

STORIES OF THE FAKIRS

By J. P. JOHNSTON

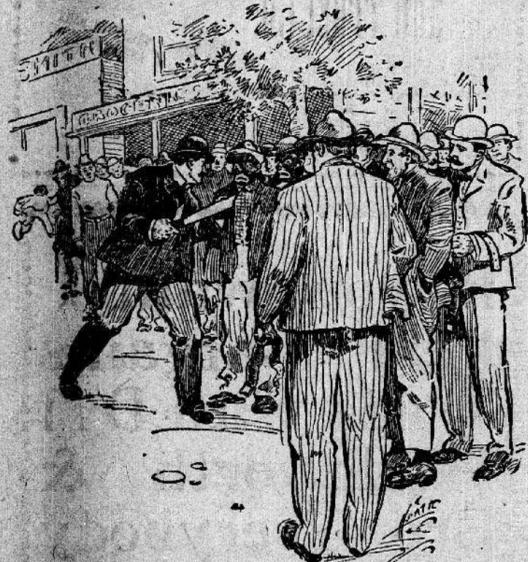
Author of "Twenty Years of Husling," "What Happened to Johnston," Etc.

THE GIVE-AWAY GRAFT.

Corn-Salve Agent Gives Away Money—Lines Up His Customers and Deals Out Dimes and Quarters—Electric Belts at \$20 Apiece—His Clever Escape from His Dupes—Sugar Sold at Cost Price—Sugar Grafters Caught by Angry Farmers and Landed in Jail.

By J. P. JOHNSTON.
(Author of "Twenty Years of Husling," "What Happened to Johnston," Etc.)
(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph E. Bowles.)
The day of the old-time give-away graft apparently will never end. The first time I ever saw this game played I was eight years of age, and the last time I was 52. I found it to be the same a year ago as it was 45 years ago, except that in the latter instance the suckers were more plentiful. Perhaps the modern grafter was the more clever of the two; at any rate, he was clever enough.

He would go out upon the streets in a livery carriage on a circus or county fair day, after having "fixe" the chief of police. While the driver jugged the team along the main street, the grafter would stand up in the carriage, throw silver pieces and dollar



BEGAN WALKING SLOWLY BACKWARD AND FORWARD THROUGH THE CROWD, CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZING EVERY FACE.

bills right and left and shout at the top of his voice that he intended to distribute \$50,000 on the streets that afternoon.

As soon as a large crowd had gathered at the corner at which he stopped, he began extolling the wonderful curative properties of a corn salve which was put up in wooden boxes. Had he been actually selling the remedy on its merits, he couldn't have made a stronger or more effective talk.

Finally, bringing forth his big roll of money, he said: "I have a system of advertising this salve that will make every man who deals with me remember it as long as he lives. Now, gentlemen, the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you. My purpose to-day is, first to sell one dozen boxes of this salve, and I want every man who makes a purchase to remain right here ready to hold up the box in plain view when I ask him to do so. Now, then, who will give me ten cents for this box? Remember, the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you, and I shall sell but one dozen boxes now. Who will give me ten cents for this one?"

In an instant, four dozen hands were up, each holding a ten-cent piece. After handing out 12 boxes, he refused to sell any more for the time being.

When the 12 boxes had been delivered and paid for, he lined up the 12 buyers in a row and said: "You have been liberal with me, now I'll be generous with you."

Then, turning to the first man, he asked him if he would be satisfied to receive back twice the amount he had paid, and keep the remedy, too.

When the man said he would, the grafter handed him 20 cents, saying: "Now, sir, will you promise me, either to use this salve yourself, or give it to some one who will, and not forget the name of it?"

The man agreed and the grafter did the same thing and demanded the same promise in the case of each of the others.

"Now, gentlemen," he went on, "I am going to make up another pool for advertising purposes; but remember, none of the 12 who were in this pool can come in with the next. Don't forget, gentlemen, the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you. Now, then, give me two dozen boxes. Who will give me 25 cents for this box? Who is the first man to show me that he has confidence in me?"

In a jiffy, a hundred hands were up, each holding a quarter.

