

## His Expensive Lesson

By Andrew Stewart

The two men were sitting at the same table in the lounge of a well-known hotel in the West End of London, and they had fallen into talk.

"It fairly beats me," said the prosperous middle-aged man, who looked what he actually was, a manufacturer from the Midlands. "I just can't understand how any man with his wits about his ears falls for this confidence trick stuff."

He was commenting upon a heading of the kind, reported under big headlines in the evening paper, which they had been discussing. His chance companion, a well-dressed, hard-bitten fellow a few years his junior, smiled at the other's incredulity.

"That's just how I used to look at it," he said quietly. "But you'll find that it's always the smartest and most confident of men who get nailed. They work on mighty clever, psychological lines, these confidence tricksters."

"Psychological lines?" queried the manufacturer.

"I mean that they study their victims before they begin to work. They enter into conversation with a man—a colonial or one from foreign parts, for preference—and though he does not know it, they are probing him for his little weaknesses and foibles all the time. Soon they've got him placed as to type and apply the method for that type; and nine times out of ten they get away with it. Still, he added, "we'll trail this bunch."

The manufacturer regarded the speaker with increased interest. "We? How do you mean?"

"Oh, returned the other easily, "I'm from the Yard."

The other's eyes widened. "What? Scotland Yard?" he asked.

His companion nodded. "Yes, I'm usually put on to these cases. Sort of special work. We get to know the habits and haunts of these gangs. I'm half-expect that they may show up here tonight; or if not to-night, to-morrow or the day after, and they'll show the usual traces of suddenly acquired wealth. You see that chap in the black felt, sitting at the far end of the bar?" he asked.

"Yes, I see him. Why do you suspect him about this?" answered the manufacturer, tapping the newspaper containing the report.

The detective laughed. "No, he's not a crook. He's working with me."

"Pretty exciting way of earning a living," rejoined the manufacturer. "Selling steel goods satisfies me, thanks. Well, what about another drink?"

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do. A bitter, please."

The dealer in steel signalled to the waiter and ordered the drinks.

"So you work in couples?" he asked.

"No, not usually. But if our guess about this case is right, we're up against a pretty tough tough gang."

The detective put his finger to his lips as the waiter approached. "Experiencing the pleasant thrill of a conspirator, the manufacturer paused and, taking out a bulging note-case, selected a pound note. When the waiter had given him his change and departed, the detective leant across the table.

"If you'll take a tip from me, sir, you won't make a habit of showing a weak side in this kind of joint," he said in a low tone. "If a confidence man saw that, he'd start operations right away."

The manufacturer laughed heartily. "No confidence trickster would ever make a pigeon of me."

The detective studied him carefully. "No, I guess you wouldn't be easy to pluck that way," he agreed at last. "You're too shrewd. Still, if I might say so, it wasn't quite discreet of you, with that amount of money on you, to make the acquaintance of a stranger and let him see what you had on you."

With a pleased chuckle the manufacturer answered him: "Fuh! You think I'd have let you see, if I hadn't known you were a detective?"

"There's something in that; but you've only got my word for it that I am from Scotland Yard."

"By Jove, that's so," admitted the other doubtfully.

"Oh, I'm all right," said the detective reassuringly. "Still, in your place I'd want proof. Why not call up the Yard and ask Inspector Jones whether he's got two men—Parsons and Martin—at this hotel this evening?"

"I won't trouble. I'm a pretty good judge of men. Tell me some more about your work."

"As long as I'm not keeping you," said the detective. "I've got to hang around anyhow."

The manufacturer took out his unchange watch and glanced at it. "I've got half an hour yet."

"Well now, to come back to your risk, aside from confidence men, there's pickpockets."

The manufacturer looked almost hurt. "Pickpockets rob me! Oh, no," he affirmed confidently.

"Perhaps not; but the risk is there," insisted the detective. "No one ought to cart around big sums like that. I'd go further, and say you deserve to lose it, especially coming to a crook joint like this."

"A crook joint, is it? Well, that interests me, but it doesn't frighten me. As it happens, I was paid four hundred odd in cash on a deal to-day, and I'll go back to Birmingham with me on the ten train."

"Excuse me," murmured the detective, "I must leave you; my colleague has just signalled."

