

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900.

IMAGINARY BURGLARS.

Two Reporters Three Policemen and a Night Watchman Have an Experience.

There are two newspaper men in town who will look two edged daggers at you if you should happen to speak of burglars in their presence nowadays, and a special police officer, Detective Killen, stands ready and willing to slip the handcuffs on anyone who seeks to make light of an escapade he and the aforesaid pencil pushers indulged in a week ago Friday night on Canterbury street. Here's the story, for its too good to let pass untold.

A messenger boy rushed into the Telegraph newspaper office shortly after midnight and startled the reporter's den into a flurry of excitement by announcing the presence of burglars on the premises of the S. Hayward Co., across the street. The boy said he was sure of it for there were two lights in the building now, where before twelve o'clock all was darkness. By this time two of the news staff were inside their coats and on the street. Visions of "scare-head" stories of captured safe crackers, they themselves figuring conspicuously in the capture, danced before their eyes, but somehow or another both were loathe to start about the "yarding" of the desperadoes. By a remarkable coincidence Detective Killen happened along and the hearts of the newspaper men resumed their normal state and backyards and alleys roundabout were scoured in an effort to get a glimpse inside the big building in which the robbers were operating. Officer Killen produced his dark lantern and revolvers were got in readiness for active service. "Dinny" Flynn, the able bodied porter of the Hayward concern was aroused from his slumbers in the American Express Office where he watches all night, and asked if lights at such an hour were unusual on the hardware firm's premises. Flynn said yes, and Officer Killen despatched a messenger for two more policemen from the Water street lockup. It was now an assured fact that burglars were at work in Hayward's.

As it was simply impossible to get a "look in" at the robbers from the street,

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

the reporters climbed electric light poles and the staging on the Telegraph building opposite. These observations however, revealed nothing of the enemy and a ladder was procured. Officer Killen was first to mount it, revolver in hand. On reaching the second story he hoisted one of the windows and crawled in. Officer Crawford followed and then timidly the two newspaper reporters. Stealthily through the big halls and warerooms of the old Pitfield building this high strung quartette tip-toed, turning about at the least sound and ready to shoot at every creak. When well into the depths of the building with Officer Killen's flash lantern casting its searching glare about, a crash of splintering glass was heard, and the policeman made a rush toward the spot where the sound came from. The reporters took on a stage fright and became lost in the maze of dark passageways. When the spot was reached it was found the window by which they had entered had fallen and shattered the panes.

Needless to say no burglars were found, but the Hayward people are looking for the man who is to pay "for that glass." And the messenger boy, well he's a candidate for initiation at the next meeting of the Canterbury Pilgrims, that's where the reporters intend getting good and square with him.

PLATE GLASS GAZERS.

People Who Love to Watch Themselves as They Pass Along the Street.

Did you ever notice the "rubbering" class watching themselves in the plate glass windows as they pass along the streets. "Rubbering" is a vulgar slang phrase 'tis true, but never did it fit in so aptly as in describing the young men and women who make use of every big window

and advertising mirror to reflect them in all their finery and to feast their eager eyes upon their very vain selves. In this respect St. John has already a large number of self-admirers and their actions on a "parade" afternoon are sometimes exceedingly amusing.

Gazing absent mindedly into every plate glass front has become such a habit with some that they are really on the incurable list. One would think a person would become sick and tired of seeing themselves reflected everlastingly, but apparently it is not so. With two or three hundred of these window-gazers at large a stranger might think the community was afflicted with an epidemic of stiff neck, or rather twisted neck. All heads are turned toward the windows and it there happens to be two or more persons together the conversation carried on is only of secondary importance to the glacial observations. Indeed the conversation is of a very abstract nature under these circumstances, more attention being paid to the windows than to talk.

