

LONDON PICKPOCKETS

Tricky or Brutal and Vicious, According to Their Class.

METHODS OF THE "GUN MOB"

The False Arm Game and the Use of the Pocketless Overcoat—The Pipe and Red Pepper Trick—How a Gang Will Pluck a Victim in a Crowd.

"Gun mob" is simply English thieves' slang for a pickpocket and his gang of confederates—"gentlemen" who reap an annual harvest of anything they can lay their hands upon in a crowd.

Summer time, when race courses, athletic grounds and seaside places are crowded, is the pickpocket's favorite and most profitable season, and when an event occurs like a royal garden party at Windsor the light fingered gentry positively chuckle.

Twenty plain clothes detectives attended the last garden party to protect His Majesty's guests from the tricks of the pickpocket, but the latter left Windsor richer by hundreds of pounds in spite of Scotland Yard and carried away with them the gold hunter watches of several of the titled guests.

At one time the modern detective was apt to despise the pickpocket somewhat, characterizing him as a low and not particularly clever thief. His ingenuity, daring and coolness today, however, "compel our admiration" to quote one of the cleverest detectives, "and we feel pleased when we lay one of them by the heels."

The British pickpocket's tricks are many and various, and he is adding to their number every day. The false arm game is one of the cleverest and is calculated to deceive a detective, even although he may have his eyes on the operator.

A coat is thrown loosely over a false arm, which is held naturally. Apparently both of the pickpocket's hands are in view, while in reality the skillful fingers of one hand are going through the pockets of the map beside him.

The use of the pocketless overcoat, or the cape coat, which makes an entire cover for the hands, is an old dodge, which nevertheless is still popular with the pickpocket. He often prefers, however, to use a novel invention known as the sash method. The sash consists of a piece of black silk or alpaca two yards long and three-quarters wide. It is folded the same as a neck scarf and crossed centrally beneath the coat and vest, both ends being brought under the arms and placed in the hip pockets of the trousers.

When ready for action the "tool," as the man is called who actually picks the pocket, places his hands behind the folds of this device, and it enables him to conceal his purpose as he "fronts" a man to rob him of his watch or money if the latter is in his trousers pocket.

"Tool," however, has other means of covering his hands without resorting to the aid of coat or sash. A newspaper or theater programme is often used. Beware of looking over a stranger's shoulder to glance at a newspaper or programme—a little action, we are often guilty of when it only necessitates a turn of the head. You may be risking nothing, but on the other hand, you may be seated or standing by the side of a professional pickpocket, who has only to hold the paper at a certain angle while you are engrossed in some item to cover his movements as he relieves you of your valuables.

The black silk handkerchief and hat are employed in the same manner as the paper, only the former is sometimes used in the "sling method" to carry a supposedly dripping arm. The manner in which that arm would rest against your face, as if raised to avoid some one striking it, while the other hand took your scarfpin and watch would excite compassion from the victim himself.

The pickpocket's most dastardly trick—but one, be it noted, which is only used by the man who is too clumsy to perform that sleight of hand upon which the clever thief prides himself—is that of blinding the victim with pepper blown through a pipe. The bowl of the latter is filled with a false bottom and second tube, the cavity below the false bottom being filled with cayenne pepper, while tobacco is placed above it. Approaching a gentleman in an ill lighted street, the thief asks for a light for his pipe, and while the victim feels for his matches he is suddenly blinded by a discharge of cayenne pepper, which the scoundrel blows through the hole in the bottom of the pipe into his eyes. Maddened with the terrible pain, the victim presses his hands to his eyes, and the robber snatches his watch and chain and decamps, to repeat his exploit on some other unsuspecting pedestrian.

It is not very often, however, that the pickpocket works alone, although women who belong to the light fingered fraternity—and who, by the way, are often more successful than men—usually prefer to do so. Men thieves like to work in "mobs," for the simple reason that they can transfer the "boodle" from one to the other in a crowd. Consequently if recognized by a detective and arrested on suspicion there is nothing in their possession on which they can be convicted.

Besides, confederates—or "stalls," as they are called in the vernacular of the "profession"—are necessary to do that little bit of business which makes the "tool's" task so much easier and lessens the risk of detection.

Many are doubtless aware that train terminals in busy thoroughfares are places where the pickpocket is always looking for plunder, and a "mob" of four will often work together in such a crowd. A prosperous looking victim is selected, and as he attempts to board the car the four quickly surround him, with the "artist" behind.