When two dozen had been passed out and the cash received for them, he lined up two rows of 12 men each, and, exacting from each the same promise as before, he gave back to every buyer his 25 cents and 25 additional, and allowed each to keep his box of salve.

By this time the crowd had increased and the excitement was intense.

"Now," said the grafter, "I am going to drive over there on the other corner, and I don't want you men who have been in the last two pools to follow me."

He then ordered his driver to take him to the opposite corner, and, of course, the whole crowd, including his pool members, followed him. Again addressing the crowd, he said:

"Gentlemen, a few moments ago I formed a pool of 36 men across the street for the purpose of advertising my firm's famous corn salve, and although it cost me a little money, yet the amount given away is a mere bagatelle compared with what we will get as a result of this advertising."

Then, opening a large valve, he produced some electric belts, and explained that he wanted to do a little advertising for them as well.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to form one or two, or possibly three pools on these belts for the purpose of advertising them."

He then gave an excellent and convincing talk on electric belts, and immediately proceeded as follows:

"Now, friends, I want to impress upon your minds that the more liberal you are with me the more generous I can be with you. Who will give me \$20 for this belt? Remember, I am going to leave it with each one of you, to pass up any amount, from one to twenty dollars—no less than one, no more than twenty, and the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you. And looking straight at a well-dressed business man, he said:

"Haven't you confidence enough in me to pay me \$20 for this belt?"

"Yes, sir, I have," said the man, passing up a \$20 bill and receiving a belt.

"Now," said the grafter, "I wish you would stand right over on this side of the carriage until I ask you to hold up your belt. Now," he continued, "who will give me \$10 for this one?"

"What you niggers loitering around here for? Go on home, or I'll run you in."

Eventually, of course, this clever grafter landed in state's prison.

A Chicago man once made a great deal of money out of the sugar graft. With an old horse and a covered peddler's wagon, he started out with a load of sugar, put up in tin cans, each holding \$1.80 worth at retail. The wholesale price was about \$1.25.

After remaining in some county seat long enough to "get a line on the town," he would start out and call upon the farmers of that county, with a proposition to sell one of his 30 pound cans of white sugar for \$1.25 in cash. He would represent that he had recently moved to their county seat, where he expected to reside in the future, and would make regular 30 day trips, enabling them to replenish their supply of sugar at the lowest possible price.

Sugar, being a staple article, and there being an actual saving of 50 cents on every purchase, he had no difficulty whatever in making a sale at the house of almost every thrifty well-to-do farmer. Many a farmer, who wondered how this man could afford to sell sugar so much cheaper than the cheapest grocers in many instances paid for it several times over.

The graft was more like thieving than grafting. When selling a can of sugar for \$1.25, the grafter would almost invariably be handed a five, ten, or even a twenty dollar bill.

Having become very skillful in palming, he would always keep palmed in one hand a one dollar bill, nicely folded in such a way that the figures would not show on either side. Should a farmer hand him a larger bill, he would begin folding it as he had the one dollar bill, and then would suddenly say:

"Well, here I am, short of change, so just let this go, and pay me on my next trip."

He would then shift the large bill for the one dollar bill, and, handing the latter to the farmer, would say: "Put it in your pocket and pay me next time."

"There was not one chance in a thousand that the farmer would unfold the bill, but he would lay it carefully away in his purse, just as it had been handed him.

This was a graft of some magnitude. To make 15 or 20 sales per day was not an uncommon thing, and where the proper change was given a grafter received the first cost of the goods at least, and if only a half dozen farmers were grafted in a day, his ill gotten wealth accumulated rapidly. He was very careful not to go into the county seat again during his stay in that county and never to travel any road the second time. To replenish his stock, he would have several barrels of sugar shipped to small near-by towns.

This grafter's success through Illinois was something marvelous for a business operated without capital. After a few months he decided to try Kansas, and the second day out he was overtaken by a party of six or seven men on horseback whom he had victimized the day before, and who immediately took him from the wagon, forced him to pay back their money, and enough more to defray their expenses. Then they took him back to the county seat and landed him in jail.

Picture on a Man.

A deserter from the British army was identified recently by the following tattoo marks upon him: A cross on the left forearm, with the words "In loving memory; a jokey with two flags, Buffalo Bill, a heart on the back of the left hand, a horseshoe with a heart on the right forearm, a heart with clasped hands, a soldier and a girl.

