

## Clever Women

### Act as Fakirs.

'Women are the cleverest fakirs in the world.'

The man whose business it is to know all about faking and to protect Wall street lambskins from wolves in Persian lambskins or other garb, pushed back his office chair and smiled as one who doesn't dare be as funny as he could be if he told all he knew.

'One would think experience would teach men a thing or two, but it doesn't,' he went on, reflectively. 'At least the experience of other men doesn't have any effect upon a fellow. He has to have a little wholesome experience of his own before he gets toxy, and even then there are so many different varieties of fake that he may be fleeced in a new way each day of his life and not get through with the list. As for the women fakirs, half the time he doesn't even struggle against them. A man may be clever enough to keep Wall street guessing, or corner the wheat market, or float anything from feathers to pig-iron, but let a handsome woman, in good clothes invade his office, and he's as invertebrate as a jellyfish. He's wax in her hands. He buys anything she wants to sell him; and, if she tells him she's the Queen of Sheba and has been recommended to him by Cecil Rhodes because she has African mines to sell, he'll swallow it without a murmur. Talk about your hypnotism! It's only about twenty-four hours later that he begins to come out of the trance and telephones around for accurate information about the location of Sheba.'

'There are gangs of women fakirs whose headquarters are here in New York but who operate throughout the whole country. It doesn't do for them to stay long in one city, because they would become too well known and their usefulness would be impaired. So they turn up in New York, perhaps once a year, carry through a few schemes, and then go to fresh fields. They do not usually plan or engineer the schemes themselves. They are only executive agents, and are chosen because of personal charm, cleverness and fitness for the deal on hand. They are perfectly well known in their profession and New York sharpers keep track of the most able of these women. They have charts such as are used by theatrical managers, and from these charts they can tell, on any day, just where to find the woman they want; whether she is in New York or San Francisco.'

'I think that at one time or another I have met almost every woman in the profession, and I'm willing to wager there isn't any other group of women so attractive in the whole country. You see they've got to be attractive; that's their stock in trade. They are usually of respectable family, fairly well educated, good looking, remarkably well dressed, travelled and clever. They aim at irreproachable good style and manner for, if they look common and fast, or have coarse manners, their field of usefulness is narrow. They must be able to impose upon shrewd and cultured men as well as upon men with more money than refinement. What is more, they must be able, when necessary, to make their way with women and win a footing in decent society. That is harder than coaxing dollars out of a business man's pocket.'

'Until very recently one woman employed a gang of twenty-five such women here in New York. That is, she employed them and sent them around through the country. Her standing was excellent. She had the entree into many good houses, and was on speaking terms with half the society women of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and the smaller towns in this vicinity.'

'Charitable entertainments were her great field. She started legitimately enough by arranging and conducting concerts and that sort of thing for charitable purposes. That is, the patrons of some charity would engage her to get up the entertainment and would pay her for her services. She was agreeable, handsome, tactful and most successful in the work. She formed a valuable acquaintance among wealthy people, and she engineered many famous charity entertainments in this city. But the legitimate was too slow for her. She wanted to get rich fast, and a field of faking which has been worked by many women offered big inducements to her. So she went in for the charity entertainment fake.'

'This is the way it is worked. A woman goes to the lady patronesses or executive board of some charitable institution that isn't on Easy street financially. 'You need money,' she says. They admit that they do. She offers to give an entertainment