The confederate in front uses every subterfuge to block the progress of the victim until the coach has been brought to a halt, and while the men on each side hem him in and distract his attention with their hustling the man behind helps himself from his pockets. It is a trick which rarely falls with cool, expert thieves, although amateurs at the game are often caught through lack of nerve and quickness.

The "stall" or confederate will not allow any one who has been chosen for a victim to change his position until a peculiar chuck tells him the trick has been accomplished, or unless there has been an alarm from an outside source. When more than one "stall" is used the other men devote part of their attention to watching any of the passengers who may be inclined to suspect mischief, and with their boot toe in close proximity to that of the "tool" they can convey a danger signal without fear of attracting the least attention. When such a signal reaches the "tool" he will desist in his attempt at plunder, and though he has never turned his head to see who prevented larceny, he will completely lull the suspicions of the same individual by his manner thereat.

Generally speaking, the profits of pickpocketing are not worth the risk. Occasionally thieves make a good haul, as in the case of the king's garden party already alluded to, but often great risk is run to secure a man's pocketbook, for instance, only to find that it is simply filled with cards and memoranda.

Hard cash is what the pickpocket likes to secure. For jewelry he can only get about one-half of what it is worth from the fence, while for watches he rarely gets more than one-fourth. Consequently the professional pickpocket must be industrious to earn a livelihood.

Under the Rose. Sub rosa means literally "under the rose." The phrase dates from 477 B. C., when Pausanias, the commander of the confederated fleet of Spartans and Athenians, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes to betray Greece to the Persian ruler and to obtain in marriage the hand of the monarch's daughter. The negotiations were carried on under a roof which was covered with roses and were matured literally "under the rose." Pausanias, however, was betrayed and to escape arrest fled to the temple of Minerva. The sanctity of this place forbidding intrusion for violence of any kind, the people wailed up the edifice with stones and left the fugitive to die of starvation. His own mother laid the first stone. It afterward became a custom among the Athenians to wear a rose when they had confidential compliments to make, the flower implying strict secrecy. It was also customary among the ancient Germans on the occasions of festivity to suspend a rose above the table as a token that whatever was said during the feast should be kept secret among themselves. In 1524 a rose was placed over confessionals in Roman Catholic churches.

Animal History. There are many points of likeness between a world view of animal history and of human history. During the long ages preceding our own the continents for certain periods were like vast islands entirely isolated from neighboring continents by the seas. This was the condition of Africa in the period unsearched by recent explorations. These longer or shorter isolations explain the marvelous diversity of mammalian life, because each grand land mass became a separate breeding place under different conditions, and whenever the land rose from the sea long enough to form connecting bridges, such as those across the Mediterranean or along the Arctic seas or across the isthmus of Panama, the animals gradually extended their ranges from continent to continent exactly after the manner of the prehistoric and historic races of men. Thus were initiated vast interchanges, struggles and competitions which have worked quite as profound influence upon the past and present history of animal life as the interchanges of human races have worked upon the history of man.—Henry Fairfield Osborn in Century.

Get Even With the Lawyer. Many years ago there lived in Camden, Me., two neighbors, Dr. Huse and Judge Thayer. The doctor had occasion to sue a man and of course employed his neighbor, the judge, as his counsel. After a session of court he met the judge and asked about his case. The judge said it was continued. Meeting him again after another session and asking about his case, the same answer was given.

As it cost \$2 or \$3 each time it was continued, the doctor thought by the time it was settled, after paying the judge, he would get nothing. Some time afterward the judge was afflicted with a felon and of course employed his neighbor, the doctor. After suffering awhile he met the doctor and said: "Doctor, this thing is getting along very slowly. I have walked the four nights for a week. What are you doing to it?"

The doctor, who stammered loudly in reply, "Go on continuing it, by George!"

DROPPED INTO LAW.

The Hotel Man Turned His Court Experience to Account. A Missouri judge, traveling on circuit, once had before him in a small country town a case in which a tavern keeper was held for the payment of a large amount of money which he had not agreed definitely to pay. The court declared that although his agreement was not on record, it was involved by construction or implied in his participation in a business proceeding connected with it.

After judgment had been rendered the court adjourned for dinner, and the judge found that the only eating house in the place was the inn kept by the defendant in the case he had just decided. He also found that the defendant personally superintended the preparation of the meals and that the food was charged for on the European plan.

The judge called for two boiled eggs, which, with the other food he ordered, were brought to him done to a turn. He ate them, and at the end of the meal the bill was presented to him. He was astonished to read on it the following items: Two boiled eggs, 15 cents; two chickens at 75 cents, \$1.50.