European Armies.

The armies of continental countries are the first branch of the service. The cost of the French army is \$135,000,000 per annum. Germany can put into the field a vast, well-equipped army for \$150,000,000 a year. The Russian army, another tremendous machine, costs \$200,000,000 a year. Including India, England is paying \$265,000,000 a year.

fully feeling its edge, he recited the Rabelais poem, as follows:

"You know a gun shoots fast and loud."

But a razor is the real thing in a crowd.

I could have used it better than a 44, if they had only fought with razors in the war."

Then, corn cutter in hand, he coolly crawled down from the buggy, and began walking slowly through the crowd, carefully scrutinizing every face as if trying to locate the man who had threatened to take his heart's blood. The glitter of the corn cutter, and the terrible look of vengeance on his face had the desired effect, and when he climbed back into the carriage, every man stood as if paralyzed. They seemed to have forgotten what had happened, or what was expected to happen.

Immediately the grafter signaled the driver to start, he himself remaining standing in the carriage as if terribly agitated and repeating:

"I would like to see some man cut my heart out; would just like to have him try it," at the same time feeling the edge of the big knife, as if to see that it was sufficiently sharp.

The team went off at a trot. The grafter's hotel and livery bills had been paid in advance, and no stop was made until they had reached a small town 20 miles away.

The grafter was \$400 or \$500 to the good. As the carriage moved away the dupes still stood in line, staring sheepishly at one another, with ten-cent bills dangling from their hands. The old dorky who had been so obedient was the only man who had the courage to protest.

"See yer," he yelled, "you generous white man, what my family gwine to do for numpin' to eat? Gim me back ma ten dollars, or I top you buggy over, you scoundrel!"

So saying, he and his two colored companions rushed toward the carriage, when an officer who stood conveniently near said:

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WASHINGTON LETTER

A MILITARY MAN ACTING SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE AMERICAN PARTY WHIP

A Well-Dressed Populist—Report Favoring Restoration of Army Canteen—Recreation for Employees in the Canal Zone.

WASHINGTON.—It is not generally known that the man who has been acting secretary of war for the past three months is a soldier of practical experience. Robert Shaw Oliver, who wears the title of "general" on account of his position in the New York militia, is a regular army officer, who gave up his career as a military man away back in 1869 because of the almost hopeless outlook for promotion. He was about to attain his captaincy, after having seen hard fighting in the civil war, but took the advice of a friend and resigned. Had he remained in the service he would undoubtedly have been a major general to-day.

The argument advanced to him and which led to his resignation was put to him in this way: "There is a big lump ahead in the army. You will grow old as captain of a company of men. You may reach the rank of major, and if you stay in the army you will likely die as a major. A business career offers more attractions. Should there be hostilities you can get back in the army again with just as good a rank as though you served continuously."

Sometimes Gen. Oliver regrets that he did not remain in the army, especially when he sees a brother officer, a captain in the Eighth cavalry, in the same, now or the retired list, as a lieutenant general. This officer is Gen. S. B. M. Young, the predecessor of Gen. Chaffee in command of the army. But Gen. Oliver has had many consolations for the sacrifice of his military ambitions. He came of a military family, especially on his mother's side. She was a Shaw in a line that has been famous in New England for three or four generations. Gen. Oliver still shows his military training in an erect carriage, a direct, almost abrupt, manner, and is a remarkably handsome and well-preserved gentleman.

Mr. Tawney Wishes to Retire.

REPRESENTATIVE James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, who has been the republican whip of this house for several congresses, expresses a desire to give up that distinction and retire to the ranks. This position is one conferred by party caucuses, and Mr. Tawney, on account of his activity, tact and loyalty to the leadership of the party, has been chosen again and again to attend to this work.

The position of "party whip" has descended to the American house from the British parliament, where the "whip," who has the power of arranging pairs, is second only to the speaker in the house of commons in importance. In the American house of commons the "whip" looks after pairs, but in addition, has important political duties to perform. When there is a measure to be voted on that is known as a party measure it is his duty to see that all the members of his party are in attendance and that none loses his vote through failure to arrange a pair with the opposition. Mr. Tawney has been very successful in his management of party matters on the floor of the house, and has frequently saved his party from defeat.

