

When doctors graft it is folly to be sick.

Another thing that will make Milwaukee famous is a "woman police man."

Why worry over good roads when we are all on the verge of taking to wings?

If war scares keep on accumulating they may be offered by the dozen at reduced rates.

When women are required to sit on juries they should be permitted to bring their knitting.

Western farmers are returning to the effete east to buy up the deserted farms of that section.

Fir lumber has gone up one dollar on the thousand. Now, all together: This is going too far!

Goose-bone prophets are of the opinion that this winter will stretch out as long as a British election.

Alfalfa in various forms is to be served at a banquet in Colorado. Now who is "brother to the ox?"

Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to conquer when he should have hustled around and found a few.

Pittsburg ants to annex about a dozen suburbs. This is likely to start a new annexation movement in Cleveland.

The unarmored cruiser Detroit, which cost \$1,233,000, has just been sold for \$20,000. So run the fighting ships away.

New York's largest hotel is to cost \$17,000,000. It is to be built on Herald square at Twenty-fourth street and Broadway.

School teachers think they are entitled to pensions, but can teaching be called war since corporal punishment has been abolished?

A Boston man declares that he can prove that there are nine hells, and we presume that discovering that the furnace fire is out is one of them.

That New York man who started to shoot himself but thrice changed his mind in time to dodge the bullets may live to congratulate himself on his fickleness.

Morocco is to pay money to Spain for the war which Spain recently fought in Morocco. Such is the embarrassing consequence of coming out mly second best.

Maybe some time they will invent a padded aeroplane which will not rise more than ten feet from the ground. Then the careful man will become interested.

He has football in the fall and track athletics and baseball in the spring and now the college student has ice hockey all winter. And yet he is said to play too little.

In the year 1910 the American he, laid 17 dozen eggs for every man, woman and child in the country. We have reason for believing, however, that at least several dozen of those eggs are still in cold storage.

A report from Berlin has it that Emperor William has become interested in boxing. It is not likely, however, that he will at his time of life try for the middle-weight championship of Germany.

Men who began life as waiters now own one of Chicago's biggest hotels. But, of course, they were good waiters and never spilled soup down anybody's back nor forgot to renew the contents of the finger bowls.

The Episcopal bishop of Michigan says that bridge whist players are just as much gamblers as Wall street plungers or Monte Carlo patrons. They must play for more than a quarter of a cent a point out that way.

By drinking 20 bottles of beer a day for 30 days a St. Louis man won a suit of tailor-made clothes and \$250 in money, but the chances are that a man with a thirst like that will pawn the clothes, and he certainly won't have the money long.

If that ship that got into New York the other day with a load of elephants and pythons and other creatures could have been stuffed into the stockpiles of several million children it would probably have settled for all time their demand for Noah's arks.

When rats carry plague and cats and dogs that kill or drive them away carry diphtheria and tuberculosis, both of which are affirmed by the experts, it seems there is nothing left for threatened humanity but to get off the earth.

That technical secret attack upon the Atlantic coast by our returning battleship fleet will be valueless unless the Mole St. Nicholas liar and the New England faker who heard so much cannonading at sea in 1898 are allowed to get into the game.

THE FAKE AUCTION

By H.E. TWINELLS

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AMERICANS have the reputation of being quick witted and shrewd. As a matter of fact we are Barnumized bluffers, far more gullible and credulous than any class of any nation.

Right now, in nearly every moderate-sized city of the United States we are falling in line and dropping gold into the tills of organized fake auction stores and taking in exchange a misrepresented article. These bogus auction stores are more harmful to us as a nation than all the old-time lotteries, policy games, mail-order fakes and circus grafts, including gold bricks and shell games, combined.

They are not honest. They play "heads we win, tails you lose." Uncle Sam doesn't want to bring up his boys in the business; yet he countenances it, and over 530 of his cities issue licenses regularly to the auctioneers of these fake companies, giving them the privilege of swindling the public at a nominal fee.

Any town with over 10,000 blind, Barnumized Yankees waiting to be bamboozled is considered a fertile field.

From coast to coast,



THE PROPRIETOR

from line to line, we find in nearly every state from one to forty cities supporting temporary auction swindles. Few are permanent; it is a mushroom business which springs up over night in a cheap store, leased from month to month, and stays until trouble occurs or the field is worked dry.

New York city alone demands to be duped by no less than eight practically permanent companies of this sort, only shifting their positions to greener fields as the crowds change.

There are three ways to tell a legitimate auction. If the place is permanent and advertises sales on certain days, if the goods to be sold are catalogued piece for piece, and if there are no outside men hired to control the bidding, then it is certain that the sale is genuine.