Calling the proprietor, he asked: "How's this? I've had no chickens. Why do you charge me for them?" "Those are constructive chickens, your honor," answered the innkeeper. "What?"

"Why they are implied in the eggs, your honor," the man persisted. His honor began to understand and said no more.

CUPID AT THE BAR.

Why the Loving Maiden Posed as a Grand Jury. "If you were a—jury, Clara," said the embarrassed young lawyer hesitatingly, "I could plead my cause with more self-possession. But in Cupid's courts I don't think I can claim to be a first class advocate."

"Perhaps you have not had an extensive practice, William," suggested the maiden softly. "That's it exactly, Clara," eagerly rejoined the young man, moving his chair a little nearer. "I'm a new hand at this business. But if I felt sure the jury—"

"Meaning me?" "Yes—wasn't prejudiced against the cause?" "What kind of jury are you considering, Mr. William?" she asked, with downcast eyes. "A common jury, of course. You couldn't be a grand jury, you know."

"Why not?" "Because I don't plead before grand juries." "I think, William," said the blushing maiden, "I would rather, for this occasion, be considered a grand jury. If you don't mind."

"Why, dear?" "Because—And she hid her face somewhere in the vicinity of his coat collar—"because I have found a true Bill!"—London Answers.

A Seaside Hero. No man is a hero while seascick. Lafayette was sent by Washington and congress to France to ask further supplies of men and money for the American colonies. He sailed from Boston in the frigate Alliance, and a passage had to be cut for the ship through the ice. Off the Newfoundland banks the ship was assailed by a terrible tempest, which threatened destruction, and Lafayette was very seasick. His aide-camp, the Chevalier de Poulbarré, who relates the incident in his memoirs, heard him soliloquizing thus on the hopelessness of the situation and the emptiness of glory:

"Diablo! I have done well certainly. At my time of life—barely twenty years of age—with my name, rank and fortune and after having married Mlle. de Noailles, to leave everything and serve as a breakfast for codfish!"

The Moslem Faith. Myths of the most bewildering kind spring up and flourish and often bear a ripe harvest in the minds of ignorant Mohammedan populations during times of crisis. A saint or two can work wonders among them at the psychological moment, and saints of the most truculent type are as common in Morocco as blackberries are in England. These people have no ideas of evidence or of probability. Though they lie freely themselves, their credulity in the word of a holy man is boundless.—London Times.

Depends. "The man who stands on the verge of old age and has nothing saved with which to guard against the future has truly lived a wasted life. Don't you agree with me?" "That depends. Are you advancing this as a moral proposition or are you selling some sort of newfangled insurance?"

The Right Title. Geddie-Dubney is publishing this verse at his own expense. He calls the book "Wisdom in Fancy." Queer title, isn't it? Wise—Yes, but it's pretty near right. To be exact, he should call it "Wisdom's Infancy."—Exchange.

It Was Soaked. Mrs. Jawback—Why, you're wet through! Mr. Jawback—I know it, I'm soaked. Mrs. Jawback—But where's your umbrella? Mr. Jawback—It's—it's what I am.

Don't help yourself to other people's money just because the doctor says you must have change.

Dandyism Which V's Admire. One is sorry for the dandies of our day, because, though their clothes fit over so well and are ever so fresh, custom prescribes a dark or subfusc hue, with no lace, no velvet (above all, not on coat collars), no slashes, puffs and vandyings, no pearls and gold, no gules and azure. The common trousers are shapeless things, and for perfection you need two pairs every day. Genius is stunted, display is checked, and though you may wear brilliant hose with knickerbockers in the country, glibious waistcoats are rarely seen except in the windows of tailors' shops at Oxford and Cambridge. The dandy can only cultivate immaculate neatness and perfection of fit. Our officers at Ladysmith, when the place was relieved, looked like skeletons, but were as spruce and neat, I have been told, as ever they showed in the park. They cultivated self respect, like Stendhal, the celebrated novelist, who was said to have been the only man that shaved every day in the dreadful winter retreat from Moscow. This is the dandy in which we admire, the perfection of personal self respect exhibited in Julius Caesar, Claverhouse, and Montrose, combating his lovelocks, like the Three hundred of Thermopylae, on the morning of his shameful death. He went to the gibbet "like a bridegroom to his bride." History, and the human heart by which we live, have an immortal tenderness for the great, the wise, the brave, who have died dandies as they lived, gallant hearts and stately gentlemen.—Andrew Lang in Century.