Through the mirror in front of him, the man from Birmingham saw the detective in earnest conversation with his colleague, and thrilled with the conjecture that one of the gang might have come in. Then the detective ordered two drinks, returning with them to the table.

He set his own drink on the table and, in reaching over the manufacturer's shoulder with the other, he

caught the stem of the glass and the liquor spilt down his coat. "I'm terribly sorry," he said concernedly, whipping out a handkerchief and wiping down the front of the manufacturer's coat. "Thank goodness, it's neat spirit; it'll soon dry off. I'll get the glass refilled."

He was back in a few moments with the drink, and setting it down, he whispered: "My colleague thinks he saw one of the gang, but his hood round the door. I'm going out to confront him."

In less than three minutes he returned. "Not a sign of him," he said, in a tone of annoyance.

"You'll forgive the liberty, I'm sure," he went on, taking the manufacturer's note-case from his own pocket, and handing it to him; "but you needed the lesson."

The other stared incredulously from the note-case to the detective. "How on earth did you get hold of this?" he demanded.

"One of the pickpocket's simplest ruses. I know and practice them all. I took it when I was wiping you down."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed the manufacturer.

"And so you deserve to be," laughed the detective. "Why, you haven't even examined it."

"And I'm not going to," returned the other good-humoredly. "I deserve to lose anything you've taken, for putting me wise."

"Oh, I've not even opened it," the detective assured him. "By the way, I'm not tired of your company, but you did say you had a train to catch."

The other's hand went to his watch pocket, only to be withdrawn as a sheepish look overspread his features. The grinning detective dropped the watch into its owner's extended palm.

"Convinced now?" he queried disarmingly.

"I am," answered the chastened manufacturer.

The detective rose with him. "Well, I'll see you safely into your taxi, sir," he said genially.

"That's very friendly of you," said the manufacturer, his hand going to his breast pocket. "I think I ought to give you a liver for such a valuable lesson."

"I wouldn't think of taking it," retorted the detective in an offhand tone, pulling the man's hand down. "It's my job to protect the public."

"Sorry; I meant no offence," said the manufacturer hastily.

"Sure, I understand," rejoined the mollified detective, and he hailed a passing taxi.

"King's Cross," ordered the manufacturer, turning to shake hands warmly with his protector. "Good-bye, and thanks again for your very practical object lesson."

The detective laughed easily. "Good-bye, sir; remember, the confidence men work by psychology."

Mr. Benjamin Consett, manufacturer of steel goods, reached his home in Birmingham that night without misadventure. His loyal wife was waiting up, to share the cold supper, and to listen to his account of his day in London. She listened enraptured to his story of his exciting encounter with the detective.

"He was quite right, Ben," she stated emphatically, as he concluded. "You'd better give me the money now, and I'll lock it in the safe while you finish your supper."

Her husband smiled indulgently and handed her the note-case.

"Right-o, my dear. Take them out and count them. There should be two hundred-pound notes, one fifty, fifteen tens, and three or four pounds. Why, what's wrong?"

His question came sharply upon an exclamation of dismay from his wife. She looked across at him with an expression of infinite pity, and passed the contents of the case across to him.

There were two ten-pound notes and three pound notes, wrapped round a pad of folded newspaper.

As he realized how he had been tricked, he remembered the "detective's last words:

"The confidence men work by psychology."—Pearson's Weekly (London).

### Withholding Judgment

Why should we be harder on our friends than the law is on a suspected prisoner? Are not most of us quick to count a friend guilty until he is proved innocent? It matters not that our lifetime knowledge has proved one's dependableness, and love, and good judgment; if something happens that we do not entirely understand, our silent or outspoken condemnation is likely to be instant, instead of our evidence is in. It is humiliating, a few hours or a few days later to learn that, after all, the friend was innocent of the seeming carelessness, or unkindness, or wrong; but this does not prevent the quick condemnation the next time. He is a rare soul who keeps his poise of trust and love when he cannot understand. But it is fairer, and it makes life sweeter, to do so.

## Sunday School Lesson

September 20. Lesson XII.—The Council in Jerusalem—Acts 15: 22-29; Galatians 2: 1, 2, 9, 10. Golden Text—For brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.—Galatians 5: 13.