for them; says she has a corps of capable musicians and entertainers. She will assume all the work and responsibility and will pay them, we'll say \$200, if they will allow her the use of their name. She explains that, allowing for expenses of a good hall, performers and all that, she will be able to clear just about \$200 for herself—a fair 50 per cent. She is plausible, charming and has satisfactory references. The thing looks to the Executive Board like a snap and they agree. Then the fakir turns her women solicitors loose in the business district. She has circulars and programmes printed, giving the names of the prominent women connected with the charity, and saying nothing about the terms of the contract. The agent calls on a wealthy man at his office, explains the pressing needs of the charitable institution, which is usually a day nursery or infants' hospital. Men will give more readily to children's institutions than to anything else. The man is smoothed into amiability by the ingratiating agent, and he sees on the programme and circular the names of women who are on his wife's visiting list, so he thinks the thing is all right and buys the tickets, seldom less than \$10 worth. The entertainment is usually a poor one, with cheap talent. The fakir pockets the cash. This woman I started to tell you about made \$3,500 on one of her deals, after paying the day nursery \$200. The charitable men downtown thought they were helping along the poor little children and never dreamed they were buying seal-skin jackets and diamonds and keeping up swell apartments for the wearers of the furs and jewelry. This particular woman had a big advantage because she had made a valuable reputation while she was on the square, and she coined money for a while. But at last she went too far and was exposed in several cases, and, finally, was literally driven out of town, though there was no hold-upon her that the law could get. She went to Chicago and took twenty of her women with her, but authorities out there have had warnings, so she will probably soon find Chicago as hot for her as New York was.

'You really ought to hear some of those women talk the charity for which they are canvassing. Two of them tried to sell me tickets for an infants' hospital entertainment. I knew all about both of them and met them purposely; but they told me they were nurses in the hospital, and the way they went on about the sufferings and needs of those poor infants almost brought tears to my eyes. After they got through I told them who they were, and that almost brought tears to their eyes. It is very seldom that these women fakirs put themselves in a position where they can be reached by the law. If a business man swears that the agent assured him his money would go directly to the charity, and that all the proceeds would be devoted to the purpose indicated, she denies it, and there is only his word against hers. 'That will not hold, and he's advertising the fact that he has been a fool, so he prefers keeping still and letting the woman go her way. You would be surprised to know how many adventuresses are in very good society here and making money out of their acquaintance with the wealthy. We've had to run down a good many of them. The woman is intimate at Mrs. A's. You ask Mrs. A about her and find that Mrs. A met her at Mrs. B's. Mrs. B met her at Mrs. C's, and so it goes. Nobody really knows anything about her, but she wormed into the circle of some good natured society woman and she was clever enough to win her way.'

'Fully two-thirds of the smooth fake games that are outside the clutches of the law are run by women; but a good many men make a living by doing the business men of the town. Representing labor organizations is almost as profitable as representing day nurseries and infants' hospitals. A swindle of that sort has just come out, and it is amusing to everybody except the victim, because he is such a shrewd, all around business man that one wouldn't expect him to be taken in. In his business, which is an immense one, he is brought closely into contact with the men who belong to the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and it pays him to stand in with them. Several years ago he proposed giving \$400 a year to the brotherhood for its goodwill, so to speak, upon the understanding that he wouldn't be expected to do anything more. Now it happened a Canadian member of the brotherhood who was present when this affair was discussed; turned fakir later. He and

another fellow started a fake advertising game. They published a sort of souvenir pamphlet in the name of the brotherhood history of the organization and all that sort of thing—and they went around getting business men to contribute funds. They didn't ask for donations to the organization. That would have made them liable to the law. But they asked the men to sign advertising contracts. That is an old game. It is worked in the name of labor organizations all over the country and these organizations have never been able to run it to earth, or fix the responsibility. This time the special object of interest was the man who had agreed to put up \$400 a year.

They collected his \$400 in return for advertising. He was fool enough to hand it over without investigation, and the thing worked for two years. Now it has all come out, and both the brotherhood and the man who furnished the money are wild. 'There are other advertising fakirs, too. One of them gets a last year's publication in which a man has advertised and goes to the man with it.

'You advertised with us last year; do you want to renew the contract?' he says. The man doesn't care much, but asks what he paid for the thing.

'Well, you paid \$100 last year, but our business has increased so and conditions are such that we can let you in for \$60 this year.' The man sees himself making \$40 and signs a contract to pay \$60 in return for advertising. Then the fakir goes out and hawks the contract, which doesn't specify the publication. You wouldn't think any one would be taken in that way, but it is worked right along.

