

A TEST OF HONESTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Only Two in Thirty Will Accept Stolen Money, in London One in Every Four Would Take It.

M. R. Marston, an English statistician, who is stopping at 124 North Tenth street, has been conducting a unique experiment in Philadelphia during the past few days. He has been testing the honesty of Philadelphians. To the credit of the Quaker City, it must be said that in three days' travel he only encountered two dishonest persons.

Mr. Marston has been trying to pay a mythical debt to utter strangers. In his search for some one to claim the sum he has accosted merchants, financiers, policemen, cab drivers, and, in fact, every class. He tried the same experiment in England, and intends conducting the same in several of the principal cities in the United States. When he has completed this series of odd tests, Mr. Marston intends writing a book and will embody it in his experiences. Here is what he says of Philadelphia:

"Of thirty people I approached in Philadelphia and offered the ten dollars to in payment of a supposed debt, only two men were willing to receive it. They both remembered having loaned me the money. The first person I tried was a waitress in a dining-room in North Tenth street. I took dinner there, and, after finishing my meal, called her over.

"You've been employed here over a year, haven't you?" I asked.

She acknowledged she had.

"Don't you remember about a year ago having lent me some money?" I continued. "I dined here steadily, and one day, being short of some money, one of the waitresses, I don't remember for certain whether it was you or not, lent me some money. I have been out of town, and I want to return it."

She said she was not the person and that I must be mistaken in regard to the place where I borrowed it. After leaving the restaurant I walked along Market street. Coming toward me was a man who looked a fit subject to try upon. He was plainly clad and looked altogether as though ten dollars would be a boon to him. I stopped him and greeted him effusively. "Why, Williams," I began, "I'm awfully glad to see you again."

The man stared at me blankly, and

also assured me that I must be making a mistake. Standing at the door of a wagoner's place was a middle-aged man, dark complexioned, and wearing a suit of loose workman's clothes. The man had a sandy mustache and a face of more than average intelligence.

"I've been requested by a friend of mine to pay back ten dollars he borrowed from some one at this place. The man he borrowed from was named Burns, and the description he gave me of him tallies exactly with you," I said.

"I'm not the man," he answered. "My name is Chadwick, and this is 112 Cherry street. This is my place of business, and I don't remember lending ten dollars to any one that could have sent you to pay it back."

I tried several other men after this without any of them in the least mak-

"Who was the man?" asked the officer.

"Why, he gave the officer who loaned him the money his card," I said, "and told him to call at his place of business and the money would be returned to him. The man does not know the name or the number of the policeman, but he says that it was on this corner he received the money, and the officer has never called to have it returned. The natural supposition is that the card must have been lost, and I was sent out to find the officer."

"I've loaned people from ten cents to a quarter with which to get home," answered the officer, "and if it is one of those men I'm not particular whether the money is returned or not."

When told that the sum amounted to several dollars he said he could not possibly be the man. He also said he would speak to the officer who relieves

cab driver standing with his vehicle at the corner of Sixteenth and Walnut streets was the first man to make an attempt at getting the money. I stepped up to him and asked him whether he was the man who drove me from that corner to Strawberry Mansion recently. He immediately replied in the affirmative. I then told him that I still owed him something from the last drive. He immediately answered that I still owed him a dollar. When told that this amount could not be correct he at once remembered that I was right, and it was only sixty cents that I owed him. When asked why he did not come around to the house to collect it, as he drove me home several times before and knew where I lived, he said that he knew I would be around at his stand some time, and he was not in any hurry for the money. I then told him that the amount I thought I owed the cabman must be in excess of five dollars. The man thought a moment and then said that he mistook me for another of his customers, but now that he remembered me I was right and that I did owe him more than five dollars, but that that amount would square it. I then told him that although he looked very much like the cabman that usually drives me around he was not the man, as my man's name was Burns. This was the first case I met in this city where the man I approached attempted to take advantage of my evident mistake. A man leaning up against one of the large moving vans of the Provident Storehouse and Warehouse company, No. 211 and 213 South Ninth street. He was evidently an employe of the company. I stepped up to him and asked him whether he had lost a ten dollar bill. He replied that he had not had a bill of that denomination in his pocket for a month. The second man to attempt to get the money was an employe of a railroad company. He is a workman in the yard at Thirty-first and Thompson streets. I told him that a man named Adams, who had been working in the same place, desired to return some money he had borrowed before he left his position.