ANALYSIS  
I. THE QUESTION RAISED, Acts 15: 1-3; Gal. 2: 1.  
II. THE JERUSALEM CONFERENCE, Acts 15: 4-21; Gal. 2: 2-10.  
III. A PROPOSAL ACCEPTED, Acts 15: 22-35.

INTRODUCTION.—We come now to a great crisis in the history of the whole church. Paul and Barnabas, back from Asia Minor, were convinced that a great field was open in the Gentile world for the spread of the gospel. The news of their work, however, was causing some uneasiness in Jerusalem. Ever since the death of Stephen and the removal of most of the more broadminded Hellenistic Christians, the attitude of the Jerusalem church had been growing more Jewish. It was granted that Gentiles could be saved. The question was, how? "By becoming Jews," said the Judaizers. "By faith alone," said Paul. Was Christianity to be a mere sect of Judaism, or was it to become a gospel for all men? The question arose in Antioch, shortly after the apostles returned from their tour.

I. THE QUESTION RAISED, Acts 15: 1-3; Gal. 2: 1.  
Visitors from Jerusalem who gave the impression, apparently, that they had been sent to deliver a message, said, "Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved."

Their announcement came like a bombshell into the church at Antioch. Most of the brethren were uncircumcised and Jew and Gentile were clashing as equals. Paul and Barnabas refused to recognize the claims of the law upon Gentiles. Bitter controversy developed. The question once raised, must be settled.

The church suggested an appeal to the Jerusalem leaders. Paul, while recognizing their authority to be no greater than his own, was divinely encouraged to go, Gal. 2: 2. Besides Barnabas, he took with him Titus, one of his most faithful disciples, who was a Gentile.

II. THE JERUSALEM CONFERENCE, Acts 15: 4-21; Gal. 2: 2-10.  
The welcome at Jerusalem left nothing to be desired. At the first public meeting of the Conference, the apostles told how God had blessed their labors. He had accepted the Gentiles. The inflexible and legalists, who had also arrived from Antioch, rose up and maintained doggedly, "They must keep the law of Moses." Their doctrine had blinded them to the evident facts. "For your work, or not, dared refuse them?" The legalists, who had also arrived from Antioch, rose up and maintained doggedly, "They must keep the law of Moses." Their doctrine had blinded them to the evident facts. "For your work, or not, dared refuse them?"

So They Say:—  
Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words make people good-natured. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.—Pascal.

The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast—sleeping or walking.—W. S. Leland.

It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own cause.—Blaise Pascal.

Judgment should be pronounced with diffidence and consideration lest, as happens to many, the critics should condemn what they do not understand.—Quintillian.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.—Epicurus.

He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.—William Penn.

Each life memorable for goodness and nobility has for its motive power some noble thought. Here is that cathedral spirit, John Milton. In his loneliness and blindness his mind was his kingdom. He loved to think of things true and pure and of good reports. Often at midnight upon the poet's ear there fell the sound of celestial music, which he afterwards transposed into his "Paradise Regained." Dying, it was given him to say proudly: "I am not one of those who have disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, nor the maxims of the slave, but by the grace of God I have kept my soul unsullied."—N. D. Hillis.

Another Problem  
A farmer, visiting his son's college and wandering into a chemistry class, saw some students busy with retorts and test tubes.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked.

"We're endeavoring," replied one of the students, "to discover or invent a universal solvent."

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

Courteous Bus-Drivers  
"News Chronicle," London.—The London bus-drivers deserve every word of the praise accorded to them by the chairman of the Croydon magistrates. They are in daily career for long hours at a stretch of monsters with terrible capabilities of destruction. They not merely manage to keep them in perfect control, but are invariably courteous and cheerful in the process.

Science Plans to Repair Vital Organs by Synthetic Substitutes  
Buffalo, N.Y.—Another step toward the time when science hopes to repair man's vital organs with synthetic substitutes for damaged functions will be taken at the meeting of the American Chemical Society.

This step will be a joint study by physicians and chemists of the endocrine glands, the organs which regulate the body all the way from its production of energy to its rate of aging. The study will be made in a symposium held jointly by the divisions of medicinal chemistry and biological chemistry.

