

# TOMMY'S CRAIGS

By G. F. MILLIN

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Thomas Traddles—Tommy Traddles, as we all called him—was a pliant and interesting old bachelor. He was very popular in a wide circle of acquaintances, for added to his amiable personal qualities, he had plenty of money and was gloriously hospitable. At the same time he possessed parsimonious peculiarities that made him the subject of innumerable good stories, adding considerably to the amusement of all who knew him.

Still he was, indeed, the last man in the world we would have expected to be bowled out in an act not quite consistent with severest rectitude. So when Dickson came hurriedly into our hotel at Boulogne and told us that Tommy was proposing to do a little smuggling, we were all disposed to be incredulous.

We had picked up Traddles on our way home from an autumn holiday in Normandy. It was the morning of the day on which we had arrived to take the boat across from Boulogne that Dickson told us how he had chanced to spy the solemn, immaculate Tommy in the very act of making up a brown-paper parcel of dried botanical specimens, in the middle of which he was cunningly concealing some bundles of *Petitis Bouquets*, evidently in the hope of smuggling them.

We felt we had got Tommy on toast this time, and we owed him a long score for practical witticisms played upon us. Now we could pay him in his own coin, although we couldn't agree as to the best method of doing it. What we wanted was to expose Tommy's little enterprise without doing him any real harm, and that was just what we couldn't quite see our way to do.

Kingstone took no part in the discussion until we seemed to have reached the end of our inventive resources; then he quietly announced that he had a capital plan, and if we would follow his directions, Tommy should have a startling show-up. With the promptitude of a master mind in command of dolts Kingstone first held a whispering aside with the simple-hearted Dickson, and then sent him away on some errand, and with many an irrepressible chuckle, he proceeded to initiate the others into the parts each would play in his plot.

According to instructions, we began by displaying an inquisitive interest in Traddles' parcel as soon as we got on board the boat. We offered to lend him a small portmanteau to which he might transfer his botanical specimens. It would be more convenient and would look better.

As our voyage progressed, we agreed that Traddles was not happy. Apparently, the parcel weighed on his mind, and quite unscrupulously we took every means of increasing his uneasiness. We enlarged on the folly of smuggling, and told tales of ignominious exposure and heavy fines.

"Fines!" echoed one of our party. "They don't fine nowadays. Since the last act the penalty for smuggling is imprisonment, without the option of a fine."

Poor Tommy's face was a study. His jaw dropped dismally, and he looked altogether moody and miserable.

As we drew near the end of the voyage Traddles looked as if he would give worlds for the opportunity to drop the wretched parcel overboard. If only he could get out of our sight for a moment. We took good care, however, that there should be no backing out of the enterprise, and as Tommy marched down the gangway, he looked, or we fancied he did, a little white about the mouth, but he held his virtuous head so upright, and dangled the parcel with such an air of innocent concern, that he might have passed through but for the astounding action of Dickson, who hurried forward and tipped a wink to the man in buttons as he passed.

"Anything to declare?" was the phlegmatic official inquiry, as Tommy passed.

"Nothing dutiable," declared the audacious Tommy, with an air of dignity that should have carried conviction. "Only botanical specimens and—and—one or two other things. Not dutiable, I assure you."

Tommy tried very hard to maintain an aspect of outraged dignity as the officer resolutely began to untie the parcel, but he couldn't help betraying the greatest agitation. He stood the very picture of a detected criminal. He protested, then he blustered and coaxed.

It was, of course, useless, and the official was deaf to entreaty. With heartless deliberation he first opened an outside paper, then an inner paper, and then began to rummage among the botanical specimens, in the center of which he found—a small, crusty loaf of bread!

It was, of course, the very familiar joke that Dickson had perpetrated under Kingstone's direction. He had contrived to take out the cigars and slip in the loaf, and then had set the customs official on the intending smuggler.

"Sir, I told you there was nothing to declare!" said Tommy, sternly, as the man deftly retied the parcel and pushed it from him.

We presently discovered him locked in a first-class carriage, quite by him-

self, apparently intending to cut us. That, of course, couldn't be permitted, so some one produced a key, and we trooped in, charitably bent on reconciliation.