The writer walked behind a bevy of, well, it would not be exactly correct to say young ladies, but at any rate they were't very old—from Porter's corner on Union street to the foot of King street, and during that short distance every available mirror-window was made do its duty. First the Union street glass was gazed into and then there was a grand series of poses and smiles for the excellent reflecting qualities of Daniel & Robertson's front. Charlotte street stores were not skipped by without paying their tithe in the way of reflections, and then down King street. The real mirror glasses in Waterbury & Rising, at Louis Green's and Ferguson & Page's were especial points of interest to the vain females, who hesitated most perceptibly in front of these, each time making another attempt at straight-

ening their "back hair", or fixing some other part of their coiffure. It was really laughable, as each one in the party seemed to be in the same box and nobody was apparently abashed. Arriving at the foot of the street they wheeled about and went through the same manoeuvres again.

It's not only young women and girls that are to be included in the window gazing throng, but young men are legion who indulge in the admiring habit. There is a certain few, well-known about town, who in their golf suits and very stylish clothes fairly pulverize the plate glass fronts in efforts to view themselves as they sail majestically to and fro on the public streets.

BOARDING HOUSE MISTRESSES IN COURT.

They Accuse one Another of bad Cooking—A Constable's Tight Corner.

At a recent sitting of the Civic court, which is always held on Thursday's by Magistrate Ritchie, two boarding house mistresses discussed one another's cooking abilities and various other qualities and a familiar figured constable came in for a "roast" as well, right before His Honor.

An old lady who used to keep a boarding house on Princess street was the plain tiff in the case. She had some time before joined forces with an upper Germain street mistress of the mush, and the two got along famously for a while. It suddenly dawned on the old lady that her furniture was being made too much use of and she sought to recover it, but could not do so, so the law was resorted to. The other woman in defence said her partner had long since eaten up the worth of her rickety old furniture, which the elderly woman denied, saying she had earned her board by hard work. The elderly woman said if it had not been for her the boarders would all have left the house for they could not eat the food the other woman cooked.

In retaliation the younger landlady accused the other of driving two boarders from the house as the eye fell out of her hair into the victuals.

A whole chapter of such talk flew back and forth, much to the amusement of those about, until the younger woman started in berating those who owed her money. She seemed to think it a good opportunity to "roast" people right and left. A meek-eyed constable sat complacently on a stool in the court room and pointing to him she said, "There yer honor is a man who owes me twenty-four dollars, sittin' right there!"

The constable sprang to his feet and said he denied the charge, but the woman refused him her statement.

"How much do you owe the woman?" demanded the magistrate.

"A dollar and a half," your honor, answered the publican.

"Again the woman said he owed her \$24 and stuck tenaciously to her statement.

Then the magistrate sailed for the constable and mildly, but very firmly gave him a wholesome talking to. With the airing of a few more inner workings of the Germain street boarding house the case was ended.

Jope the Catcher Coming.

It will be of interest to the lovers of baseball to know that Jope the Portland catcher is to live in St. John again this summer, to stop the sphere for the Alerts. All last summer no baseball was any more popular in this city than was "Jopey" and whenever in the game he played in a quiet unassuming manner and never let his tongue run away with him. St. John needs a whole squad of Jopes to bring the popular diamond sport back to its old time status when such played as Pushor, Parsons, Small, Rogers, Donovan, Tom Bell, Frank White and others were the people's idols. The Alerts management are starting out with clear heads in securing the services and influence of Jope, and if a few more good men and true are imported a tonic will have been administered the game and it will be sure to go.

CHAT WITH A PAWNBROKER.

The Oddest Thing Ever Offered to Him—The Business Not all Profit.

"The oddest thing I ever had offered to me," said a New York pawnbroker, "was a skeleton; and I didn't take it. I hadn't any doubt that it was all right, that the man that offered it owned it and had a right to sell it. I supposed he was a medical student who wanted money just then more than he wanted the skeleton. But I didn't know anything about the value of skeletons, and how much to advance on it, and so I didn't take it. But that will give you some sort of an idea of the variety of things that the pawnbroker has offered to him."

