SCHEMES AND SWINDLES.

PHOTOGRAPH FAKES, NEWSPAPER WRITE-UP RACKETS AND BAKING POWDER SWINDLES THAT COST MONEY.

One of the most recently developed frauds which is now being perpetrated upon the people of St. Paul is the so-called "clothing and suit club." This scheme had its inception in the old clubs, which for many years past it has been customary to form in large workshops and factories, the employes paying 50 cents or $1 per week into a fund and drawing lots every week to see which member should receive the aggregate payments for the week. Say forty employes join the club, there would be a lump sum for one of the members every week, until after the lapse of forty weeks all the members had had their turn. The club would then lapse or be re-formed. There were no fees or commissions, and fraud was guarded against by the cashier of the firm who could see that no member skipped out without paying up his share, after receiving the sum total of the weekly payment. This mutual plan gave the members of the club a lump sum of money and did away with the necessity for any one not of a saving disposition to run into debt.

This harmless and advantageous plan has been skillfully elaborated by numerous unscrupulous schemers, who have been operating in St. Paul, Minneapolis and other Western cities for some months past. The operator of the scheme induces forty persons to join his "clothing" club, the fee being $1 per week. Every week there is a drawing or lottery, and the first lucky man who draws the winning number gets himself of clothes for $1. The second week another man gets a suit of clothes which has cost him $2, and so on until the fortieth man has his turn, when if the operator of the club is honest, he also secures his suit, but pays $40 for it.

As one member per week is supposed to drop out the total sum paid into the club in the forty weeks is $820, which would give to each member a $20 suit and $20 over. The operator claims not to make any commission out of the weekly payments made by members, but makes a commission from the tailor who makes each suit of clothes. This is of course made indirectly at the expense of each member and its amount depends upon the agreement made between the operator and the tailor. The club members are therefore paying the operator a commission on their suit, which they could just as easily obtain the benefit of themselves by going in the usual way to their tailor without the intervention of the superfluous and expensive go-between operator.

In addition to the commission made in this way the operator pockets $20 surplus over the $800 required, and in addition confiscates all payments made by club members who lapse or run behind in their payments.

A variation of the scheme is to take in a new member as the old ones draw their suits and drop out, the unlucky members who do not draw a winning number within forty weeks being given a suit without drawing. This is supposing the operator is honest, which with the class of men who work such schemes, is not always the case. Whichever way the scheme is worked, it is an expensive and risky way of obtaining a suit of clothes, and simply means that the persons who are simple enough to allow themselves to be drawn into such dubious schemes, are supporting a smart rascal who is too lazy to earn an honest living. Often, however, the operator is purely and simply a rogue who robs the club members right and left as occasion offers, and at the best the whole scheme is a lottery, and as such its operation is unlawful.

THE PHOTOGRAPH FAKE.

Another cunning scheme which has been worked successfully for several years past is the enlarged photograph "fake." The scheme can be illustrated by the experience of a member of the last Minnesota legislature. This member received one day during the session a letter postmarked "Chicago," nicely typewritten and couched in flattering terms. The letter purported to be from an "art and portrait" firm, and went on to say that the firm had heard of the legislator in question and were desirous of making a handsome enlarged photograph of him; if he would be good enough to send them down a good cabinet photograph of himself they would esteem it a great favor, and all they would ask in return would be that he use his influence to secure them further orders in his own locality or among his friends. The letter closed with a suggestion that if the gentleman desired they would place a handsome frame around his enlarged picture at a nominal cost. The legislator who received the letter was greatly flattered to think that his name had traveled so far in such a short space of time, and he magnanimously sent a photograph of himself to the Chicago firm and gave them permission to frame the picture when completed. Two or three weeks later he received a notification from one of the express companies in St. Paul stating that there was a parcel lying at their office for him upon which there was $15 to pay. He went down to the office, learned the parcel was from Chicago and naturally concluded it was his life-size picture. He wondered at the heavy charge, but having drawn his per diem the day before and feeling in an unusually generous frame of mind, besides being not a little curious to look upon a life-size presentment of his own noble features, he paid the $15 and carried the picture up to his room. There he opened it up and found a cheap daub of a crayon-touched enlarged photograph mounted in a frame of the trashiest description, the whole affair not being worth $5.

This has been the experience of hundreds of St. Paul citizens, many who are reputed to be sharp, shrewd business men, having fallen victims to the subtle flattery of the first letter. To show what profit the Chicago operators of this scheme make, it may be stated that there is a large and reputable firm in New York who will enlarge any photograph to life size for $1 including postage, and with a few touches from a crayon it can be made, even by an inexperienced amateur, to look as well as the production of the Chicago firm who work this swindle. This can be framed for four or five dollars quite handsomely, costing altogether not to exceed $6. The Chicago firm have allowed two or three victims to escape for $15, but others have paid as high as $40, so that their profits must be immense.