The endocrine glands secrete substances called hormones, which medical men use not only in various types of illness, but in daring attempts to control obesity and the size to which a person may grow.

The secretions usually are obtained from animals, whose endocrines correspond closely to those of humans.



Some head work going on here. Harper, Blue's goalkeeper, jumping up to save during hot attack, in recent clash at Highbury, Eng.

## Pigeon Sets Record in Harwich-Berlin Flight

Berlin.—From Harwich to Berlin in eight hours is quite good time for an airplane, but for a carrier pigeon it is a record. This was accomplished recently, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, by one of over 200 similar winged messengers and it arrived at its home in Charlottenburg without turning a feather.

The Central German Travel Company organizes a pigeon competition every year, this year's flight being particularly successful. The birds, 250 in number, were set loose in Harwich at six o'clock in the morning, and all of them, after a brief survey of the country, set off for home within a few minutes. The first to arrive, the Charlottenburg pigeon, did the distance in eight and a quarter hours, equivalent to a flying time of more than 100 kilometers an hour. Within 30 minutes quite a number followed the champion, their arrival being announced in their several homes by the ringing of a bell attached to the door of the cot. Remarkable astuteness is manifested by these little feathered flyers.

## Noble Thought

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## A Lost Facility

Our consideration of the art of speaking has become rather narrow. We do not consider it from quite the right angle. We think of it merely as a frill, whereas it should be a regular part of our school work.

That it is not the fault of those in authority, not of the teachers. The art of speaking is badly neglected in this country, yet there are many professions where good speech is so necessary.

It would be a great boon if it were recognized that alongside the teaching of English should be the teaching of spoken English. Language, after all, is not for the eye but for the ear.

Therefore, instead of so much placing of English books in our pupils' hands, we should make them more familiar with the sound of our language. As it is, rhetoric is a lost art in this country.—Mrs. A. M. Henderson, Author and Lecturer, addressing the Summer School in Music Teaching at Oxford.

## Duty And Its Fruits

Kindly actions begun from a sense of duty blossom into affection and afford some of the sweetest pleasures earth can bestow. Active industry at first painful and arduous unfolds its powers and comes to be the source of keenest satisfaction. Purity of thought, word and deed, sought at first from a knowledge of its righteousness, comes at last to be the natural air which the spirit loves to breathe. Thus duty of every kind, containing within it the germs of desire and beauty, will, if cherished, develop the sweetest flowers and richest fruits, and the good and beautiful thus clasp hands and claim kinship for ever.

## Unity

Can ye take of the sweetness from the flower.  
The color and the sweetness from the rose,  
And place them by themselves; or set apart  
Their motions and their brightness from the stars,  
And then point out: the flower or the star?  
—Tennyson, in "The Lover's Tale."

## Canada's Jobless Number 530,000

Ontario Has 130,000 Unemployed and Quebec 100,000

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Sewing Patterns

Ottawa.—Canada's unemployed exceed 530,000 according to Hon. G. D. Robertson, Minister of Labor.

The Minister issued figures compiled by provincial governments. In the majority of provinces the totals are based upon registration, and in others careful estimates have been made. All the provinces of Canada are covered in figures which the Minister gave out. Senator Robertson said these figures would probably be swelled in the winter months when seasonal unemployment would become an increasing factor in the situation.

By provinces, figures of unemployment are as follows:  
British Columbia, 33,830; Alberta, 15,450; Saskatchewan (cities and towns, 25,901, drought areas), 150,000; Manitoba, 11,439; Ontario, 130,000; Prince Edward Island, 1,500; Quebec, 100,000; Nova Scotia, 18,000; New Brunswick, 8,000.

Saskatchewan is hardest hit of all the provinces. Registrations in urban centres indicate 26,901 are without crops have failed there are 76 municipalities where 100 per cent relief work, while in those areas where will be necessary. Hon. Robert Weir, Minister of Agriculture, who returned from Western Canada, estimates at 150,000 the number of those requiring relief in the drought areas of Saskatchewan.

While the other prairie provinces do not face such a grave situation as that of Saskatchewan, figures show that it is sufficiently serious. In Manitoba, where there are 41,489 unemployed, approximately 23,000 are married men, 10,000 single men and over 4,000 single women. Alberta has 15,450 employed, of which roughly 9,000 are married and 6,000 single. Of the 33,830 unemployed in British Columbia 5,190 are transients and 6,745 aliens, according to the registration in that province.