"Why, I remember Adams well," said the man. "He and I used to work together and I lent him some money before he left. I don't remember just now just exactly how much I lent him, but always knew that Adams was honest and would return it some day or other. You can just hand the money over to me, young man, and it will be all right. Keep a nickel for yourself, and buy yourself a drink for bringing it out to me."

"It may be all right," I replied, "but would you mind telling me your name?"

"What's the name of the man you're

able still. It has been claimed that over 50 per cent of all men will take advantage of another man's mistake. After the above figures are taken into consideration the accuracy of this theory becomes apparent.

As all other statistics in criminology are based upon crimes committed for which the offender is liable to criminal punishment, the experience undergone in Philadelphia will prove invaluable as showing the extent of common honesty existing between man and man. It was not the fear of punishment that deterred the men approached from accepting the money that was practically offered them. It was simple inherent honesty, such as is supposed to be very rare, that stopped them from taking it. That it was inherent honesty is apparent from the fact that none of the men had time to think why he refused it or why he didn't. He simply refused it without thinking. A big English jurist once said that the entire social system was built upon the perpetual strife of one person trying to get the best of the other, and that all business was just such strife. Hence, he argued, that all people must be dishonest. Thomas Carlyle answered that no social system built upon a dishonest basis could possibly exist. He claimed that nothing but truth could survive and that if men were not commonly honest toward one another the social structure could not last long. We would soon be reduced to a state of chaos if a majority of men were dishonest, he often pointed out. The fact that about ninety-four per cent of men approached proved to be honest proves Carlyle's theory. But the most singular thing which my entire experience developed was that while most of the men would not take advantage of a mistake such as I was supposed to make, they all believed that most men would do it. I intend to continue my experiments in other American cities, and when that work is done I shall publish the results of my tests in book form. I think they will make interesting reading. In any event, I hope I shall find Philadelphia's average maintained everywhere.

LITTLE MISTAKE.

That Caused an Uproar in Nine Rooms in a Hotel.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "The other evening, just before we changed watch," said the clerk at one of the hotels, "a fat drummer came up and began figuring out his expense account for the day. He took the first piece of paper he could lay his hands on and didn't notice that it was the blank we use for keeping a memoranda of morning calls. The blank is arranged in columns headed by figures representing hours and half hours, and he began his penciling in the 3:30 row. First he jotted down \$1.50 for buggy hire, then 15 cents for stamps, 35 cents for car fare, \$1.60 for express package, \$1.10 for telegrams, 50 cents for a trunk strap, 5 cents for a paper, and a quarter for messenger service. Down at the bottom, as an after thought, he put 40, and wrote 'beer' after it, thinking to work it in somehow, I suppose. Well, at 3:30 o'clock next morning there was trouble, and plenty of it. The night clerk supposed, of course, that the calls had been left in the ordinary way, and while he was a little surprised at so many people wanting to get up at such an unearthly hour, he told the boys to wake Nos. 150, 15, 25, 150, 110, 50, 5 and 25, and carry a quart bottle of beer to No. 40. They had a terrible time getting the people up, and everybody was as mad as blazes, particularly the fat drummer himself, who happened to be in 110, and swore he was going right down and lick the clerk. About that time the boy with the beer got to 40. There was a preacher from North Georgia in the room and he called out to know what was wanted. 'I've brought you the beer you ordered,' hollers the kid, and the preacher nearly had a fit. 'Merciful heavens!' he said, 'this will ruin me for life! I will go down immediately and see the proprietor!' He and the fat drummer struck the office together. The fat drummer wanted gore, but when he saw the call list he turned back upstairs. It took nearly an hour to get the minister cooled off, and when the facts leaked out the next day several people began looking for the fat drummer with clubs. He lay low, but has bought a new memoranda book on purpose to figure up his cash."