"Of course, you understand that not all pawnbrokers take everything; there are men who advance money on nothing but watches and jewelry and diamonds and pictures and that sort of thing, and who wouldn't give anything on the handsomest satin-lined overcoat that ever was, because it isn't in their line. They have no place to put such things; no conveniences for taking care of them. And then there are pawnbrokers doing a general business who take all sorts of things, watches and banjos, boxing gloves and silver spoons, practically anything and everything that offers. They might occasionally run across something that they wouldn't take, as I did with the skeleton, but not often; there's practically nothing but what they will take, and practically nothing but what is offered at one time and another."

"On some things the amount advanced is very small; but still I've got things in safe that I never should get my money back on if I had to sell them. You'd suppose it would be easy for the pawnbroker to give on a thing no more than he could get for it if he had to sell it, and so it would be; but as a matter of fact he may give more than he could get back. He would be governed by circumstances, and by his judgment of the person offering the goods."

"I might have a customer bring in a diamond ring that I would lend so much on, whatever it was, and that would be a safe loan the ring would be good for it if it was never reclaimed. But maybe the next week the same customer, hard up and needing money, would bring in a pair of trousers, spotted and worn, not worth much if you had to sell them. And very likely I would lend more on those trousers than

I could ever get for them; lending that because he's a customer and I want to accommodate him, and I want to keep him as a customer, and because the chances are that he'll take the trousers out again; but if he doesn't, why, then I'm out."

"The question of whether a man who wants a loan is likely to redeem what he offers is often taken into account. It is a common thing for the pawnbroker to look at the man, maybe a stranger and lend on his judgment of the man as well as on his knowledge of the value of the thing the man put down on the counter. Of course he makes mistakes in this, but he takes the chances, and I suppose he oftener gets it right than not. There might come here you or anybody, needing money, with an old-fashioned key winding watch that I could not get \$10 for, and want to borrow \$15; and very likely I'd lend it, though I know I never could get my money back if the watch wasn't redeemed. But I know, or I think I know, at a glance, whether he will redeem the watch or not, what sort of a man he is, and how much he values the watch for its associations; and I go according to my judgment."

"No doubt, as a general proposition, the pawn broker sets out to lend on things no more than he could sell them for; there are times when instead of making money he loses it, what he tries to do is to get a profit as the net result."

A NEW DIVINITY OF THE CHORUS.

Elise Fay and Her Hit in "Mam'zelle Awkins."

When "Mam'zelle Awkins" was produced in Boston, a slight, girlish figure in the front row of the chorus attracted the attention of the critics. This figure was possessed of graceful lines, a long, slender neck, and was surmounted by a small, well cut head. The name was Elise Fay. On the first night she brought down the house with her impromptu antics. Some of the principals grumbled and said they would leave the company. Manager Aarons told them to leave if they cared to do so, and instructed Miss Fay to follow out her laughter-making propensities.

When the company came to New York, and appeared at the Victoria Theatre, considerably more space was devoted to Miss Fay than to any of the others. In fact, after a while she was made a member of the quartet that sang a topical song in the second act. And now Miss Fay, while

really in the chorus, is hardly of it.

Miss Fay is scarcely seventeen years of age. She is a daughter of the late Hugh Fay, of the old-time firm of Barry and Fay. If she will only keep her senses about her and not lose her equilibrium, she will undoubtedly become one of the few clever comediennees of which the American stage can boast.

One thing is certain, her immediate future is assured. All she has to do is to make people laugh. Her face is her fortune. Mr. Aarons has engaged her for the next two years, and if he cannot place her in his own company there are at least half a dozen managers who would be glad to take her off his hands.

Such is youth and the love of fun.

UGGS VERSUS MUSCLE.

Some Remarkable Comparisons in Modern Labor Problems.

When certain skeptical people tried to corner Mr. Locomotive Stephenson by asking what would happen in the event of a cow invading the track in front of one of his new fangled engines, he laconically remarked that it would be "bad for the cow."

When those simple children of nature, the Red Indians, attempted to arrest the progress of a train by the simple expedient of holding a rope across the rails, they somewhat over estimated their strength, for the train went on its way, and the enterprising savages went to the bappy hunting ground.

