

THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO.

WRIT IN FLOWERS.

In all the blessed seasons when the flowers Deck with rare beauty this brown earth of ours...

MODERN DETECTIVE WORK.

A Profession with Little Romance or Mystery About It—The Investigator and the Roper.

How do men become detectives, what sort of men are detectives, and what sort of lives do they lead? asked a reporter of Mr. Robert H. Pinkerton.

"Bob" Pinkerton, as he is pretty generally called, a square-shouldered, well-built young man, with a pleasant face and slight lisp, smiled as he replied.

"To begin with, I'll say that detectives are divided into three general classes: shadows, investigators and ropers. When a man begins the business he is put at shadowing. It is an excellent way to try him and see what stuff there is in him.

"Not in the East. No more so than yours. When a man has the law on his side and attempts to arrest a criminal, there is not much danger. Criminals are very often cowards, especially our Eastern thieves and burglars.

"That suggests the question of pay." "Well, the pay runs all the way from \$15 and \$20 a week to \$3,500 a year. The man that goes on a dangerous mission doesn't necessarily get higher wages. In fact, he does not get them.

"The investigator," continued Mr. Pinkerton, "is the man who, after a

crime is committed, makes a preliminary investigation. He usually works with the local officers. He seldom pretends to work in secret. He looks the ground over, mingles with civilians, talks with every one, and forms his conclusions. He must be a man of greater intelligence than is necessary to make a good shadow.

"The roper must, to speak plainly, 'rope' men in. He comes nearest to the dime novel detective of any in the list, but he is a great way off from that romantic hero. The roper is simply a gentlemanly person, social, of good address, able to frame excuses for anything he may do or say, and able to turn the conversation in any way he pleases.

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"What is the average life of a detective?" "Well, I don't know as to that. I think, though, they stick to the work on an average, say fifteen years. Then they get tired of traveling, and want to settle down.

"Are female detectives much employed or depended upon?" "It is difficult to get a respectable woman to do detective work. There are lots of them that claim to be detectives, but they must be employed with caution.

"As a rule, detectives are jealous of each other. It is human nature, I suppose, especially where a reward is offered. A reward stirs up every man that thinks he is a detective.

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Youths' Department.

PICNIC SAM.

You youngsters who haven't heard of Picnic Sam, Just bump up around here where I am, And listen sharp while memory wanders to him.

He lived in one of those high-stretched affairs Called tenements, up any amount of stairs; His room there, when the tired streets he forsook,

You youngsters, huddle round here where I am, I'll tell you why they called him Picnic Sam. This young home heathen had, by day and night,

Attended every picnic he could hear of. When Sunday-schools were going to have "a spread,"

He'd always join, a week or two ahead; And though no "verses" he had ever learned, Tried to look serious like and deep concerned,

Three times he actually tried to pass As member of an old folks' Bible class; And once appeared through brick-bat among pearls!

Then, after dinner, feeling perk and smart, He tried to make a little social start. And risk and frolic round, like any other,

Just then a trim young miss came tripping by, With golden hair, and more than handsome eye;

While, roughly said, the boy sat musty yet, He heard a shout, "Help! help! our boat's upset!"

While frantic crowds ran up and down the shore, And amid the turmoil, each one did his best, Shouting first-class instructions to the rest.

He plunged into the water, rose above it, Plunged in again, and came once more to air, Grasping a pretty, golden tress of hair,

Poor, drenched, dead hero!—in his tattered dress Sam now was a society success. They crowded round the dead boy as he lay,

Now when you're tempted scornfully to smile, If a poor boy doesn't come up to your style, Or shrink from him as though, perhaps, he'll bite you,

A School-Room Incident.

The New York School-Journal records a case showing a well-educated sense of truth and honor among boys—a sense which has often been made to assist a teacher in his task of government and discipline.

The teacher had threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed detectives. Shortly after, one of them shouted, "Master, John Zigler, is whispering!"

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to hand me an arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out three boys. The teacher told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, after consultation, as follows: "The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule, but it must be inflicted on voluntary proxies, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the blows."

Women in Journalism.

The influence of woman in journalism in the United States is far greater than appears on the surface. The fact that there are sixty papers and periodicals openly edited and published by women gives but a very small fractional idea of the extent of their connection with journalism.

—It is probably not generally known that Virginia is becoming a cotton State. Cotton is now cultivated in nearly every southern county in the State, and the crop has crept up from nothing a few years ago to several thousand bales last season. The Virginians propose to go into its culture still further, and make it a staple crop.