Centennial of Pushkin.

The deluge of centenaries continues. Russia has been celebrating the centennial of the birth of one of its greatest poets, Alexander Sergiewitch Pushkin. Though much admired by Russians, he certainly was not a representative Russian poet. His father was of Teutonic blood, and on his mother's side he had, like Dumas, African blood, his ancestry going back to Peter the Great's negro general, Annibal. Moreover, he drew his inspiration not from Russian literature, but from Byron, whose influence on the continent was at its height during his career. He was exiled for lampooning Alexander I, but was recalled on the accession of Nicholas I. In 1825, Pushkin was killed in a duel in 1837.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Sistine Madonna.

Raphael's Sistine Madonna has been attacked by a skeptical young German critic named Jelinek, who tries to prove that Raphael never painted the picture, and that besides the picture has been touched up and "restored" unscrupulously over and over again in the last 150 years.

Beer in Bavaria.

Bavaria, with a population of 5,818,000, spends \$24,890,000 a year on beer.

LOOKING GLASSES

MIRRORS AT EVERY TURN WE SEE.

They Never Were so Plenty or so Cheap—Silver Backing Instead of Mercury Is One Secret—Another Is In the Glass.

"Where one mirror was in use 13 years ago there are 200 today," says a man who makes them. But this vast increase in the use of reflecting surfaces has been gained somewhat at the expense of accuracy, brilliancy and permanence. In the old days when a housewife bought a bit of a looking glass it was esteemed a precious treasure, to be cherished like her rosewood cabinet and her best china teapot, and the glass on its part gave a faithful image of all that passed before it and lost nothing of its clear luster as time passed. A pier mirror was an index of luxury. It came from France, with costly furniture and feminine finery. But it went out of fashion when the cheaper article made its way everywhere. The old mirrors were coated with mercury, and that is why, unless they were broken, they retained their pristine excellence year in and year out. Now there is only one manufacturer in New York who uses mercury, and he does not do an extensive business. It doesn't pay any longer to make them in that way. Silver has grown so cheap and is applied so easily that it has replaced mercury. The New York assay office sells large quantities of silver in the form of bricks to chemists who convert it into nitrate of silver and sell it to the manufacturers of mirrors. They combine with the nitrate certain chemicals, these varying with the different manufacturers, the composition used by each constituting his trade secret. But in all cases nitrate of silver is the foundation. Mercury costs about two and a half times as much as the silver nitrate, but it is always sure. If you buy a glass coated with quicksilver it will last you seventy-five years, but of even the most expensive glass treated with the silver nitrate one can never be quite certain. Two pieces may be taken out of the same solution at the same time, under identical conditions, and one may wear satisfactorily, while the other in a little while will begin to speck and show flaws, and no expert manufacturer can explain the reason for it. There is almost no importation of mirrors into this country in these days. We still speak of French and German mirrors, but these words do not denote the locality in which they are made, but are merely trade terms. French mirrors meaning all in which the thickness of the glass is 3-16 of an inch or more, and German mirrors referring to the quality of the glass used, it being blown and not cast in plates, as in the case of the French mirrors. This thin glass came into popularity with the folding bed, intended to represent a sideboard or a dressing case. Its lightness made it peculiarly desirable for such purposes. Now it is used for as many purposes as the cabinet-maker has styles of furniture. Although French mirrors are not imported to any extent the glass from which the best plate mirrors are made is imported from France, the French glass being softer than the American and consequently easier to level and to make into the unique designs so much in vogue. "If I were going to select a mirror for my own house," said one of the largest manufacturers, "I should get the best possible quality of glass made in America for the purpose. It is not so likely to turn yellow by exposure to the air as the French plate mirrors often do." The finest plate mirrors cost only about half what they did a little more than a decade ago, and of the cheaper grades there has been an indefinite increase in the quantity and in the reduction of prices. No flat house is so stinted in style and finish but that it has plenty of mirrors. There may be no closets in the house, but there are sure to be advertised "cabinet mantels with beveled plate mirrors." The walls may be rent with great cracks, but compensation is offered in "a vestibule faced with fine mosaic work and plate glass mirrors." In the higher grades of apartment houses the mirrors are multiplied. They are set in bathroom walls, sideboard and closet doors. They are cunningly placed, both for ornamental purposes and to produce enlarged effects in small rooms. Private houses have mirrors in every available space.