THE NEWSPAPER RACKET.

Another fake is in the newspaper line and is somewhat of a new departure. Some parties, said to have headquarters in Milwaukee, have lately been sending out notices, many of which have been received by St. Paul citizens, stating that in a copy of their publication of a certain date there is printed a flattering notice of themselves, and that for the small sum of 20 cents a copy the publication in question will be forwarded them by mail. Now nineteen out of every twenty people are tickled to death to see a flattering notice of themselves in a paper, and consequently about that proportion of the recipients of these letters have sent their 20 cents and received the paper in due course, with the notice printed in due form. Perhaps they have secretly wondered to themselves how their fame as business or professional men spread so far. They do not make allowance, in the simplicity of their heart, for the versatility of the schemers, the broad general tone of the notice, or the fact of a St. Paul directory reaching Milwaukee. Nor do they as a rule note that the flattering notices are printed upon a separate page of the publication which is cleverly pasted to the publication proper. Often they are so tickled as to remit an order to have the publication sent to them regularly, and so the schemers thrive.

THE BAKING POWDER SWINDLE.

Another scheme which has been extensively worked on St. Anthony Hill the past week, while not a new one, is deserving of attention. A well-dressed young man, looking like a grocer's clerk, has been calling at houses and informing the servants that he has a package of baking powder for the mistress of the house. The servant knows nothing, and usually calls the lady of the house, who is informed that her husband has ordered the package of baking powder sent to the house, and that $1 is due on the same. If the lady or servant is so foolish as to pay the charges, the grocery clerk marks the package "paid" and departs, leaving behind him a five pound can on which the only label is, "This baking powder contains alum." It is worthless for culinary purposes, but sometimes the experience is worth all it costs. When the package left is not baking powder, it is usually something else in the grocery line.

These are only a few of the plans by which some sharp-witted people live at the expense of the rest of the world, and such schemes may be regarded as the pioneers of a general movement which is calculated at some time in the future to let the ignorant and simple minded half of the world know how the clever and unscrupulous half lives. —*Pioneer Press.*

JAPANESE WOMEN.

According to This Account They Are Not Beautiful Creatures at All.

Among the numerous objections of a moral and physical nature to the Japanese "Musme" is their peculiarly offensive odor. They dress their coarse black hair but once, or, at the very most, twice a week, soaking it with some kind of evil smelling lotion or pomade for the purpose of giving the coiffure the required amount of stiffness and consistency, and likewise anointing it with a peculiarly pungent oil of the camel oil species. So careful are they not to disturb this arrangement of the hair during the entire week that they use little paper padded blocks of wood, which fit just in the nape of the neck and leave the head clear, as pillows at night. Toward the fourth and fifth days both the pomade and the oil acquire an exceedingly rancid perfume, in addition to their other qualities, and it requires a nose of altogether celestial obtuseness of smell to remain unmoved thereby.

Then, too, their dress is not as clean as it might be. True they bathe a great deal—I can vouch for that as an eyewitness, since they mostly perform their ablutions coram publico—but [illegible] the condition of the water, nor as to the number of men and women who have been parboiled therein before them, and they invariably put on the same old picturesque but dirty dresses which their female ancestors of the third and even fourth generation have worn before them. These dresses are made of such durable fabrics that they seldom wear out, and inasmuch as they are never laundried, they may be said without exaggeration to harbor the impurities of almost centuries.

Women in civilized countries are always compared by the poets to lovely flowers, such as the violet or the rose, whose dainty beauty and delicate perfume they are asserted to possess. How is it possible, then, to believe that a man accustomed to the adoration of woman, whose nature being suggests exquisite flowers, can form any serious or lasting attachment for a yellow skinned girl who is redolent, not of the rosebush, but rather of the castor oil plant?

Nor is it possible to agree with Sir Edwin Arnold when he describes the Japanese woman as graceful. Her walk, or rather waddle, is so ridiculously awkward and ungainly, that it would provoke laughter were it not for a pathetic, imploring, ill-treated-dumb-animal sort of look apparent in the eyes. She shuffles along with her toes turned, not outward, but inward, and with her "kimono" wound so tightly around her legs that she progresses exactly as if her knees were bound closely together with a cord. Her feet are very broad, very short and clumsy, and without even any suspicion of an instep. Indeed, a glimpse of them is sufficient to dampen any enthusiasm about the almond eyed beauty to whom they belong.