"Only a bit of holiday fun, you know, Traddles. Don't take it too seriously, old man," pleaded Dickson.

"You admit, then, that you took them out of my parcel?" said Tommy, opening his mouth for the first time, and speaking with an offended air.

"I don't deny it," said Dickson, "but you know, Traddles, you might have—"

"And you were all parties to the theft?" he interrupted.

"Hang it all, Traddles," urged Dickson, "you can't say we stole your cigars, when the worst we've done has been to get 'em through the customs for you."

"Well," replied Traddles, quite implacable, and speaking in his sternest manner, "I won't say anything further on the score of theft, but I'll show you what I'll do."

And to our amazement he dropped the window and shouted to a customs officer who stood on the other side of the platform. The man came promptly to his call, and Tommy addressed him.

"Officer," he said, "this man admits having brought these cigars ashore in his handbag without having officially declared them." Having said this, he dropped into his corner with the air of a man who had accomplished a painful duty.

For the first time in our knowledge of him, Tommy, the hospitable, sociable old joker, had done a really malicious thing.

The officer's manner was very quiet and very serious. Taking possession of the cigars, he intimated that Dickson must accompany him to the supervisor, and with something like a groan, the culprit departed. We all trooped after him, and as we left the carriage every one of us, except Kingstone, hurried reproaches at the grim figure in the corner, who went on to town by the train, which started very soon after we left it.

We tried to make the supervisor understand what had happened; to show him that the real culprit was the informer himself. But although the officer looked sagacious enough, he seemed extremely dense, and could



"Go to the Devil!"

see nothing but the fact that it was not the informer who was actually guilty of smuggling.

We had worked ourselves to a climax of exasperation, when a lad came in and handed the supervisor a note. He opened the note, and as he read we saw that it contained a surprise.

He hastily turned to Tommy's *Petitis Bouquets* that lay on the table beside him, eagerly examining first one and then another, finally extracting a cigar; he broke it in two, then suddenly seizing both bundles he came out to us in a towering rage.

"Take your rubbish and go to the devil!" he said.

"What's up? What's the matter now?" we broke out, each in his own way.

"Clear out, I tell you," roared the furious official; "I've had enough of this foolery."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Dickson, and as he spoke he drew out one of the *Petitis Bouquets* and broke it as he had seen the supervisor do, and then we saw what Tommy had done. They were mere dummies of cigars, and of course were not dutiable at all.

"We shall just catch the 4:28," said Kingstone in his driest manner. "We shall find Tommy on the platform with the luggage. I believe he expects us to dine with him at the Criterion tonight. He wired 'up to arrange, I know.'"

Dickson was the only one who did not look like giving a ready acceptance, for he had been specially victimized all through.

"Look here, Kingstone," he said, as soon as we had got out of the supervisor's office, "did old Traddles let me see him making up that parcel on purpose?"

"Of course he did," replied Kingstone, taking him by the arm, and moving on. "He's been planning this little sell for weeks. Come on, or we shall lose the train."

## President Amador of Panama.



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## WHY FOOD IS HIGHER.

### DUE TO PRIDE AND VANITY OF CONSUMER.

#### Government Statistician Declares Even Common People Want Best of Everything and Pay for Fancy Packages.

Washington.—Pride and vanity on the part of the average individual rather than in increase in the cost of raw products or manufacture are the causes for the present high price of foodstuffs, according to Dr. Le Grand Powers, agricultural statistician of the census bureau.

"People nowadays—I mean average people, common people if you will—insist upon having the best of everything," said Dr. Powers. "The workman insists upon the finest cuts of meats and he buys better meat, perhaps, than the salaried or professional man. He doesn't subscribe to the shibboleth doctrine of Edward Atkinson. He has a feeling that he is as good as anybody else, and this feeling asserts itself in his purchases. That is vanity.

"You remember the time, perhaps, when a man who wanted to buy a steak threw his basket over his arm and went to the grocery after it. But he won't carry a bundle now. His meat must be sent to him. That is pride.

"It is safe to estimate that it costs five cents a steak for every cut that is delivered to the house. The same is true with other commodities of every day necessity. The man whose food is delivered to him by the grocer or butcher pays the freight.