Coming to Eastern Canada, Ontario has the large total of 130,000. According to the information secured through registration, approximately 71,500 are married and the remainder single. In connection with the Ontario situation, Senator Robertson said that it was estimated about 70,000 of the total number of unemployed had partial employment. There were, however, about 70,000 in need, the majority of whom are in Northern Ontario.

## World's Finest Wire Used in tiny Lamp Filaments

Fine wire 410-1,000th of an inch in diameter—one-fifth the thickness of a human hair—provides the filament for a new type of electric lamp developed by engineers of the Westinghouse Lamp Company.

A diamond with a tiny hole bored in it serves as the die through which the wire is drawn. When coiled in a filament 1,500 turns are required to fill an inch and no two turns may touch. The lamp has been designed especially for sick room service, to illuminate house numbers, electric clock dials or inside refrigerators and cabinets.

At ordinary rates for electricity the lamp will burn for forty hours for 1 cent.

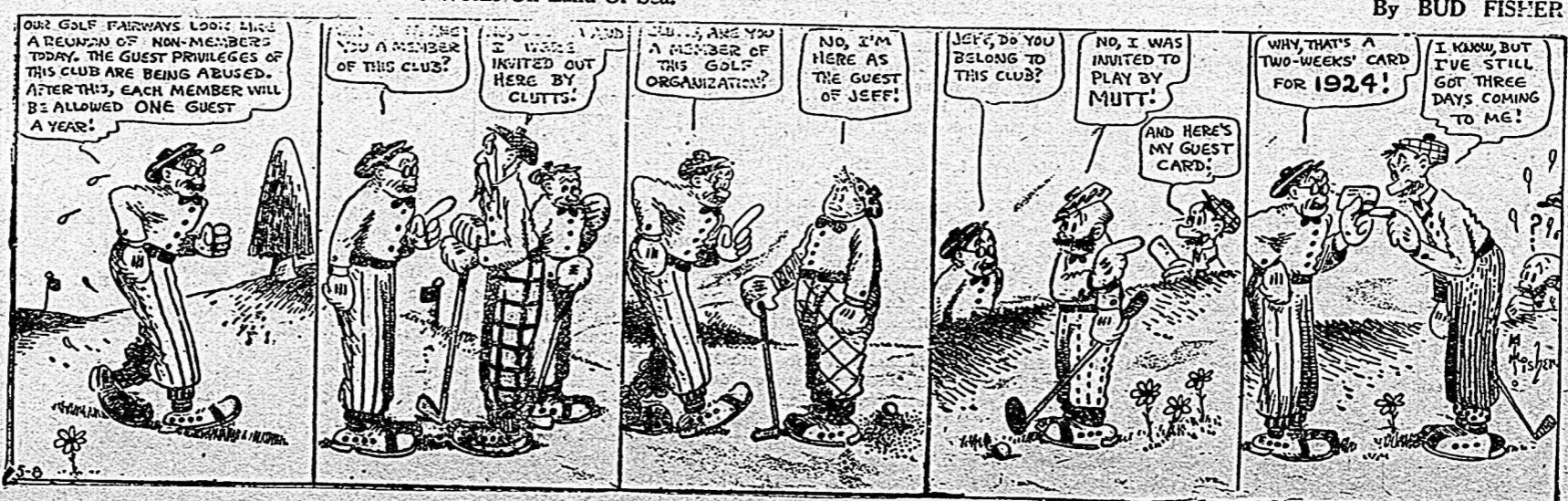
## British Railway Safety Is Proved by Report

London.—Of 1,218,000,000 passengers who traveled on British trains during 1930, only one lost his life in an accident.

Figures just issued show how safe are British railways in these days of increasing travel. During the last Bank holiday main line railways carried over ten million passengers without a single person being injured.

The reputation for safety that the British system enjoys is laid to skilled engineering and the use of the latest mechanical devices that can aid the human element in railway operation.

## MUTT AND JEFF—Two Weeks Is Two Weeks On Land Or Sea.



By BUD FISHER