Nor is there anything beautiful about the figure of a Japanese woman. As a general rule the trunk of her body is far too long in proportion to the length of her lower limbs, a radical fault per se. Then, too, her shoulders are narrow and sloping, her bust pitiable, and the whole attitude of her body doubled up and deficient in grace. There are no superb figures such as one sees among the lowest classes in India, Egypt, Persia and Central Asia, where the women acquire physical development of the most perfect kind from the fact of their being trained from earliest girlhood to walk with more or less heavy jars of water balanced on their heads.

The hands of the Japanese women are usually well cared for, plump, soft and pretty. The arms, however, are badly formed and unattractive. With regard to the face, it is never beautiful or even pretty, while it is absolutely hideous when the woman happens to be married. For on the day of the wedding, before leaving her father's house to enter that of her husband, she is obliged by a compulsory law of usage, which has been in force for 300 years, to shave off her eyebrows and to blacken her teeth. The latter is done by means of a horrible sticky mixture in which powdered gall nuts and iron filings form the principal ingredients. The blacking has to be applied every day, for if more than twenty-four hours is permitted to elapse without its renewal, the color begins to wear away and the teeth assume a dullish gray hue streaked with black. —Ex-Diplomat in Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

"It makes but little difference about the lady," remarked one pretty young woman to another as they promenaded down Chestnut street yesterday, to the great delight of a clergyman who was walking just behind them with a friend, and who has not looked for such an unworldly utterance. "All I care about is the shirt," went on the fair speaker, and the minister's face fell.

A BERLIN MODEL DAIRY.

MEATH DESCRIBES A GREAT MILK AND BUTTER DEPOT.

There Ought to Be Similar Establishments in Every City of This Country. That There Are Not, More's the Pity. Milk Cheap and Pure.

"The Right Honorable the Earl of Meath" contributes to The Nineteenth Century (English) a paper which will be full of interest to our dairy and creamery readers. It is a description of a famous model dairy in Berlin. "The right honorable" grows enthusiastic as he recounts its excellences, and small blame to him for. He writes:

Berlin possesses a commercial undertaking which, owing to its success, its rapid growth, the benefit it confers on the people, and the philanthropic manner in which it is conducted, is well worthy of notice. I allude to the immense dairy of Herr C. Bolle.

The business was commenced in [illegible] with three carts. Now [illegible] horses and [illegible] vehicles are needed to satisfy the demands of customers. The secret of his success lies in the purity, excellence and cheapness of the milk, the precautions which render adulteration impossible, the scrupulous cleanliness practiced in the establishment, and the facilities which are afforded to the poor to become purchasers.

Every driver of a cart is detailed to supply milk to a certain portion of the town. He receives a small map representing his part of the city, with certain spots marked at the corners of streets where the cart has to stop and sell milk to all who care to purchase.

The employes are shielded against temptation to dishonesty by the milk being placed entirely out of their control. The cans, which are made to contain certain measured quantities of milk, are locked and placed inside the cart, which consists of an enormous metal box on wheels, with holes just large enough to admit the taps from the cans inside to be passed through. When the metal box is closed it is impossible to tamper with the milk. Outside, just above the holes where the taps appear, the nature of the contents of each can, and the price, are clearly painted. As it is known exactly how much each can holds, the employe whose duty it is to sell the milk is responsible for its value, and has to produce the sum which represents the amount of milk missing when the cart returns to the dairy. A similar arrangement is pursued in regard to the sale of butter and cream cheeses, which are handed to the employe in convenient sized pats and shapes, each having its price clearly stamped upon its face.

The following are the articles sold, delivered from cart into kitchen:

Pure milk, skimmed milk, buttermilk, cream and whipped cream. Fresh butter: First quality, second quality and third quality. German cream cheese, square cheese, Neufchatel, Harz, Camembert, Mashie and Neufchatel. Children's milk in sealed bottles, sterilized milk, kefir, sugar of milk, raspberry, cherry and currant syrup in bottles.

Three traveling inspectors are continually employed in watching over the cleanliness and proper handling of the milk, from the time it leaves the dairy until it reaches the consumers' hands. Almost all the work necessary for the maintenance and repair of this large establishment is carried out on the premises; for instance, there are locksmiths, blacksmiths, coopers, painters, carpenters and joiners.

In autumn and winter from [illegible] to [illegible], and in spring from [illegible] to [illegible], liters of milk are brought daily to the dairy from the different Berlin stations. This enormous amount is poured into great vats or tanks after being carefully tested to insure its sweetness. It is then passed through a filtering apparatus, by which all impurities are extracted, and flows into different parts of the building according to the nature of the treatment it is destined to undergo. One of the specialities of this gigantic dairy is the production of sterilized or germless milk. After the destruction of all germs through the application of heat, carefully regulated so as never to reach the boiling point, the milk, which is sent to customers in sealed bottles, can be retained sweet and fresh for several days.

The measure called a "liter" contains about one pint and three-quarters.

It is pleasing to read that Herr Bolle regards his employes as his own family in the interest he takes in their welfare. If the profits of the concern rise above a certain percentage they are divided among the employes. A hall for all manner of meetings is provided for them; also a restaurant, in which for small sums they can obtain excellent food. A good school is maintained for their children, also a chapel for religious services, in which the employes receive spiritual instruction every Saturday afternoon. A grand organ has been built in the chapel and there is a choir from among the employes. Herr Bolle maintains classes in which his employes learn wood carving and music. There is a Sunday school for the children.

But this is not all. A chemical laboratory for making pure sugar of milk and for testing the milk as it arrives from the country is connected with the dairy. Part of the sugar of milk is sold to the druggists. Part of it is added to ordinary milk for the use of infants. There are cows kept solely for the purpose of giving milk for the babies, and they are separated from other animals. They are fed throughout the year on similar selected fodder.

There is a great demand for this milk, which is sold to the public for the use of infants in sealed bottles. The greatest care is taken to cleanse all utensils after use. There is one department entirely reserved for this purpose. Every receptacle is carefully washed with soda and water, and then steam is forced into and through it. Thus every possibility is removed of any sour matter being left behind to contaminate and turn the milk when the vessels are next used.

In conducting the above undertaking in a successful manner Herr Bolle has given conclusive proof, if indeed proof be needed, that a practical interest in the welfare of employes is not inconsistent with the acquisition of wealth, and has, I am assured, been the means of vastly improving the physical condition of the poorer children of the German metropolis by supplying them at their very doors with cheap and pure milk, for lack of which, in days gone by, they not infrequently pined and died.

The low stature and weakly frame of many a child in our own large cities, and even in the country, is in great measure due to the absence of milk from its diet. The offspring of the British workingman is largely fed upon tea without milk, and white bread, from which the most nourishing part of the flour has been removed—an insufficient and unnourishing diet, which will never produce strong and healthy men and women, and which, I fear, is rapidly becoming customary in the country as well as in the town. We British lack neither enterprise nor capital. Why should not London and each of our large towns possess its Bolle as well as Berlin? Let us hope that energetic, patriotic and capable spirits will unite self interest with philanthropic desires, and in enriching themselves restore to the working classes that wholesome beverage and food which, from various causes, has within recent years been gradually but surely disappearing from the dietary of the poor.

Last Year's Loss in Live Stock.

The returns make the percentages of losses among farm animals during the past year, of horses, 1.7; cattle, 3.9; sheep, 4.6, and swine, 8.4. Horses receive better care than any other class of stock, and normal losses vary but little. The percentage of loss of cattle is slightly higher than was reported in 1889 and 1888, the scarcity of feed swelling the figures in portions of Kansas and Nebraska. The losses of sheep have been smaller than usual on account of better care and attention, while loss disease than usual is reported among swine, though there is heavy loss in the regions of last year's crop failures.

VON MOLTKE IN BATTLE.

MURAT HALSTEAD DESCRIBES THE OLD FIELD MARSHAL.

A Great Conflict in Which the Leaders Seem to Have Little or No Part—A Picture of King and Generals in Repose While Cannon Boomed and Thousands Fell.

On the field of Gravelotte, which was for the greatest combat that Moltke ever witnessed, I saw the old field marshal, and was within thirty yards of him for more than three hours. The king, with Bismarck and Moltke and the splendid general staff, and, I believe, General Steinmetz and our General Phil Sheridan, who was Bismarck's guest, halted on a slight elevation that was a part of the immense field of battle of Mars la Tour, fought two days before. The royal headquarters group was a remarkable one. I first guessed the presence of the king from the peculiar hats with silvered coverings of his postilions, and also the shining face of a black servant who was a very distinguished man.

There carriages stood near. Bismarck had a blanket spread on the ground, and was lying on it so quietly that possibly he was sleeping. The staff officers seemed to be all tall men, and handsome, and I was especially struck by the symmetry of their legs and the beauty of their boots. There were many dead horses about. They had been exposed to the hot sun two days and spoiled the air.

A furlong away was a hillside covered with a litter I could not for a while make out. There was a resemblance in it to a flock of sheep or cattle. The objects were dead men, and a burial party were digging a trench to bury them. The fresh killing was going on a little way off.