"You may take any article you please," continued Dr. Powers, "and you will find that the margin between the manufacturer and consumer is constantly increasing. The middle man, or dealer, is the gatherer, to a considerable degree, although he is not responsible altogether for the high prices of foods. He must meet the consumer's fancies, he must make his goods look attractive, and he must lay them at the door of the household. All of this costs money and of course the consumer pays the freight.

"People want prepared breakfast foods now, where they used to be satisfied with oatmeal and mush, or possibly dishes or cakes made of flour.

## Large Number of Cigarettes Imported.

### Made by Greeks of Greek Tobacco, They Are Called Egyptian.

Washington.—A controversy which has been going on in Europe, and especially in England, as to the rival merits of Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes seems likely to be settled by a report of a disinterested but observant American consul.

Though the United States is the great cigarette-producing nation of the world, there are imported into this country every year more than \$2,000,000 worth of foreign-made cigarettes, some Turkish and some Egyptian.

Turkey is a large tobacco-producing country, yielding 50,000 tons of tobacco every year, and the Turks, it is well known, are a nation of smokers. The amount of tobacco raised in Egypt is inconsiderable, and yet Egyptian cigarettes are imported into this country in considerable amounts every year.

The explanation of the matter, as offered by the American consul in Athens, is simple. It seems that the largest Greece crop last year was the largest Greece ever harvested—about 200,000,000 pounds. A brand of Greek tobacco is used for Egyptian cigarettes.

Why, it is asked, Egyptian? The answer is that Egyptian cigarettes are made by Greeks because cigarette paper is too expensive in Greece, where it is a government monopoly. Thus the business has gone over to Egypt. The most famous cigarette makers of Egypt are Greeks.

A very large business in cigarette making has been established in Alexandria, and it is in the hands of Greeks, who import their tobacco from

Flour costs anywhere from four dollars to six dollars a barrel of 196 pounds, according to the price of wheat. But people don't buy barrels of flour as of yore. They demand it in fancy packages, and sometimes get it in the form of prepared foods.

"The flour that goes into a one pound package costs about a quarter of a cent. The consumer pays much more, of course. The price for this one pound package is higher than it ought to be. It probably costs eight or ten cents, where it should not cost more than five or six. The higher price to the consumer is the result of the widely spreading national vanity, and further of the fact that the article must be delivered, service that is demanded by the pride of the purchaser.

"People are spending money nowadays and they are spending it fast. Our prosperity depends upon spending. If everybody hoarded what he earned, prosperity would cease. We would fry in our own fat."

## CURED BY ELOPEMENT NEWS.

### Shock Restores Aged Father of Girl Who Runs Away to Wed.

London.—The elopement of a London girl has cured her elderly father of a painful nervous disorder, including agoraphobia—which may be described, roughly, as a dread of open and exposed places.

The specialist who tells the story in the *Lancet* says that the man was seized with panic when in a wide street, and could cross a bridge only in an omnibus, with his eyes shut. But, after some months, he entered the specialist's consulting-room apparently a changed man. "He said he had a dreadful shock; a terrible trouble. His daughter had run away from home, and joined a lover. Still, he did not look shocked. On the contrary, he appeared complacent and contented. Then the story came out.

"What I have come for is not to consult you about my health, but to tell you that this shock has completely cured me. I have not the slightest difficulty in going anywhere I like. I can go through wide streets, over the bridges, across Trafalgar square, and even into the parks. The recovery came to me suddenly, immediately after I had the dreadful shock."

## RAISES LEMONS IN IOWA.

### Farmer's Wife Has Bearing Trees Growing in Her Garden.

Bussey, Ia.—Not only does the Iowa farmer's wife produce the fruit with which to make her pumpkin and gooseberry pies, but Mrs. B. T. Little, wife of a prosperous farmer living near Bussey, has succeeded in producing the lemons with which she will manufacture her lemon pies for Thanksgiving.

That this particular variety of citrus fruit may be cultivated with some success in such a varied climate as Iowa offers has been demonstrated by Mrs. Little.

