

age is purposely wrapped in thin tissue paper so that it may seem to be spoiled. The packages, at the end of the evening, are dried near a fire, and are thus made ready for the next evening's campaign.

### Conveyances

THE traveler hires a cab, and at the end of the journey gives the fare—say, three francs, with a small fee—to the driver. The driver touches his cap and starts off. Suddenly, however, the driver brings his cab to a stop and shouts to his recent passenger.

"What is wrong?" inquires the latter.

The driver holds out his palm toward the traveler. In it are three francs. "Counterfeit," says the driver. The traveler denies that he gave the driver counterfeit coins.

"But here they are," insists the driver. "You may see for yourself that they are counterfeit."

It flashes upon the traveler that the driver has substituted the counterfeit coins for the genuine coins the traveler gave him. He accuses the driver. The driver smiles and shakes his head.

"Very well," he says to the traveler, "if you desire, we will drive to the police station and you may settle the matter there."

The traveler now realizes that if he goes to the police station he may get into trouble for passing counterfeit money, this especially as he realizes that he has no way of proving that the coins he gave the driver were not these very counterfeit coins. To spare himself the possible trouble—at any rate, delay and nuisance—the traveler gives three more francs to the driver.

The driver makes to hand back the three counterfeit coins (which, as the traveler suspected, he had substituted for the good coins the traveler originally gave him); but the traveler, fearful of some further trouble with accepting the counterfeits, refuses them. The driver has gained three francs by the stratagem.

### Departure

IN preparing to depart from his hotel, the traveler may not choose to remember that the carriage starter expects his fee with all the rest of the retinue, albeit his services have not been called upon at any time by the traveler during the latter's visit. Where the carriage starter senses from afar such a feeling of disinclination and obduracy on the part of the departing guest, he sets in motion what is known in the inner circles as the "dirty cab" artifice.

When the traveler appears with his luggage and beckons the starter to hail him a cab, the starter does as he is ordered. A cab, the first one in line, drives up. The starter opens the door, looks in, and, slamming the door with a show of great wrath, vituperates the driver and orders him abruptly to be off. Turning to the waiting and wondering traveler, the starter explains that the cab was so ill-kept inside that no gentleman could ride in it without soiling his apparel. Obviously, when the next and "clean" cab is summoned, the erstwhile economical traveler will fee the starter for his careful concern.

### VIENNA

#### Cafés and Restaurants

AS the traveler has probably been forewarned, his service in a Viennese restaurant is looked after not by one or two waiters, but by three. These are, respectively, a *zählkellner*, or head waiter; a *speise-träger*, or regular waiter; and a *getränkellner*, or "piccolo," i. e., a waiter who attends to the drink part of his orders. Of the usual fee, from eight to ten per cent. of the amount of the bill, it is the custom of the country for the head waiter to take half, and for the other two waiters to share between them the other half.

In order to amplify the size of the fee so far as travelers are concerned, the head waiter, after presenting the bill to the traveler (as is the Viennese custom), abruptly leaves the table. The traveler lays his fee on the table, and the regular waiter, immediately appropriating it, turns and quickly departs. Whereupon the head waiter reappears and glances suggestively at the spot on the table where the tip was. The spot is empty. The head waiter looks at the traveler with a sad look of interrogation, and then proceeds to look under the crumpled serviette, under the plates, under the silver, for the tip. The traveler thereupon remarks that the waiter took the tip.

The head waiter, with a disappointed shrug of the shoulders, bows to the traveler, who, thus made somehow to feel that he ought to give the head waiter something (not knowing that the regular division never occurs between the waiters directly at the table, but later in the evening), disgorges another fee.

The traveler selects from the menu the dishes he wishes to order. The waiter writes the dishes down on a slip of paper, notes down the prices on the menu, and departs. In a few moments he returns and informs the traveler that the price opposite one of the dishes on the menu has been changed: the dish is more expensive at the present time for one reason or another. Does the traveler still desire it? The traveler, his appetite now set on the dish, will probably not allow the small advance in price to interfere with him. Yes, he will take

it anyway. And when the traveler pays his bill the waiter takes the overcharge for himself.

### Hotels

WHEN the traveler visits the hotel barber the latter will, after the usual shave or haircut, rub his hands over the traveler's head, and then display the hands to the traveler's amazed gaze completely covered with soot. "You need a shampoo very badly. Vienna is quite a dirty city," the barber will observe.

The traveler will invest in the shampoo. He will not know, probably, that the barber keeps a quantity of soot smeared on the back of the barber chair for use in such cases.

The traveler goes to the hotel desk to send a telegram. He asks for a blank and a pen and prepares to write out the message.

"But they may not be able to make out your English writing," the attendant warns the traveler. "Had you therefore better not permit me to translate it on your dictation?"

The traveler believes the attendant: he does not know that the telegraph office will be able to read his English perfectly well; and the attendant gets the coveted fee which otherwise he would not have been entitled to—indeed, could not expect.

### Conveyances

THE traveler hails a taxicab to convey him to a certain point. Halfway to his destination the cab is suddenly brought to a stop. The driver tells the traveler that he is very sorry, but that his cab has run short of gasoline. Will the traveler please to dismount and take another cab?

The traveler does so, and the driver thus gets practically the same fee he would have obtained for the longer journey. He also saves about half the time of the originally ordered trip, and is thus ready for another passenger and another fee. The driver realizes that he can make more for himself out of the fees than out of his

percentage of the fare for the rest of the trip planned at the start by the traveler. The traveler, incidentally, is thus compelled to fee two drivers during his trip in place of one.

