

STORIES OF THE FAKIRS

By J. P. JOHNSTON
Author of "Twenty Years of Husling," "What Happened to Johnston," Etc.

HAIR DRESSING AND OTHER "GRAFTS."

New York Establishment Fleeces Lady Patron—Impostor Advertises Free Patent Medicine Formulas—One Ingredient Obtainable Through Him Only—Magazine Cansvasser Endeavors to Outwit Subscribers—Breaks Down and Confesses.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Among my acquaintances is a government official, who travels all over the United States with his wife. A short



"Oh! Yah! Das Ist Allerecht."

time ago this lady told me of her experience with a hair dressing graft. It was as follows: She had called at a New York hair dressing establishment. Being ushered into a booth, she was placed in the hands of a German, whose wretched English she could not understand, nor apparently could she make him comprehend a word she uttered. While washing and cleaning her hair, he kept chattering in broken English and German, apparently making this suggestion and that, while working like a trooper. She explained to him, or

taking orders for a weekly magazine. Before Mrs. Johnston could refuse, I said: "Show him in." As I was in the library, and Mrs. Johnston was in the sitting-room, I partially closed the sliding door between us, and said: "Let him canvass you, while I listen, and see what kind of a worker he is." He made a proposition to send the magazine for a year at ten cents a week, 50 cents of which must be paid to him, cash in advance. After making a rapid canvass on the magazine, he produced a Haviland china plate, and said: "As a special induc-



"Let's See; What Is Your Name?"

tried to, that all she wanted was a shampoo and a plain, ordinary hair dressing. "Oh! Yah, yah; Ich versteh," was his ready reply. Having finished the shampoo, he turned on the electric fan, a necessary adjunct for drying the hair, at the same time getting it tangled in such a manner that it would be necessary to drag out a fair portion of it to straighten it out. He then began combing it, and, as observed, that unlike other hair dressers, each time he pulled the comb through her hair, he managed to add a new more tangle, until at last he was taking it out by the combful. Finally she protested. "Oh! Yah, yah; das ist all recht," he said, and kept raking it out, and plucking

meat to get subscribers, we send as a premium, within three days from the time you subscribe, an 88-piece set of this limoges. "How can your firm afford to send a \$50 set of dishes with a \$5.50 subscription?" He explained that the publishers had received \$200,000 worth of advertising contracts, and had indiscreetly given a sworn statement to the advertisers that the paper had a paid-up circulation of over 350,000 copies per week, whereas, in reality, it only had a paid circulation of about 250,000, and in order to increase its circulation and avoid exposure, was making this wonderful offer. "But," said Mrs. Johnson, "what security have I for my money? What evidence have I that the dishes, or even

the magazine will ever be delivered to me?"

"Why," said he, "I will give you a receipt for your 50 cents." "Signed by whom?" asked Mrs. Johnston. "By me," he replied.

"But, how do I know you are responsible?" was the next query. "Let me see your blank form of receipt." On looking it over carefully, she said: "How does it happen that the name of your publishing house doesn't appear on this receipt? It seems very strange that you should be out collecting money for a large concern, and giving your personal receipt for moneys paid in. How does this happen, and how would I know who to address in case the dishes failed to arrive? Not ever your home address is given here."

"But," said he, "every one knows this firm." "No, not everyone," said Mrs. Johnston. "I am a constant reader of magazines and newspapers, yet I never heard of such a firm, and I dare say there are many others who are ignorant of its existence."

At this juncture I pushed open the library door and appeared on the scene. "Let's see, what is your name?" I said. "Mr. —," he replied. "And where is your home, Mr. —?" "Pittsburg," he answered. "Well, now, Mr. —," said I, "you evidently have a pretty smooth little graft here, and I guess it's all your own, too, isn't it?"

"It depends," he coolly replied, "what you call a graft, sir."

"What I call a graft?" I answered, "is anything where a man resorts to trickery to inveigle people into patronizing him, and then gives them nothing for their money."

"How can this be a graft, if we send them the magazine and the dishes?"

"If I put in; but you don't, and you know it; you have already admitted that the publishers of your magazine are perjurers; that they swore to a falsehood, and therefore committed a penitentiary offense, in an effort to swindle advertisers."

At this he began to "hedge" a little, and after clearing his throat a moment said: "Well, I didn't mean that they had sworn to it. I meant that they had merely made false statements."

"Young man," I said, "make a clean breast of this, or I shall instantly phone for the police patrol, and have you locked up."

He became flurried at once, and began talking at random. "How long have you been in this business?" I interrupted, "and what were you previously engaged in?" "This is my first week in this work."