Probably the best work Mr. Tawney ever did was in connection with the passage of the Porto Rican tariff bill. The republicans only had a majority of 15 in the house, and there were six of these opposed to the bill, and there were four republicans absent without pairs. By skillful work and staying up all night prior to the final vote, Mr. Tawney succeeded in pairing the absent members and securing the consent of the republicans opposed to the measure to remain unpaired, and as a result the bill passed by a majority of nine. Mr. Tawney feels that he has earned the right to retire from this trying position, and wants to abdicate in favor of some other republican in the next house.

Col. James Hamilton Lewis.

HE other day Washington was brightened by a visit from Col. James Hamilton Lewis, now of Chicago, but at one time a member of congress from the state of Washington. The general Lewis, whose aureole of whiskers has been the theme of poets and writers since he first made his bow as a public character, has thousands of friends throughout the country, but in no city does he count more than he does in the nation's capital. He is an example of a man turning ridicule into political and professional capital, and through excessive notoriety securing opportunity to display the real talents of which he is possessed.

Col. Lewis' advent in congress is still one of the cherished reminiscences of the house. He came here as a populist in the ranks with Jerry Simpson and men of that kind. He was too shrewd to appear on the opening day of congress and take the oath of office in company with 356 other members. Two days later he showed up, and when called on to subscribe to the oath he had an opportunity of attracting the attention of everyone as

he walked down the center aisle, dressed in immaculate style, with his sunset whiskers brushed and flowing, trousers creased and his whole get up an impressive example of the sartorial art. The other populists in the house grinned, while the republicans and democrats sat amazed at this anomalous picture where they had been led to expect a man with hayseed in his hair and wearing a six dollar hand-me-down suit of clothes.

Col. Lewis counted on making a sensation, and he was not disappointed. From that day he was a marked figure in the house, and he never hesitated to inject himself into debate on subjects with which he was familiar. He was always thoroughly posted on his subject, and the late Speaker Reed on more than one occasion expressed his admiration for this aggressive sunburst from the great northwest. Col. Lewis' congressional career made him a national figure, which has been turned to good account in the pursuit of his profession of the law. He is now a corporation counsel for Chicago and is making more money than many of his old populist colleagues ever dreamed of.

Drunkness Among Soldiers.

AJ. GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT has raised his voice in favor of the restoration of the canteen to army posts. In his annual report just published he calls attention to the increase in drunkenness among soldiers and consequent desertions to the misguided efforts of very good people in securing the abolishment of the army canteen. The soldiers now go outside the army posts and patronize the lowest saloons and resorts, where formerly they did the little drinking they felt like indulging in at the post under proper restrictions and regulations, and were more contented and better conditioned.

Maj. Harrod, of the Panama canal commission, advocates the establishment on the canal zone of the old army canteen, with its sale of beer and other light drinks. He does not advocate what might be classed as "wide open saloons," but believes that canteens of clubs should be established, where men could go and enjoy innocent games of cards, billiards or bowling and, if so minded, could secure a limited amount of light drinks. Recreation and rational amusement for American employees, he thinks, would help solve the problem of making the canal zone habitable for Americans. In discussing his idea the other day Commissioner Harrod said:

"We have between 1,400 and 1,500 Americans employed on the canal work, and those are the ones for whom I am concerned, as their tastes are precisely the same as those of an equal number in this country. I have talked with the other members of the commission and we agree upon the necessity for amusement for these employees. My idea is the army canteen, where an employe can go and find a bowling alley or a billiard table, and where he can have his glass of beer, but where he cannot play poker and cannot get whisky."

Maj. Gen. Wood in the Philippines.

AJ. GEN. LEONARD WOOD seems to be on the direct road to become lieutenant general of the army with a comparative few years. He has discredited the story that he was to remain in this country to go upon the general staff and find his way to the top of the latter in that manner. He will go back to the Philippines within the next few weeks and continue in the line of duty there. His determination to forego a pleasant berth in Washington, which undoubtedly could have been his, is looked on as a very shrewd move on his part as an active-duty. In the field he is more likely to reconcile some of the old men in the army to the idea of his rapid promotion than would a stay in Washington.