### General Hints

WHEN the traveler checks his overcoat with the coat-room attendants in a public place it is advisable for him definitely to point out to the attendant who takes it that both his gloves are in the coat pocket, and that he hopes they will both be there when he returns. Otherwise, when the traveler looks for his gloves later in the evening, he will discover that one of them "must have dropped out of the pocket," according to the attendant, and that it will take the attendant five minutes of arduous searching to "find" it. The attendant will expect a doubled fee for his trouble if he has so to search.

The traveler, unless he be a millionaire, is advised on all occasions to cry out in a loud voice the amount of the bill he hands in payment for what he has purchased. These bills, although the amounts they represent vary, are so nearly alike in size and general aspect that, unless the traveler's lungs are in particularly sound shape and used lustily at the moment the bill leaves his hands, the dealer will subsequently assert the proffered bill to have been of smaller denomination than it was. And the traveler will be unable to prove that the dealer is not a relative of the American soldier and statesman, Washington.

### Departure

IF the traveler has several pieces of hand luggage and summons a porter at the railway station, two porters will respond and seize his luggage before he can argue that one porter should be ample for the job. The traveler will thus be relieved of two fees in place of one.

### Addenda

MONEY may be obtained from the United States by the traveler by cable.

## THE MEDDLESOME MR. MOPPS

Drawing by Edwin F. Bayha

By MYRTLE REED

"IT'S funny," said Dorothy. "Very funny," replied her escort. "Let's ring 'em up again." Dorothy pressed a determined, white-gloved finger against the electric button. There was no answer save the distant, muffled sound of the bell.

"Thought perhaps it was broken," resumed Norton laconically; "but it isn't. There's no one at home."

Miss Thomas pouted, and contemplated her dainty gown with concern. It was hot, suffocatingly hot, in the white marble hallway of the apartment building, and the rain splashed up into their faces as they stood for a moment on the narrow ledge in front of the door.

"To melt or not to melt," observed Norton frivolously, "that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the hall to suffer, or—"

"Fred, stop! Do be serious!"

"My dear girl," he went on patronizingly, "is not our situation sufficiently serious without my assistance? Consider for a moment. Your stately mansion is filled with a lot of relatives—and relatives are what General Sherman said war was. When the news was broken to you, like the talented and resourceful young woman that you are, you drew this long-standing engagement out of your sleeve, spread it forth for the delectation of those present, and piously covered it with your hypocritical regrets. Then you hustled to the 'phone, called up your dear friend Mrs. Watts, and explained the situation. Consequently she invited us—what else could she do? Now, at the appointed hour, we arrive, and find the front windows dark, the Wattses conspicuous by absence, and not even a sandwich left on the steps for us."

"They'll come," returned Dorothy bravely, with a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. "Eva said they were going out to dinner, but would be back at half past seven, and that we should have tea at eight."

"And now it is only half past eight," remarked Norton, consulting his watch. "The car is only a block away," he continued. "Pick up your skirts, and we'll run for it. Then we'll get a carriage downtown and go and have nourishment somewhere. I'm famished."

"We were invited here to tea," said Dorothy stubbornly, "and we're here, and we're going to have tea here!"

"Oh, very well. Wonder if my keys would fit the vestibule door? There's nothing like trying."

Whistling softly, he tried one key after another. Miss

Thomas fixed her attention upon her patent leathers, the filmy ruffles at the bottom of her skirt, and at length upon the dazzling play of light from her ring. It was a solitaire, which she wore on the third finger of her left hand, and both she and Norton thought it altogether the most beautiful ring in the world.

"No," he announced, "it's no use."

"Then we'll ring up one of the tenants and have the vestibule door opened. We shall be drier inside the doorway."

Norton tried a bell; but there was no response.

"The people in the flat above Eva have just moved out," explained Dorothy. "Try somebody else."

"Mr. Gerald Smitherton Mopps. He lives just across from Eva. I'll call him."

She rang the bell vigorously, almost defiantly, and presently a faint "Hello!" floated down the tube.

"Will you kindly open the vestibule door?" asked Dorothy sweetly.

The latch clicked, and they went into the hall laughing.

"WE don't seem to have bettered ourselves," he observed. "There's no seat here. Let's go on up. They may have left a note for us on the door, or the key under the rug, or something."

Still laughing, they went up the soft-carpeted stairs. The door of the opposite apartment was open, and there stood a man in his shirt sleeves, with inquisitive, suspicious eyes.

"Can you tell us," asked Dorothy, in a frigid manner, "when Mr. and Mrs. Watts will return?"

"I cannot," answered the other in accents like her own. Then, with evident regret, he began to close the door—very slowly.

"The Moppses and the Wattses have fought most terribly," whispered Dorothy. "Eva told me about it." "Well," said Fred, "I guess we'd better go back. There's no note anywhere, and the door's locked, and it's even hotter up here than it is downstairs."

"Wait. Try your keys on the door," Dorothy suggested, with a flash of inspiration.

Fred chuckled. "Makes me feel like a burglar," he said under his breath. "If that inquiring old geezer across the hall saw me doing this, he'd have me put in the coop."

Dorothy cast a hurried glance over her shoulder.

Just then the lock moved, and Fred opened the door of the Watts' apartment.

She ran in, almost dragging him after her, and closed