She has half a dozen lemon trees growing in her garden. They have all produced fruit this year. Some of the lemons are of enormous size, showing that the Iowa soil is full of the substance necessary to the production of lemon pies.

Many of the lemons which have ripened on the trees cultivated by Mrs. Little are 12, 12½ and 10½ inches in circumference, and will weigh nearly one pound each.

Mrs. Little declares they will make the finest lemon pies in the state, and that she has made five to seven pies from one of her immense lemons. The lemons are perfect in shape and color, having ripened evenly, and seem to be full of juice of unequal favor.

## GIVEN DOLLAR BILLS

### HOW CANADIAN INDIANS RECEIVE THEIR ALLOWANCES.

#### Agent Distributes \$200,000 Among Tribesmen Each Year but Carries Only \$30,000—How He Does It.

Seattle, Wash.—Several years ago the Canadian government took from the tribes of Indians about Athabasca, lake and river a large tract of land and in payment for the same it gives each year five dollars to each Indian, and \$25 to the chiefs in one dollar bills.

The reason for this is that the Indians dwelling in the district do not know the value of money. A paper dollar looks to him about the same as a blank piece of paper to a baby.

Should the payment be made in silver, the simple minded child of the wilderness would punch a hole in it and wear it about his neck and thus a great deal of money would be taken from circulation. Should payment be made in one dollar bills the Indian is liable to lose it.

Once each year a representative of the Canadian government makes a trip through the country and pays the Indians. On this trip he takes \$30,000 in one dollar bills and will probably pay out more than \$200,000. The natural question from civilization is, How does he do it?

As the Indian knows nothing about the value of money his method of financial trade is on the value of skins. Everything he buys is reckoned by skins, and when one talks dollars to him, his face has the expression of a blank cartridge. Fortunately for the government, the Hudson Bay company has secured the entire confidence of the Indians during the century of dealing with them, and the money paid to the Indians finds its way into the trading posts of the company.

Here is how the government paymaster does his phenomenal stunt of paying \$200,000 or more with only \$30,000 in his pocket. He goes direct to a district inhabited by perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 Indians; here he will pay from \$10,000 to \$20,000 in "treaty money." Each Indian and his family is given the five one dollar bills in payment for his surrender of the land, and each chief his \$25.

After making this payment the paymaster takes a rest for a short time at the Hudson Bay post nearest the pay station. Within a few days the Indians have made a line to the post and there purchased whatever looks good to them. They whack the money down on to the trading post counter, order something worth perhaps 50 cents and leave. The company agent charges the red man with what he has purchased and credits him with the balance of the five dollars, so that in the future he can trade out the remainder of the amount.

Within a week from the date of paying the treaty money every dollar of the amount has been paid into the trading post. The paymaster gives the post agent a check for the amount and starts for the next Indian settlement.

## SLEEPING MEN BEST THINKERS

### Also Act with Wonderful Quickness, Declares French Professor.

Baltimore, Md.—Prof. Pierre Jouet, of the Paris Sorbonne, in a lecture on somnambulism at Johns Hopkins university, said that while somnambulists can see things and speak fluently they cannot remember what occurred during the delirium. He said:

"The somnambulist has not our dull memory of things. He sees the objects he speaks of and really hears, feels and touches the, exactly as if they were real.

"When a patient speaks he has a fluency of language and even an eloquence that are superior to his normal powers. When he acts he has a precision and quickness that are wonderful.

"The man who ran to the house-top showed more agility than he would have had in his normal state, even if he had not been paralyzed.

"In connection with this precision and certainty of memory we find some strange mental blanks. You speak of patients and they do not answer. You try to make your presence felt, they do not perceive. To make yourself heard you must dream with the patient and speak to him only in accordance with his delirium."

## OWNS THE OLDEST CLOCK.

### Physician Has Eight-day Time Recorder with Long History.

Supulpa, Okla.—Dr. D. W. Avery, of this city, is the possessor of what is probably the oldest clock in Oklahoma. It is of the tall variety, generally spoken of as "grandfather's clock," and is of the same sort mentioned in Longfellow's famous poem.