It is generally believed that the continuation of his duties in the Philippine islands will mean that Gen. Wood will succeed Gen. Corbin as commander of the Philippine division. There is more opportunity in those far off island possessions for an officer to make a reputation than in any other department of the army. As Gen. Corbin's successor, he may have an opportunity to add to his reputation, and it is predicted that before President Roosevelt's term expires Gen. Wood will be at the head of the army as lieutenant general.

Gen. Wood has made some very strong recommendations regarding the army in the Philippines, and even his worst critics must admit that he shows a comprehensive knowledge of the situation there and the reforms that are needed. He recommends an increased pay allowance for the non-commissioned officers, he recommends the abandonment of the old haversack, the adoption of a shorter overcoat and the issuance of the bolt to all foot troops. He asks for an increase of pay to expert riflemen and makes other suggestions that are recognized as eminently practicable and very valuable. Among other things he suggests that efforts be made to have a number of officers acquire a knowledge of Chinese and Japanese.

Worse and More of It.

"Gee, but I'm unlucky!" "What's the trouble?" "My wife drove me out of the house with a club, and I don't dare to go back."

"Too bad."

"And now she's suing me for desertion."

Correct.

Teacher—What is a synonym? Pupil—A word that has the same meaning as another word.

Teacher—And why does our language possess synonyms? Pupil—So you can use one when you don't know how to spell the other one.—Cleveland Leader.

KIDNEY TROUBLE DUE TO CATARRH.



The Curative Power of PE-RU-NA in Kidney Disease the Talk of the Continent.

Nicholas J. Hertz, Member of Ancient Order of Workmen, Capitol Lodge, No. 140, Pearl Street Hotel, Albany, N. Y., writes: "A few months ago I contracted a heavy cold which settled in my kidneys, and each time I was exposed to inclement weather the trouble was aggravated until finally I was unable to work."

"After trying many of the advertised remedies for kidney trouble, I finally took Peruna."

"In a week the intense pains in my back were much relieved and in four weeks I was able to take up my work again."

"I still continued to use Peruna for another month and at the end of that time I was perfectly well."

"I now take a dose or two when I have been exposed and find that it is splendid to keep me well."

Hundreds of Cures.

Dr. Hartman is constantly in receipt of testimonials from people who have been cured of chronic and complicated kidney disease by Peruna. For free medical advice, address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

LITERARY PERSONALS.

Italy's greatest living poet, Giosue Carducci, celebrated his seventieth birthday on July 27. Until a few months ago he had retained his chair as University of classical literature at the University of Bologna, which he first occupied in 1880.

Charles Frohman once produced a play by Henry Arthur Jones which failed so utterly that it was withdrawn after one performance. The author cabled next morning: "How is it going?" The manager answered: "It has gone.—Frohman."

The woman who purchased Mommson's library and presented it to Bonn university is the wife of Dr. von Rotenburg, rector of the university. She is an American, the daughter of E. J. Phelps, who was United States minister to England during Mr. Cleveland's first term.

Count Tolstol's sense of humor still continues to exist. One day he was discussing them with a friend. Said the latter: "I have seen a great many of Ibsen's plays, but I cannot say that I understand them. Do you?" Tolstol smiled and replied: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them and sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him precisely what he meant."

Horatio F. Brown, a prominent English writer on Venetian subjects, has had a singular experience with fire. The original draft of his first and best known work, "Life on the Lagoon" perished in a blaze; the manuscript of his "Study in the Venetian Inquisition" was burned in a mail car two years later. A similar fate overtook both that of his "Calendar of Venetian State Papers" and his "Studies in Archaeology."

Willing to Oblige.

"If I agree to permit you to marry my daughter," said the multi-millionaire, sternly, "will you promise to let whisky alone?"

"You bet I will," replied the elated youth, with alacrity. "Nothing but champagne for me after the wedding comes off."—Chicago Sun.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3.00 & \$3.00 SHOES

W. L. Douglas's \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.



\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can identify the man in this photograph. W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.00 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00—the only difference is the price. If I could take you into the world under one roof making every shoe, and show you the care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 shoes are the best shoe on the market to-day.

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