'Colored schools in the South are another fertile source of fraud that has grown tremendously. Just after lynching troubles in the South those negro school fakirs came North in droves, and it is astonishing how Northern philanthropists shell out. There are some awfully smart darkies down South. Sometimes they work the game. Sometimes a white man engineers it. He usually buys a log shanty somewhere and gets a few pickaninies there with a mammy to teach them their letters; so he has a foundation for his fairy story. Then he gets out some literature and photographs, and he starts North. He picks out easy marks and sings a wonderful song about the poor negro yearning for education and training and the wonderful work to be done for the industrial South by raising the level of negro intelligence and work. He tells pitiful tales of lynchings and other horrors, and he manages to pick up a good deal of money from stray gulls. The smoothest fake of that kind on record was worked by a clever darky, who was really sent up to represent a little school that has been founded in Virginia.'

He got acquainted with an unscrupulous Philadelphia lawyer who owned some land down in that section of Virginia where the school was, and the two cooked up a great deal. The lawyer gave him 300 acres of land, which wasn't worth 30 cents an acre, to the school. Then he and the darky started out together. The lawyer posed as a philanthropist who had become interested in the project and had made a munificent gift to the institution. He wanted to interest other philanthropists and capitalists and push the good work along. So he went around with his colored friend to vouch for the merit of the cause. They did Philadelphia. Then they came and tackled New York philanthropists. That lawyer could talk a bird off a bush, and they raked in a fortune before the game exploded. Of course the darkies down in Virginia never saw the color of any of the money.

'The biographical fake works as well as any other among wealthy men, for it appeals to personal vanity, and that is about the strongest ingredient in the average man's make-up. A financier enjoys seeing his name in print just as much as a clergyman or an actor. Of course they all want pleasant things said about them, and there are very few men above this weakness. The fakir knows that, so he gets up a prospectus and specimen pages of a great biographical work. He takes this around to a business man and says: 'Now, see here; this book is going to be put into every office connected with such and such a bureau, or printed in all papers connected with such and such a syndicate. We want your biography and picture and all we will charge you is a nominal price to cover expenses, say \$200.' The fakir is a glib talker and he works upon the man's vanity until perhaps the idiot hands over the money and takes receipt. You wouldn't think a five-year-old baby would do anything so silly; but there are scores of such cases in this town every year.

'Here, I can show you the documents in connection with one bona fide case. This man is a rich merchant, reputed shrewd. He paid the fakir \$200 without a struggle—was delighted with the idea. Word was passed down the line that he was the eas-

## It's Not Like Dr. Chase's

### to Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by Their Wonderful Cures.

Derangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dreadful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmistakable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for diseases of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. Pains, aches or weakness of the back, deposits like brick dust in the urine, scanty, painful or scalding urination, puffiness under the eyes and emaciation are the indications of kidney disease.

Mrs. Puresley, 130 Lippincott street, Toronto, says: 'I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back, almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel better in every respect. It is a pleasure for me to

add one more testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies.'

Mr. James Clark, Concession, Prince Edward Co., Ont., states: 'Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost unendurable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief.'

'At this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and said he knew they would cure me. I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box. I continued their use until I had taken about four boxes, which made me a sound man.'

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills will not disappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

iest thing going. The next day they went to him and got his father, who had been dead a few months. Then they persuaded him that his grandfather ought to have a chance for immortal fame and he agreed to that. He paid, in advance, for the three contracts, but when the gang tried to run in his great-grandfather he said the old gentleman might be damned instead of immortalized; he had to draw the line somewhere. Of course, he found the whole thing a swindle, and he came to us with it, but his \$600 has gone glimmering. Here's another case, of a different sort, though the biographical fake is its basis. The fakir went to this rich man and asked him to subscribe for his biography and pay \$1,000 for it. Of course he refused. The fakir pulled out a paper and said: 'Oh well, we've got to have you, somehow or other. I suppose you would hardly like to have this printed.' The paper contained an account of most shameful details in the man's private life, and it staggered him, but he had too much nerve to give in to blackmail, so he threw the fakir out of the office. Then he came to us. Of course the stuff will never be published, but our man can't prosecute the fakir for blackmail because, unfortunately, the disgraceful things were true and he doesn't want them aired. A good many other men do not have his courage, and simply submit to the blackmail.

