught up by a spiked shoe from a running track. In "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder" it is the fact that corridors in a building did not match and that behind the wainscoting was space for a secret room. In "The Adventure of the Priory School" Sherlock Holmes climbs on a Watson's shoulders to look into the upper room of an inn. Unless he had seen there the red bearded card with his supposedly kidnapped son, there is no reason to suppose he could have solved the mystery at all, yet he makes no mention of this absolutely essential fact until he has confronted the earl himself. In "The Adventure of Black Peter," he arrests a criminal because he knows that on Captain Peter Carey's ship there was a harpooner with the same initials. He learns this by telegraphing to Dundee, and tells Watson nothing about it. In "The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist" Holmes admits he has been "very obtuse" for he does not himself know what crime is contemplated till he stumbles upon it. There is a really fair rule of thumb for judging detective stories. The story teller has succeeded if the reader finishes the book saying "How stupid of me! I had no business not to see that was the mystery." It is a symptom of failure to make the best use of a motive of mystery if the reader says, "Well, you couldn't have expected me to see that. You didn't tell me the whole case."

STEPS TOWARD IDEAL.

(Toledo Blade.) The dream of the ages has been of the ideal time when nations shall learn war no longer. For the first time in human history there is an organized effort in that direction, dating from The Hague Conference and the establishment of the Court of Arbitration. The fierce struggle in South Africa, with its ghastly death roll and its enormous financial burden, has succeeded in making all other civilized nations in general. The present war in the Far East has intensified the popular feeling about it, and is building up a still stronger feeling in favor of peaceful means for settling international disputes. Probably the time is far distant when war will be but a relic of the past, but the nations are traveling the road which leads to its extinction.

A FATHER AT EIGHTY.

(London Daily Express.) Sir Charles and Lady Tennant's infant daughter, born a few days ago, at The Glen, Pembrokeshire, is the third child born to them since their marriage in 1898. Sir Charles is now an octogenarian, and has been a grandfather since 1878.

The Demand for MANITOBA FLOUR Has Been Steadily Increasing in the Maritime Provinces The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat KEEWATIN "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR Is the Best Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat It is Manufactured by the LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED