

**HOW TO GET RICH.**

You ask me how I grabbed my "mon,"  
Amassed my wealth?  
The method was an honest one—  
'Twas not by stealth.  
I'll gladly take a drink with you  
Whenever we meet,  
But that's as much as I will do—  
I never treat.

Yet you have treated me, we'll say,  
From time to time,  
Mayhap it comes about some day  
You need a dime.  
But to request the coin of me,  
My worthy friend,  
Will be a waste of breath. You see,  
I never lend.

I've had my rules for many years!  
Perhaps you want  
Some aid to dry the scalding tears  
Of paupers' gaunt.  
No painful tales before me put  
Of how they live!  
I'm sorry for the starving, but  
I never give.

**Promoters and Their Methods.**

Some time in your life you read an alluring advertisement and wrote to a promoter for his prospectus. That put your name on a "sucker list." And perhaps you sent him some of your money and received in exchange a beautifully printed stock certificate. That put you on the preferred list. These "sucker lists," carrying all the way from five to fifty thousand names, are regularly offered for sale. Some of the very choice lists are made up of "suckers" who can be caught for amounts from \$1,000 up. I know one man who has a "sucker list" of 250,000 names, and he is proud of the fact that he has landed 30,000 of them. I know "suckers" who can be caught for list. The promoter may buy Michigan lists (recommended for copper companies), clergymen's lists, "ten-dollar suckers' lists, railroad stockholders' lists, German investors' lists, farmers' lists—any variety that suits his fancy.

Pursuing the inventors by the gumshoe method, the promoter takes his "sucker lists" and proceeds to try various kinds of bait on his prospective victims. In these days, when advertising and salesmanship have been reduced to an exact science many clever wrinkles have been devised to catch the "suckers." Some of these command the admiration of men of business. One man in Chicago opens up on the investor with a series of heart-to-heart letters about investments, written in admirable style, following each other at ten-day intervals. It is not until you receive the third or fourth letter that you discover that the resourceful Chicagoan is a company promoter and has stock to sell you. Then he goes ahead bombarding you with prospectuses, maps, circulars, and what not. I have had a score of communications from him without ever once responding to his appeals, and his campaign to "land" me has cost him (including postage, stationery and printing) not less than seventy-five cents. If he is working on a "suckers' list" of 40,000 names, which is entirely probable, he has spent \$30,000. And the "suckers"—investors he calls them—must pay the bill.

When the promoter gets an investor nibbling at the bait sent to him by the grace of the United States Post Office Department, he proceeds to spend money more lavishly on him. I nibbled some to learn the ways of the animal. Two Goldfield promoters bombarded me with long telegrams at ten cents a word—telegrams of fifty to seventy words. "Buy Goldfield Goat quick for big rise. Now 38, going to 90 few days. Telegraph your order." "Only few shares Bullfrog Bird at ground floor price 50. Next allotment 75. Get in quick." Sending telegrams on which the tolls are from five to seven dollars is pretty expensive shooting in the air, but if you can "land" one victim for \$500 you have paid for a good many telegrams. Personal solicitation is even more expensive. One New York promoter sent four agents to see me in the course of a fortnight, and one of these men had to travel four hundred miles. I was not the only victim they were after. Each of these agents covered a district in which there were many nibbling "suckers," and one good haul covered a whole month's expenses.—Frank Fayant in Success Magazine.

Trade in Tibet, according to a report published in the Washington bureau of manufactures, is developing so rapidly that a "department store" on American lines in Lhasa is one of the probabilities of the near future. The American consul-general at Calcutta warns his countrymen that this enterprise will probably be carried out by an enterprising Briton, unless some "keen American gets in ahead." A Tibetan civil official, whose business it is to suppress illicit distilling in the Himalayan mountains, states that the majority of people in Tibet are eager to know more of the outside world.

**Jests and Jingles.**



**A Cinch.**

The Butcher—I notice that you only buy half as much meat as you used to. Some of your boarders quit?

The Boarding-house Keeper—No; four of 'em are in love.



**A Chicken Tougher Than a Stone.**

Landlady—This is a Plymouth Rock chicken.

Boarder—It's a poor imitation; the real Plymouth Rock isn't as hard as this.



**His Answer.**

Mr. Hall Roome—How is the landlady this morning?

Mr. Attick Story (A weather clerk, absently)—Threatening and cooler.



**Very Watery.**

The Landlady—Mr. Jinks, will you have some soup?

The New Boarder—No, thanks; I ain't thirsty.



**Sufficient Reason.**

Hallroom—Guess I'll have to give up boarding.

His Friend—Going to get married?

Hallroom—No; my landlady wants her money.



**A Poor Excuse Better Than None.**

Mrs. Bryde—The idea of Charlie telling you he married me because of my beautiful voice. Why, you know I can't sing a note.

Miss Pinater—Oh, he had to make some excuse, you know, the poor fellow.

**Theatrical Deadbeats.**

The number of people who try to beat their way into theatres is remarkable. Every known pretext, and a few that are new and unknown, as yet, are used as excuses to get tickets. The fake newspaper man—who is almost invariably spotted by the press representative; the alleged actor who flashes a card of some unknown company; the "correspondent" of some out-of-town paper who has lost his credentials; alleged playwrights, detectives looking for a "party" supposed to be in the audience; forged letters and a thousand and one other devices are thrust at the manager. But for pure, unadulterated nerve commend me to the man who a few days ago tried to bluff the treasurer into giving him two seats on the grounds that he had known me at my summer home in the Thousand Islands and that I had extended a general invitation to him to visit the show at any time. Naturally the treasurer refused to take a stranger's word under such circumstances and the man went away in disgust. Next day he was back again. This time I happened to be in the box office, but out of sight.

"Did you speak to Mr. Weber about me?" he asked, mentioning his name.

The treasurer said he had, but that Mr. Weber had no recollection of any such person.

"There must be some mistake," persisted the man. "Mr. Weber knows me all right. Just give me a couple of seats and tell him they are for me. He'll say it's all right."

Then I decided to take a hand in the game. I moved over to the window and said: "Did you say you knew Mr. Weber up in the Thousand Islands?"

"Sure," he said blandly. "We often went fishing together. He and I were neighbors."

"Then you would know Mr. Weber again if you saw him?"

"Know him? Why, didn't I tell you we were intimate friends? Of course I'd know him. We were chums."

That was too much for me and I opened up on him. What I said will not bear repeating; but he went out in great haste and with a rather red face.—From "The Business Side of Being Funny," by Joseph Weber in The Bohemian.

There is a provision in the new Transvaal Constitution by which the seat of the member who is elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly is vacated, and a writ issued for the election of a new member.

**CURTAILING MILLINERY BILLS**  
New York Society Women Spend Less for Hats.

The purchase of hats, says the New York Evening World, has been governed so closely by the rise and fall of stocks this year that even the milliners keep an eye on the market reports. Women of the smartest set, who have been accustomed to ordering hats in half dozen lots, regardless of their prices, have become most prudent this season. To show that milliners are in touch with this situation, a comparison was made between this year's and last year's prices in some of the smartest shops. In several, where \$100 is not an unusual price for a hat, this year's top notchers come well below that. At one of the most fashionable, in Forty-sixth street, where prices have gone even above the \$100 mark, the limit is now placed at \$85. Another exclusive shop on Fifth avenue, in which the saleswomen are accustomed to name large prices in the most non-halant manner, has marked \$100 on its choicest model. Other shops show a decrease of \$15 to \$20 below their usual prices. In department stores and little shops on the other avenues, never has there been such lively Easter purchasing. The early spring weather has been a great factor in this, but besides this "the common people" have not been concerned in the recent panics, and probably feel like rejoicing. To those happy in the purchase of a flimsy bit of straw and roses at \$3.95, the fact that a Fifth avenue leader must curtail her expenditure on one hat by twenty dollars or so, and order only five hats in place of fifteen, does not seem a particular hardship. As for appearances, the expensive hats show no less beauty than usual. In fact, women should congratulate themselves, for they look better than ever before in the present styles.

**The "Barkeep" Protests.**

With the solemn wagging of gray beards it is said in the fusty past: "A man is known by the company he keeps," and I, pondering on the words, set out to test them. For, although the hoary formula had a semblance of wisdom, I was not unmindful now many times a child with a milk-pan and a stick deceived those whose ears were expectantly pricked for the dinner gong.

And first of all I sought a friend who kept much company, the man of white apron and busy towel who purveys drink to the thirsty, and I asked him if he were to be known by the company he kept. And he, before replying, dropped in the bitters crushed the cube of sugar in a thick glass, put in the piece of ice and one jigger of brown liquor, and, with thumb as a pivot and nimble fingers for motive power, revolved the long-handled spoon for a full minute, then he gave to the lemon peel the squeezing twist. "If you mean the bunch I serve here, I should say not. This is business, and it ain't life. I'm paid to fill 'em up, and I flatter myself I know my business. But, if you notice, I don't drink. I see what it does to 'em, and I cut it out. Just the same, I don't play slot machines because the boss gets me to plug some of the winning numbers, and I know what that does to 'em. Yes, I get paid for barkeeping, and I have to listen to their tired old stories and have to hear how smart they are, and they tell me their troubles while I feed the worst troubles they have over this bar. Me be known by this maudlin bunch of slow suicides? I guess not. No, when time's up I turn the cash register over to the night man and go home to my family and associate with decent people." And he wiped off the bar and deferentially inquired the desires of the next gentleman.—William Kent in Collier's Weekly.

A German painter who exposed oil and water colors in his studio window for six years has found the following to be unaffected by light: Krems white, zinc white, Naples yellow, cadmium yellow, light ochre, Roman ochre, gold ochre, burnt light ochre, terra pozzonelli, Italian red, English red, ultramarine, cobalt blue, chrome oxide, permanent green, cobalt green, raw and burnt sienna and umber, Casel brown, Van Dyck brown and thin asphalt. The following were much altered or entirely destroyed: Paris blue, Berlin blue, Prussian blue, madder brown, madder purple, chrome yellow, yellow and brown lakes, green lakes, carmine and vermillion.

**Would Fortify the Canal.**

"In my opinion the Panama canal should be fortified as soon as it's finished. It would be the most valuable prize a foreign power could seize from us in time of war, and money spent to protect it will be well invested."

That was the opinion expressed by Charles F. Scott, representative in congress from the Second Kansas congressional district.

"The first strong impression an American receives on visiting the Isthmus of Panama is the atmosphere of confidence that at once envelops him. Not the engineers only, but the men who are engaged in conducting the work talk with absolute assurance of the success of the great enterprise, admitting no more doubt that the canal will be built than that they are living to help build it. There was an air of exultation about these men, also, as if they had a feeling of pride in being associated with the gigantic project which their country had undertaken."

Mr. Scott said that American enterprise had taken the canal zone out of the tropics and the Northern "bustle" and "push" made it resemble a part of the United States. He spoke of the improvements insanitation in the city of Panama by means of which the yellow fever mosquito has been exterminated.

The representative said that among the useless things left by the French were a car load of snow shovels and 15,000 flambeau torches, the latter intended for use when the canal should be opened.

Concluding Mr. Scott said: "Stevens, the chief engineer who resigned has certainly done a remarkable work during the eighteen months of his stay here, and it is due almost wholly to the organization he perfected that the 36,000 men now employed on the canal are all at work without one man being in another man's way."

"The dirt" is flying at a rate closely approximating 1 million cubic yards a month, and that means that, so far as the excavations are concerned, the bulk of the work should be done in six or seven years. The construction of the great dam at Gatun, and the building of the stupendous locks probably will protract the period of completion.

"The men on the works, however, really seem to believe that if everything goes right the canal should be finished within seven years from this date."

**How to Be Neighborly.**

At no time is the friendly neighbor more popular or more appreciated than when a near-by resident is ill or otherwise in trouble. Then it is important to show the true generosity of your nature by the skill and thoroughness with which you promptly offer assistance. No matter whether you are on the calling list of your neighbor or not, do not be restrained from giving him both help and sympathy in his hour of need.

Do not make your attempt to aid in any but the heartiest and most practical fashion, and do not hold back lest you may not be needed. Don't begin by asking whether there is anything you can do, but by actually doing something.

There are people who are scrupulously careful to call at the door of a near resident and say: "Is there anything I can do?" or, "If you need help please remember that I am quite at your service," or they send a servant with a polite message, and conclude that thus their whole duty has been accomplished. So it has been after a fashion. But of such a pure civility afflicted persons are not apt to take any advantage, whereas they will probably feel genuinely grateful and really helped if you begin by showing them at once some small yet appreciable attention.—McCall's Magazine.

As a result of the National Irrigation Association's work, begun in 1899 there has been practically \$43,000,000 put behind reclamation by irrigation. In five years that sum should be behind drainage, either through the government or private enterprise. In other words, \$215,000,000 used in drainage would put into cultivation land that is now unfit for cultivation to a greater amount per acreage than the empire of Japan. Shall we reclaim the waste lands and put industrious people upon them to cultivate the soil and add to the wealth of the country?

The essence of Christianity may be expressed in homely fashion as kindly feeling to God and man.