Why the French did not shell the hill where we were I do not comprehend, unless it was that the superiority of the German artillery was so great that the French guns were reserved for close work. That which seemed on the [illegible] unaccountable was that there should be a close space, an actual solitude, [illegible] between the king's headquarters and the army, and for two hours, while the thunders of the engagement literally shook the hills, there was no communication whatever by wire or signal, or orderly between the army and its king and chieftain.

[illegible]

Indeed, there did not seem to be much going on at headquarters. There were no movements indicating excitement, no [illegible] conversation. There was much greater animation of manner than one sees in a company of serious spectators at a horse race. I recall clearly, as if the battle had happened yesterday, three [illegible] figures—those of the king and Moltke and Sheridan. The latter was the shortest man on the ground, and his United States uniform was weather beaten. The king was standing quietly, and seemed at intervals to be asking questions of those who probably knew the ground.

Moltke was a few paces from the king's right hand and in front, and wore a helmet and a long light blue overcoat buttoned from throat to waist. In his left hand he held a field glass, through which he occasionally studied the tremendous scene. Only once did he approach the king to say something. I did not have a view of his full front face, but saw the parchment cheek and familiar profile quite distinctly, and I have been reminded of the outline of his face by that of General Sherman.

It seemed very queer that the commander of [illegible] men in a battle where as many soldiers fell in one day as in the three days' fighting at Gettysburg, should have to all appearances so little to do with them, and no directions to give as the gigantic struggle progressed. The explanation is plainly in Moltke's method of making war. He was working out a problem, that of separating the French armies, the object of the combat on hand being to drive Bazaine into Metz. All the orders had been issued, and each corps knew its duty fully.

ON THE HILL.

The hours during which I was near Moltke on this day of his greatest battle were from 11:30 until nearly 5, and this was the time in which the Germans were developing their attack on the left, or north. The Germans had performed the flank march and were facing toward their own country, and the French fought with their faces turned to Paris. The French position was admirably chosen and tenaciously held. The Germans had one thing to do—attack the whole line strenuously and develop their superior numbers to crush the right flank of their enemy. The fatal error of Bazaine was in not putting the French imperial guard on that flank.

The long pause on the elevation of the German royal headquarters, isolated from the fighting forces, though near them, was to await the extension of the lines northward to overlap the French formation, but of course I did not know what was going on under my eyes, and seventeen years later, visiting the ground, I could not find the hill where the king had waited so long. With the armies gone, the peaceful harvested fields—a few poppies glowing in the stubble—were utterly unfamiliar, and the many monuments over the fallen brave did not do much in explaining positions. I do not wonder the French long for the province of Lorraine. It is a most beautiful country, and what the French remember most bitterly of Moltke is that he insisted upon taking Metz as well as Strasburg.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

About 5 o'clock of the Gravelotte afternoon a messenger came at good speed, but not in hot haste, to Moltke with an envelope, and in a few minutes the whole company, with the exception of Mr. Conway and myself and the king's servants and drivers, mounted their horses and rode forward, the tall, slight form of Moltke leaning forward on the king's right, Bismarck riding a thumping trotter in the rear. They raised a good deal of a cloud themselves, through which their helmets glistened as they moved down the hill, and soon the smoke and dust swallowed them up and I saw the king and field marshal no more.

It has seemed to me there might appear in this sketch something of the true outlines, however vaguely and out of proportion, drawn in his period of greatest activity and glory, of the faithful and grand old servant and soldier of his country who has passed away.

It should be added that the young emperor does not exaggerate when he says Moltke was equal in the field to an army corps. The German soldiers regarded him as infallible—a good and great old father. He was a comfort to them. Under his command they were safe; that is, they would not be driven to die in vain. It is impossible to overestimate the value of this boundless confidence of an army in its leader. —[illegible]

What Eli Says.

"Eli Perkins" makes the following statement:

Hundreds of carloads of horses, which have done nothing but plow for wheat, are coming out of that Dakota wheat country to be traded for sheep in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The country about Moulton and Bismarck is being stocked with sheep in place of raising wheat. It is the firm opinion of Dalrymple, the great Dakota wheat raiser, that there will be [illegible] bushels less of wheat raised next year than the year before.

A Warning To Horse-Owners.

The Split Nail in this Shoe seriously lamed the horse from which it was recently taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail came out in the proper place for clenching, and so deceived the blacksmith who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot, called the "quick," from which the horse was made unfit for use nearly two weeks.

This is not an isolated case. The same thing is happening [illegible] the country [illegible] DANGEROUS [illegible]

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