The fake auction game is played under the pseudo patronage of reliability. The auctioneer's license, issued by the city, is hung conspicuously near the door and the goods are claimed to have been consigned from private sources or pawnbrokers in nearby cities. It is misrepresentation from the start. As a matter of fact the goods were picked up in job lots from novelty houses, jobbers, Japanese stores and regular auction supply firms who handle job lots of trashy stuff and are to be found in all the larger cities. The fakes they handle are made of cheap clay by shrewd Japs who have scraped through the shell of American bluff and found the flabbiness of the flesh beneath. These antiques crumble to pieces after six months in a heated apartment. Practically all the goods handled in these stores are made on the same principle and bought at from one-fifth to one-fiftieth of what they will bring at auction.

There is nothing criminal in selling at an exorbitant profit if the purchaser gets the square deal. But a fake auction company is primarily a ring of cheats never intentionally giving anyone a square deal.

The proprietor is the arch rogue. His profit depends on selling an article at anywhere from fifty to two, three and sometimes five hundred dollars. The auction does not pay him for the average buyer; it is merely a trap, a "plant," for the occasional "good thing" who happens in and is quickly relieved of a large amount of money through an elaborate system he never suspects.

It is a joyless game, played on cut-and-dried rules which admit of no freshness or originality. The average cast—for they are all actors and play the same cheap show every day—is made up of one backer, or proprietor, two auctioneers, one pretty girl cashier, and from two to ten "shills" (the pale-faced people with mushy morals), their number depending on the size and situation of the store.

The backer usually is a shrewd and unscrupulous man who rents a vacant store, fills it with a scattering of cheap, showy articles to attract attention and a number of large so-called "works of art" and "antiques" which, on inspection, prove to be minors. The range runs from fountain pens at ten cents to deceptive "Ivories," "bronzes" and "paintings by the old masters" that bring from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars, and sometimes more, from the uninitiated.

The proprietor hires a pretty girl cashier and counts her as an additional attraction. He gets one or two auctioneers—they usually travel in pairs, to relieve one another and the public—and guarantees them ten per cent. of the sales; which commission runs from forty to two hundred dollars a week.

Then the dealer incorporates the backbone of the whole crooked business—the body of "shills."

The word "shill," or "shilliver" in full, is of indeterminate origin. It is synonymous with "capper," "booster," "ringer," "dummy," "stool," "stool pigeon" and "outside man"; all technical slang titles for the shabby creature, the human buzzard, who picks up his foul living by rascality and roguery in working between the public and some swindling game: in this case, working among those who stop in at the auction and pretending to have no connection with the sale, betraying a score of people a day after ingratiating himself in their good graces through cunning and craft.

Without these shills no sham auction can exist. Of course in smaller towns only two or three can be used, as strangers are more easily noticed in such places. They are the crooks on whom the proprietor relies to pick out unsuspecting visitors snared by the bargain lure and jockey them into buying misrepresented articles.

The shill mixes with the crowd. His business is to look just like an interested buyer and lie in wait for the fly for which the elaborate web was spun.

This individual, for whom the word "shill" is set and the actors dressed, is called in the slang "a rummy." The old three-card monte men christened him "sucker."

Picture a room 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. Double doors to the sidewalk are invitingly open; above them hangs an enticing red flag bearing the name of what purports to be a legitimate auction firm; beneath that, in large letters, are the words:

SALE TODAY

Pick out any acquaintance who lives in a small town, is fairly prosperous, and has come to the nearby city of 10,000 to 30,000 population to look around for the day, purchase a present for his wife and some implements for the farm.

He has read in the papers and magazines accounts of book, art and antique auctions and noted the high prices brought by rarities. When he stumbles on to the flagrant flag of the fake auction house and looks in at the window, heaped with a miscellany of antiques, he is suddenly stirred by that perennial longing for a bargain.

He glances through the door. There is a worried auctioneer struggling with eight dull-faced people. He is trying frantically to sell a pair of opera glasses.

"Genuine Lemier, gentlemen; concave and convex lenses, put up in this heavy morocco case," the auctioneer cries, "and \$2 is bid for them. Think of that! Not a tenth of their value. Why,



I don't believe you gentlemen would give \$2.50 to see statue of liberty do a Salome dance. Two dollars bid, oh, shill! Two dollars!"

Jones, your out-of-town friend, is undecided whether to go in or not; but at that moment a fellow near the door shakes his head to a seeming stranger beside him and says in a low voice: "It's a shame. Things are going for nothing. Wish I had the price to buy some of that cut glass. It'll sell for a song."

Jones overhears and is interested. He thinks the mind of everybody in that store is centered on the opera glasses, going so cheap. He smiles at their rapt attention and the auctioneer's hard luck complaints. The smile would disappear instantly if he knew that he himself was the sole concern of the eight minds in that audience, and the auctioneer. He would be furious if he knew that the whole sale of the opera glasses was a sham; that when the auctioneer saw Jones looking in he immediately transmitted this fact to the shill nearest the door by saying, "Oh, shill," casually in his speech. Jones had never heard the word, so naturally he didn't select it with suspicion from the auctioneer's jargon, and he didn't select it with suspicion from the man near the door remarked about cut

glass bargains.

As a matter of fact Jones was interested in cut glass. His wife liked it and occasionally he invested in some, it being the nearest he could get to diamonds.