"You mean this 'graft,'" I put in. "Well, yes, 'graft,'" he continued, "and it has been paying so well that I have stuck to it, although I am in constant fear of getting into trouble."

He had confined his canvassing to both the middle and better class of citizens, and had experienced no trouble in finding plenty of victims among them. He had been in college for some time, and being anxious to go through, and possessing no funds, had hit upon this scheme to make money rapidly.

He said it didn't matter what magazine he introduced, that the "suckers" always bit on the china proposition, and that Mrs. Johnston was the first person in the city to critically investigate his proposition. I let him go, with a warning, on his promise that he would at once seek honest employment.

RACES WITH HARD HEADS.

Moorish Tribes That Have Skulls Which Are Almost Bombproof.

It is commonly believed that the southern negro has a thicker skull than any other race, but, while dark-eyes have a cranium almost bombproof, it is to be questioned whether they compare to certain of the Moorish tribes.

These tribes, in the vicinity of Morocco, are inordinately proud of their thick skulls, and from babyhood the heads of the boys are kept shaven, that the inherent tendency toward thickness of skull may be increased.

They have developed their heads to such a degree that one of the diversions of tourists in Morocco is to pay one of these youngsters a sum equivalent to about half a cent for the privilege of breaking bricks on his head.

The skull forms a natural defense, and when attacked the Moorish lad wards off his opponent's blows by lowering his head and receiving the thrusts upon his skull.

The thickness of the negro's skull is ascribed to the scanty covering of hair upon his pate, nature endeavoring to protect the brain from the rays of the sun by increasing the thickness of the skull.

UNKINDNESS REWARDED.

Baby Thrown Out Found Later to Have \$10,000 Pinned to Clothing.

DIFFERING VIEWS OF JOBS.

The Man in the Air Feels Sorry for the Man on the Firm Footing.

A Chicago architect says that one day he was obliged in the line of duty, in order to consult with the foreman of the iron-workers, to go up to the sixteenth story of the steel frame of an office building then almost completed. When he had finished his talk with the foreman, he was about to go down when he overheard an amusing conversation between one of the iron-workers and a man who was cleaning the windows of a similar structure adjoining the new building.

The man who was cleaning the windows was a husky Irishman; and as he swabbed away he whistled merrily. Suddenly he ceased his tune, and peering into the window on the side of which he was standing, carefully surveyed a roomful of pale, unhealthy-looking clerks. Then he called out to the nearest iron-worker on the building, "Say, my boy, just have a look at the lads in here."

The iron-worker did as requested. "Poor fellows," exclaimed the Celt, in a tone of deep commiseration; "but, thin, some men will do anything for a living!" And he resumed his task.

"That's right," agreed the iron-worker, turning and he saw some hundreds of feet in the air.

Correct. "Now, gentlemen," said the lecturer on company and managements, "mention one of the most important collateral branches of the oil business."

"Writing for the magazines," promptly responded the student who keeps abreast of the times.—Pittsburg Post.

Applied Art.

First Sweet Sixteen—Oh, my Fritz is very musical. He composes heavenly waltzes.

Second Ditto—So is my Hans. He even kisses in waltz time.—Translated for Tales from Megendorfer Blatter.

Idaho Joins. Fraser, Idaho, Nov. 27th (Special).—Mrs. Martha J. Lee has given for publication the following statement, concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills:

"I was down with Rheumatism three times," she says, "and each time Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me. The last time they cured me, and now I am able to get around and do all my work, though I am fifty-eight, and I can walk to Sunday School every Sunday. Before I took Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so bad I could use neither hand nor foot. I shall keep Dodd's Pills on hand all the time."

Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid crystallizing in the muscles. Healthy kidneys remove all Uric Acid from the blood. Diseased kidneys cannot remove blood. Diseased kidneys cannot remove blood. Diseased kidneys cannot remove blood.

A Definition. Gladys—Mamma, what is a "cursey" clean? Mamma—It is the kind of look that your father gives when he wants to swear but doesn't dare.—Roanoke News.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullin is Nature's great remedy—Cures Croup, Colds, Croup and Consumption, Whooping Cough and Lung Trouble. As druggists, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

Every man demands that his wife be everything he says, and that his daughter should believe a word young men say to her.—Acheson Globe.

Do not believe Fies's Cure for Consumption and equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

An Irish epitaph: "Fretted to the marrow of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

Twice-Told Testimony. A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backaches and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. Today, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."

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Read This "For five years I was so sick I could hardly walk across the floor, and was very weak and nervous," writes Miss Mattie Slusher, of Cambria, Va., "but after taking Cardui I found myself greatly relieved."

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