The Baby in the Sleeve. Among the fellahin of Egypt, mystic land of pyramid and mummy, no man, not even Philip my king's own daddy, may look upon the new little arrival until the seventh day. Upon that morning the baby is placed in a sieve and carried through the house in a procession twinkling with stiles and lighted tapers, the wicked spirits whose curiosity may have been excited by his lordship's advent pushed into the background of life by discreet graft of grain and salt scattered along the triumphant route. "Twice the procession pauses in solemn purpose, first to shake the sieve, thus insuring—with lusty walls no doubt—that the wee rider shall prove a fearless man, and second, to hold the blinking cherub up to the sun to sharpen his eyes. After this he makes his first bow to the paternal presence. He is christened by the cad sucking a stick of sugar candy and allowing the drawn out sweetness to trickle from his mouth into the open sesame of the surprised youngster, after which the cad pronounces the given name.

How the Artists' Model "Happens." Most of our models are not made; they just happen. Girls, in most cases of breeding and intelligence, want to make a little money for some special occasion. Some acquaintance recognizes that they have distinction and style and gives them the address of an illustrator who happens to need just such a person. They pose once in this way, more or less from necessity, and they can make an independent living in a congenial manner, and so come again. In consequence the women who pose for a livelihood in New York are exceedingly nice as a class. The prevalent idea that the words "artists' model" necessarily mean a highly paid, greatly petted and utterly depraved individual is ridiculous in the extreme. A first class artists' model in New York city receives \$3 a day for six hours' hard work. A graphic model has of course a different proposition. She has shorter hours and higher rates.—From "Being a Model," by Charles F. Peters, in Bohemian.

His Contributions. "Do you make any systematic donations to benefit the health and comfort of your fellow man?" "Yes. I buy an umbrella about every two weeks."—Washington Star.

Locating His Home. "You live outside of the city limits. How far outside?" "Godness knows. I don't. It's about fifteen minutes the other side of where the map stops."—Chicago Tribune.

Human Muscles. If the muscles in the arm of the average man were put together and a nervous impulse passed into them, their contraction would lift a weight of 224 pounds from the ground. Muscles have the unique power when stimulated by nerve impulse of contracting somewhat as rubber bands might do if they could squeeze themselves up short. They are, in fact, the reverse of rubber, for they contract only and cannot stretch out.—Minneapolis Journal.

One Comfort. They were weeping for the head of the horse, whose automobile had gone over the bank. "Any way," said the widow, drying her tears for the moment, "his death was in the height of fashion."

Her Little Pleasures. Husband—I wish you would stop this everlasting picking flaws in your neighbor's wife. That's just like you! You never want me to have the least pleasure.—Averpool Mercury.

The strongest things are in danger from the weakest.—Disraeli.

Steel Pens. Something like 1,500,000 steel pens can be made from one ton of steel.

One Cent Brings It. FURNACE. WOULD-YOU-LIKE-TO-READ-THE-STORY OF-THE-FURNACE? Just write on a post-card, "Send Booklet A," and mail to nearest branch. The rest we'll gladly attend to.

McClary's. JEFFREY APTLEY, Local Agent. DIRECTORY. Under this heading we give in brief form notices of Municipal, Educational and Religious Institutions for the convenience of our readers. Such institutions are invited to keep us posted so that the list may be full and correct.

MARKDALE OFFICE. Reeve—J. H. Stephenson, Councillors—L. G. Campbell, G. Matthews, W. E. McPherson, T. H. Wilson.

MARKDALE CHURCHES. St. Joseph's Church. Rev. A. J. Savage, Pastor. Service, 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month.

MARKDALE CHURCHES. Rev. J.S.I. Wilson, Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.

MARKDALE CHURCHES. Rev. J.A. Robinson, Pastor. Sunday Services—10 a.m. and 7 p.m.

MARKDALE CHURCHES. Rev. J.A. Robinson, Pastor. Bible Class—Friday evenings at 7.30, conducted by the pastor.

MARKDALE CHURCHES. Rev. J.A. Robinson, Pastor. Ladies Aid Society—Meets every Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE. MARKDALE STATION. Going South 7.54 a.m. 4.21 p.m. Going North 12.06 p.m. 8.46 p.m.

HARV. We can supply line. Ou P HA

600 Book-ke Stenogra Telegra. FALL TERM OPEN. Orangeville Business.

BEST BUSINESS. British Canadian. CENTRAL BUSI COLLEGE.

Fall Term Open. ELLIOTT Business TORONTO.

SEPT. 1st. NORTH Business. Three Courses.

A FAMILY G. We make pictures—milk photographs.

We study the groups and individuals and the sort that tion all around.

J. C. K Lucas Block.