So he sauntered in casually and watched with an amused smile the frantic auctioneer trying to sell a watch. Jones wasn't interested in watches. He had one in his pocket; so his eyes continually roved toward the cut glass in a little Japanese cabinet.

He didn't know it, but before he was in the place two minutes, while the auctioneer was trying to "feel him out" with the watch, one of the shills had noticed Jones's interest in cut glass, and had called the auctioneer's attention to the fact by touching the cabinet significantly.

The auctioneer, on his perch above them all, had control of the situation. He noted the signal from the shill, jotted down mentally that Jones wanted cut glass, and knocked down the watch he had been experimenting with to one of the shills for a ruinous price, which was all helpful in showing Jones that a shrewd man could pick up a bargain if he laid low, attracted no attention and bided his time.

"Sold for six ninety. Put it with the other goods for Mr. A. Deposit sufficient," the auctioneer cried to the pretty cashier.

Jones did not bid on the first piece of cut glass. The auctioneer did not look toward him once to give him a chance. The piece was knocked down for \$3.50. It was a frightful bargain. Jones would have given \$5 for it himself. But the auctioneer passed abruptly to the next article.

Jones pressed forward this time as a gorgeous punch bowl was put up. He heard various exclamations around him, all tending to give him confidence in the fact that things were going dirt cheap. Two ladies beside him commiserated because they wouldn't have enough "Gentlemen and ladies," the auctioneer went on solemnly, "if I had this article in Chicago or New York it would bring one hundred dollars, one hundred dollars. You couldn't duplicate it at retail for less than two hundred. It is the finest piece of art glass ever shown in your city."

"Can I get one hundred dollars? Ninety? Eighty? Seventy-five dollars? Can I get sixty? Fifty? Give me forty; thirty-nine; thirty!"

"Fifteen dollars!" came a halting voice from beside Jones.

Jones was interested. He sensed a bargain. Had he known that when the auctioneer said "thirty-nine" it was a signal to the shill beside Jones to bid \$30 with a line through it, or fifteen actual dollars, he would not have been so enthusiastic.

"Sixteen!" "Seventeen!" "Half!" "Eighteen!" staccato offers punctuated the atmosphere after the auctioneer's encouragement.

The little man beside Jones shook his head sadly.

"Gee, it's gone beyond me," he sighed, turning to Jones; "it'll go dirt cheap, too. If you could buy that for \$50 it'd be a bargain, sure enough."

"Twenty-eight is the last bid," wailed the auctioneer. "Why, you could take it out and pawn it for more than that."

Jones thrilled as the auctioneer turned to look squarely at him.

"You'd give thirty, wouldn't you?" he cried. Jones gulped and nodded.

The auctioneer skillfully led up to the grand landing by taking offers of "thirty-six" and "thirty-seven" from members of his troupe. He had felt out his man carefully and knew that \$40 would be Jones's limit.

"Will you give me forty?" he said simply, in a level tone, leaning far over the showcase.

Jones hesitated, gulped, and then nodded his head abruptly.

Jones was pleased with his bargain until he got home and his wife told him he could get the same punch bowl for \$10 anywhere and that the other stuff was worthless.

STONE IN BLADDER REMOVED WITHOUT SURGICAL OPERATION

In the Spring of 1904, I was confined to my bed with kidney trouble and thought that I would never recover. I took a lot of medicine but did not realize any benefit from anything. I finally saw a Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root advertisement and sent for a sample bottle and thought the sample helped me, so I bought more of the medicine from my Druggist, and after using a few bottles discharged a very large stone from my bladder. After passing this stone my health was very much improved and I have been able to continue with my business without any serious sickness.

J. L. KNOWLES,
Headland, Ala.

Personally appeared before me this 8th day of September, 1909, J. Loftus Knowles who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

J. W. WHIDDON,
Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

THE USUAL RESULT.



So Stockbug has been on the street, has he? What is he speculating on?"

"Just at present, I believe, he is speculating on how much longer he will be on the street."

ECZEMA GONE, BOILS CURED

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician, who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under his treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged, and as I had read the advertisements of Cuticura Remedies and testimonials of a great many people who had used them with wonderful success, I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old all trace of the eczema was gone."

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 24, 1910.

The Latest Golf Story.

Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go supperward, Sandy said to Jock:

"Jock, mon, I'll go ye a round on the links in the mornn."

"The mornn?" Jock repeated doubtfully.

"Aye, mon, the mornn," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a round on the links the mornn."

"Aye weel," said Sandy. "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get married in the mornn."

Led by the Nose.

"Pa, what is a 'leading woman'?" "Any woman, my son."—Boston Transcript.

Is Your Health Worth 10c?

That's what it costs to get a week's treatment—of CASCARETS. They do more for you than any medicine on Earth. Sickness generally shows and starts first in the Bowels and Liver; CASCARETS cure these ills. It's so easy to try—why not start tonight and have help in the morning?

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.