"Klumpen Clubs."

Of all the novel things to be seen in the mountain girls' outfit the oddest of these will surely be her pair of wooden peasant shoes. Just fancy it! It has been cherished as a dead secret, but it's out at last. The girl that goes to the mountain lakes must go tramping along damp trails, and so she is going to wear peasant shoes, for they're a lot more comfortable than heavy boots and goloshes. Only one shop in town imports them, and its proprietors have made a small fortune already, for they cost but a few cents on the other side, and here they sell at \$5 a pair. There is a lot of fun in learning to walk in them. One must place the heel on the ground first else they slip off, but that only makes it the jollier, and before the season is half over we may expect to hear from the Adirondacks a lot of interesting things about the swill girls "Klumpen" Club.

A Hint About Matting.

Matting will lie much more smoothly if sewn like a carpet than when tacked down, as is frequently done.



THE POLICEMAN HONEST, TOO.

THE WAITRESS SAID, "YOU ARE MISTAKEN."

was so surprised that he did not know what to say. I drew ten dollars out of my pocket and almost thrusting them into his hand I continued:

"Well, I've been out of town for some years, and therefore didn't see you. But I did not forget the money you lent me and I'm going to pay it back right now. Here it is; take it."

The man began to grasp the situation that I was taking him for some one else. "I think you've made a mistake," he said. "You don't owe me any money to my knowledge. I need the ten dollars and could just use them nicely, but I am certain you are talking to the wrong man. Still, if you insist that I'm the right party, I'll take your word for it, and accept the money."

I apologized for my blunder and walked away. The man could easily have accepted the money, thanked me for returning it and have walked away, and it would not have been necessary for him to say a word. The next man I met I tried the same trick on, but he

ing any attempt to claim the money. One man I tried said to me:

"So you're looking for somebody to pay money back to? Well, you are a curiosity, and I want you to come and have a drink with me."

I found that most of the other men I met felt the same way toward me. It was a curious state of affairs, and calculated to make one think for a while. Here were a lot of men, each one of them honest, yet surprised at the common honesty of another who was looking for some one to whom he wished to return money honestly borrowed. Each of the men would probably pay back any debt he might contract with even more readiness than I was showing, yet they were all surprised to see me wanting to pay it back. The next man I approached was a police officer. He was standing on a corner of North Broad street, and I went up to him. The officer's number was 917. "Excuse me," I began, "but I would like to return some money you lent a friend of mine some time ago."

him at his post, and if he is the man he would let me know. I next went into a bakery.

"I would like to pay a bill of nine dollars and something that we owe here," I said. I told the woman behind the counter that my name was Heath. After looking it up in her account book she said that no party by that name had any account there. It was a singular fact that in all this time I had not met anyone who would take a chance on receiving the money and never seek me again. This record was remarkable. Over in London in some sections of the city I found one man out of every four that I approached was willing to take the money. I next tried to make a dealer in fruits and cigars at the corner of Broad and Race streets believe he was the man I owed \$10 to, but he refused to be convinced. Several other men I approached after this denied being the party I took them to be, but were willing to take the money if I did not believe them. A

looking for?" he said, diplomatically.

I told him that as that was the only means of identification I had I could not divulge it, but that if he told me his name, and I agreed with the name that was given me he was welcome to the money.

"My name is Tom H—," said the man.

"I'm looking for Jim Burns," I replied, and walked away.

It can readily be seen from these facts how the standard of honesty for Philadelphia lies. Only two men out of thirty attempting to get money through a stranger's mistake. As the other people were selected at random in different parts of the city, the average attained here would probably be the same for the entire city. That is, about six and two-thirds per cent of the community are willingly dishonest. And when the fact that the opportunity for being dishonest involved no personal risks is taken into consideration the figures become more remark-