The clock was brought to the territory by Dr. Avery when he came here, and was made by his great-grandfather at least 150 years ago in the town of Preston, Conn. The works are of brass, and run eight days.

The case is of solid cherry, while the face is made of one solid piece of brass composition, hammered out by hand, then plated, and finally hand engraved in elaborate style. It is some eight feet tall, and is intended to stand on the floor. Beside telling the moment and the hour, it has a second hand, also a calendar dial that tells the day of the month. The old clock still keeps as good time as ever.

## DO HUMANE WORK.

### EXCELLENT RECORD OF WESTERN SOCIETIES.

#### Colorado Claims the Best Association for the Protection of Children and Animals—Other States to Take That as Model.

In a paper read before the thirtieth annual meeting of the American Humane association, held at Chicago, H. S. Mann of Omaha made the following statements:

With two or three exceptions there are humane organizations in all the states and territories west of the Mississippi, but many of them are local and active only in a city or county, and some exist only in name.

It is claimed that Colorado has the best state organization for the protection of children and animals, in that it accomplishes under its system—covering a large field—more results for the money expended than any other humane organization in the country. The Colorado Humane society, without losing its existence or identity as a corporate body, was in 1901 constituted by act of legislature "The State Board of Child and Animal Protection." The governor, attorney-general and superintendent of public instruction are ex-officio members of the board of directors. The state appropriates \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year, and other receipts make up a revenue for the society of about \$5,000. Seven hundred and fourteen agents are scattered throughout the state, remote parts being looked after about as well as in the city of Denver.

Perhaps in no other state is serious effort made to enforce the law for child and animal protection in small communities and in rural districts the same as in the cities. The Nebraska society has decided to ask the next legislature for a state board of child and animal protection. Montana has one modeled on the Colorado plan, with the essential difference that its officers are political appointees, and, as a consequence, generally inefficient. There are very active organizations in Kansas City, St. Joseph, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland. Council Bluffs is about to organize a society with the mayor for president and the chief of police as one of its directors.

Eight western states have specified laws in relation to the docking of horses' tails, viz.: Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Utah, Colorado, Washington, Oregon and California. The laws on the subject enacted in some of these states are not practical, as under them, in order to successfully prosecute, it is necessary to catch the offender in the act. In Nebraska a reward of \$50 is offered for evidence that will convict of this offense. The Michigan law, passed in 1901, and the Colorado act of 1899 should be considered by us in asking for legislation in the future.

Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado and Oregon have specific laws prohibiting the use of live birds for targets. In California about four years ago our friends secured a conviction under the general cruelty act for shooting pigeons released from traps.

California, Colorado, Missouri and Oklahoma have humane education laws. The statement has been made that the Oklahoma law is the best in the country.

Child labor is not the grave proposition with the west that it is in the east and in the south, and we do not hear of much complaint. In many cities the truant officer or other official makes a regular inspection of factories and other places where children may be employed to see that the law is not violated. In all our cities there are various institutions that look after the welfare of children.

Every winter 40,000,000 helpless cattle suffer for want of food and drink on the western ranges between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, and very little is being done, outside of the state of Colorado, to relieve this condition of affairs. This and the transportation question are the greatest problems in the humane work of the western states.

Increasing Age of Heroines. "The age of the heroine in novels," we are told, "has been steadily going up. There was a time when the young girl of 17 or 20 was the only possible heroine of a romance. Now she may figure in a story, but it will be more as a side character than as the 'leading lady.'" There are doubtless fashions in these things. The ugly heroine came in about the middle of the last century. She is now, poor girl, no more. She flourished with the ugly hero, which was surely rather hard fortune for both of them. The thought of a procession of aged heroines seems to suggest a deeper seriousness than we have been used to. That, however, may do us no harm.

His Claim for Help. Dr. Lawrence, bishop of Massachusetts, says that he received a letter from a man in prison who asked him for help in getting out of it. "You ought to come," the culprit wrote, "for I did a great favor for you last winter. When your portrait was being painted, the artist hired me as a lay figure, and I stood in your robes for hours together. It was the hardest job I ever did." "I agreed with him," the bishop says. "There is no harder job; but I could not get him out on that plea."