'Oh, there are thousands of ways in which men are swindled, and the little individual games that do not involve much money are too numerous to be counted. There is small wonder that a rich man grows sceptical about everything and everybody. It isn't safe to trust any story of need and poverty, and yet one doesn't like to wait for the red tape of charity organizations to get in motion before a starving man is relieved, so men keep on giving and taking chances on the merit of the case. The chances are against any merit at all. Recommendations and credentials don't count for anything. Anybody can beg, borrow, buy, steal or forge them. Why, there are men who make it their business to collect such letters and either sell them or keep them on hand for dishonest purposes. One fakir, well known in New York, has over 150 of them. He has stolen or bought up most of them and cleverly changed the name of the bearer to his own name. He can show an authentic letter recommending him for any thing from crossing a sweeper to Secretary of State, and describing his circumstances in any way most calculated to appeal to the sympathies of the person he approaches. There was a time when he could get almost any kind of a job too well known to be successful. The only sensible thing for a man who wants to give away money or go into anything with strangers is to consult trained agents and let them look the case up first.'

#### Genius in the Kitchen.

The ordinary man is nowhere more out of place than in the kitchen. All rules have their exceptions, however, and a correspondent sends to The Companion a story of a man who might have led armies, perhaps, but was certainly equal to culinary emergencies.

In the absence of his wife and family, it became necessary, as he thought, for him to cook his own dinner; and in view of the fact that he was a man of business, his presence was also needed downtown at his office.

Now the same body cannot be in two places at once, and this well known consideration would have settled the question for an average man. He would have either spent his forenoon in the kitchen, or gone to his office and lunched out.

This, however, was a man to whom physical laws do courtesy, even as custom to great kings. The case stood thus:

He was to have a boiled dinner, and would have it done to a turn, piping hot and ready to serve at his home coming. The meat, turnips and beets, therefore, which require a longer time he put on before leaving the house. The potatoes and cabbage, needing less time for cooking, were put on the cover of the pot.

Then he knotted a string through a hole in the edge of the cover, ran it through a loop suspended from the ceiling, and thence down to the sink. In the sink hole he firmly stuck a candle, to which, two inches below the top, he tied the string.

Last of all he lighted the candle and went to his business. In two hours, or about half an hour before he was to return when it was time for the vegetables on the cover to go to their appointed place, the slowly descending flame burned the string which released the otherwise unsupported edge of the cover, which dropped its burden into the pot and fell back where it belonged.

When the genius reached home, his dinner was ready.

#### Cataract now Surely Cured.

'Catarrhazone has worked marvels in the case of my little girl.' Mrs. Lorenzo Orchard, Toronto, Ont.

'There is no remedy equal to Catarrhazone for Catarrh.' Wm. J. Runnit, Morrisburg, Ont.

'Catarrhazone for Catarrh of the head, throat and Bronchitis—has given me perfect satisfaction.' Miss Dinmore, Shubercodiac, N. S.

'It has done more good for me in one week than other remedies have in years.' E. P. Taylor, Smith's Falls, Ont. 'Thousands more like this for the asking; Druggists sell Catarrhazone, or we will send full treatment for \$1.00 or trial treatment 10 cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.'

#### A Ventriloquist.

Probably every one has seen a time when he wished he could administer rebuke impersonally. The Springfield Republican pictures an occasion when it was done.

The 'grouchy' individual came from behind his paper and glared savagely at the woman with the crying baby. 'Why can't you keep that brat quiet?' he snarled. 'What's the matter with it, any way?'

There was a dead silence in the car, and then a pitilessly distinct voice from nowhere in particular replied, 'He thinks your face is the moon, and he is crying for it.'

The surely one looked about with a deadly stare. Every one was quaking with mirth, but preserved a solemn countenance except the man who was smiling out of the window at the other end of the car.

'There are advantages in being a ventriloquist,' he murmured softly to himself.

'Mrs. Highly is in trouble.'

'Anything serious?'

'Oh, I suppose not. She sent for her pastor instead of her lawyer.'

## IT MEANS

### OSTRACISM.

Foul Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh. Make Thousands of People Objects of Aversion. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes and Cures.

Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: 'I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking and dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured.' 50 cents. 14-