When machinery was first introduced into factories, the hands generally took a holiday, and refused to go back until the non-union laborer was removed. In some cases the strikers held out for months, but the result was always the same—machinery gained the day. It always does; the hand worker cannot compete with it, and when he tries he fares but little better than the noble savages who attempted to stop a train with a clothes line.

We hear vague reports of new machines that completely eclipse everything that has gone before, but that is all. And, as a rule, it is only the more sensational inventions or discoveries, such as X-ray photography or wireless telegraphy, that are mentioned in the papers. We hear nothing of the machines that are invented for manufacturing purposes. We only see their effects—the cheapening of the manufactured article.

Take any of the things that are now

classified as necessities—matches for instance. Most people would be surprised to hear that there exists a machine which will cut 17,000,000 match splints per day. That is enough to fill about 500,000 ordinary sized boxes.

We will say that a good workman could cut by hand 8,000 matches in a day of eight hours—1,000 per hour. That would be pretty smart work. Now, an easy calculation shows that while the man in making three matches the machine would make 6 3/4's, or sufficient to fill about 100 boxes. The man's conceit would have to be monumental to withstand the assaults of a calculation like that.

It may be worth while to say a few words about this machine. It is practically automatic, only requiring to be fed with pine-wood logs. The logs are placed between two centers and are whirled round, and, as they turn, a sharp blade cuts a continuous shaving from them. This shaving, or veneer, is then cut into ribbons the width of one match, and then again the ribbons are cut by a series of knives into the small match splints.

A machine of this sort will convert a fair sized forest of pine trees into matches in one year.

At the present time there is a machine which will make cigarettes at the rate of 500 per minute. Thirty thousand per hour! The little smokes are made in an endless rod which is cut into the proper lengths by a revolving blade. If kept running for eight hours without a stoppage this machine would make nearly 11 1/2 miles of cigarettes. Now an expert will make about 150 cigarettes in an hour by hand.

QUELLED A MOB AND GOT THE GIRL.

Adjutant in State Militia Becomes a Hero and Won a "Rebel" Beauty.

The story told by a civil engineer, of a man who overawed strikers in a coal yard, reminded a New York man of the quelling of a riot in the first days of the Civil War. It led to a marriage.

"I was living in a western town," he said. "Federal militia, as they were called there were in possession, but poorly equipped. Not more than one-third were armed. It was in a community where Southern sympathizers were in the majority, and they decided to capture the militia and hold the town. They came in from the country by wagon loads, and were armed with shot-guns and rifles. Before the commander of

the militia realized the situation the 'Secesh' organized on the market square and were ready to make a rush up an alley which led to the militia commander's headquarters.

"Only a corporal's guard was on duty. The companies were scattered about town in old houses. The Commander's Adjutant was in the Colonel's office when the news reached the latter. The Colonel asked his adjutant what he suggested. The Adjutant replied that if he could have the corporal's guard he would stop the movement. It was so ordered and the Adjutant at the head of the guard marched to the scene. He had a Colt's navy revolver in each hand. He met the mob as it turned into the alley, raised his weapons and called halt. He looked like a boy. He was a young man; his face was beardless, but he was the coolest individual I ever saw. Something in his manner stopped the mob, and he said in almost conversational tones:

"The first man who steps my way is dead. I command you to disperse."

"The leader of the mob, known in the community as a desperado asked, 'Who are you?'

"An officer of the Federal militia," replied the Adjutant, "sent here by my superior officer to command peace, and I intend to have it. Go back!"

The leader of a mob asked for a parley, but the young Adjutant refused and commanded the mob to turn about without further notice, and it did. By that time the militia came from their various quarters, but were halted by the Adjutant. In an hour the mob had disappeared. The action of the young Adjutant was town talk. Soon after he was promoted. Before the war ended he had won distinction. His promptness in quelling the mob won the admiration of old Gen. James Craig, a Mexican veteran, and afterward President of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad. Craig invited the young man to his house. While Craig was a Union man his wife and daughters were Southern sympathizers. At first the family were averse to receiving the officer, but he had become a hero. You know what a hero can do. He always does. Major Garth married the "rebel" daughter of Gen. Craig."

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