

FANTASTIC BAKU.

Odorous, but Beautiful, and Only Millionaires Can Live There.

I'm afraid that I shall have to tell my great-grandchildren that the Caspian is very little to look at, at least from Baku. It has no color, and it smells outrageously of kerosene, writes H. G. Dwight in the Century.

Baku, however, is something to look at. (Baku is the Russian Transcaucasian seaport on the Caspian sea.) It is a kind of Pittsburgh dipped in Asia, and it tickled me beyond measure. Not so long ago it was a wretched fishing village inhabited chiefly by Persians and Tartars who were too stupid to sell their land to prowling oil prospectors. So those same Persians and Tartars now roll in gold. And they don't know what on earth to do with it. The consequence is that nobody but a millionaire can afford to live in Baku.

But what a fantastic hodgepodge of civilization and barbarism! What types! What costumes! What morals!

Above all, what motorcars, satin lined, emblazoned, gilded, jeweled, skitching there on the edge of Asia!

It's too good to be true, but I shan't tell you about it. What I want to tell you about is a park the Russians have made there on the shore of their Caspian. They always do those things well, you know. No green thing will grow for miles around Baku, but those Russians have coaxed a few trees to sprout in tube in that tidy little park, and bands far better than I ever heard in Central park play you Techaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakof, not to say Wagner and Verdi and Bizet. And you should see the extraordinary crowds that listen—the Russians, the Persians, the Armenians, the Georgians, the Leghians, the Tartars, the wild, the swarthy, the fiery, the rainbow colored! My son, when in doubt go to Baku.

I sat there in their park one afternoon sniffing their Caspian, tapping by foot in time to their "Glinka," when I suddenly made a discovery: That coon song we used to sing when we were young, "Lou, Lou, I Love You," came out of "Life For the Czar."

The "Third Degree" in Japan.

Medieval torture for securing confessions from criminals is, it seems, clung to by random policemen in Japan, although distinctly against the law. It is recorded in the daily papers that two Japanese detectives, Jihei Fujikura and Kumataro Takedo, who extorted a false confession of murder from So-suke Komori by means of torture, were each sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the Yokohama district court recently. They were given one year's postponement of the execution of the sentence. After being imprisoned for many months Komori, the victim of the overzealous "bulls," was recently released.—East and West News.

Salt Sea Superstitions.

Iceland fishermen considered sneezing a sign that some evil was about to happen to the ship and used to salute the man who had sneezed to atone for his act. Spitting to the windward, which is unseamanlike for a very obvious reason, was also considered as a sign of ill omen. A reasonable explanation for this superstition is that no ship was safe as long as she had members of her crew who were so ignorant in such an elementary principle of seamanship. Chinese sailors consider it good luck to cross the bows of foreign ships, and in seeking good fortune cause a great deal of trouble in narrow channels and congested waters.

Glass Room in a Hospital.

The hospital of the Hebrew Infant asylum in New York contains a room built entirely of glass. It is divided into twelve compartments, each having glass sides, through which the nurse can see the baby at all times without going in. Each compartment is ventilated separately, states the Southern Hospital Record. A child having a communicable disease can be cared for in one of these little compartments without any possibility of infecting the baby in the next one, although it may be only three feet away, and the children smile at each other through the glass.

Herbert Spencer's Oddities.

Herbert Spencer hated clocks which strike, especially out of door clocks. When staying in lodgings in a Berkshire village he sent a request to the owner of the principal house there that the stable clock, which struck the hours, might be stopped. He was not a good companion to go out for a drive with, as, if he did not feel well, he would ascertain how fast his pulse was beating and if it was not satisfactory would instantly give the order to return home.

The Prefect Of Police

Story of a Stolen Necklace In Valparaiso.

By GEORGE CATHERWOOD

It was on board the steamer Atlantic, sailing from New York to South America, that we first became acquainted with Jim O'Rorke, a young fellow of twenty-five, who had just enough blarney and brogue in his talk to be true to his name. However, he was an expert in his line and at the time was on his way to Brazil to buy diamonds for a New York firm.

Tom Hargraves and I had planned to spend the winter months in the tropics, so when the steamer reached Panama we said goodbye to our friend O'Rorke and went ashore, but the torrid heat of the day and the cold nights made the climate disagreeable, so we soon went on southward, and the following month we reached Chile.

Hargraves and I put on cool white suits, such as are worn in South American countries, and went down to the late evening meal, the fashionable one of the day at Chilean hotels.

As a waiter bowed us to a table we unexpectedly came on our old friend O'Rorke, who was dining with another American. When he caught sight of us his good natured Irish face broadened into a smile.

"Hello, fellows!" he cried, shaking hands cordially. "I'm certainly glad to find you here."

"I thought you were in the wilds of Brazil," I said, laughing.

"I was for awhile," he answered, "but I'm going home now. I came over to Valparaiso to see my friend here, the consul."

And, turning to his companion at the table, who had risen, he introduced us.

"Mr. Cuthbert, two friends of mine from the States, Mr. Hargraves and Mr. Moore."

The consul greeted us heartily when a messenger appeared and handed him a note.

"I have little time of my own," said the consul, and, excusing himself, he left the room.

Through a nearby window the evening air came in with delightful coolness after the heat of the day, and in the gay surroundings the meal passed happily. The majority of the tables were surrounded by wealthy natives, and the chatter of the Spanish language sounded incessantly.

Many of the women wore jewels, and as we passed our attention was attracted especially to a corner table near the door, where a man in uniform sat with one of the most beautiful Spanish women I had ever seen. I think her beauty first attracted me, though all noted the elegant necklace that encircled her throat and the large diamond that formed its central ornament. In a moment we had passed on, and a screen separated us from the couple at the table.

"Did you see that woman?" exclaimed Hargraves.

"Yes," I replied, "and her diamond necklace."

"I got only a glimpse of it," said O'Rorke, "but it was a beauty."

We stopped in the doorway, and as a waiter approached O'Rorke motioned toward the screen and asked, "Who is the lady at the first table?"

The servant replied in broken English, "Senora Garcia, the owner of the Pasaje."

"And the gentleman?" O'Rorke pursued.

The waiter looked surprised at the question. "The prefect of police," he said in an awed whisper.

We sat on the veranda smoking until it was late. Then Jim remembered a stiletto he had bought as a souvenir and went up to his room to get it.

A few minutes later a disturbance came from within. A woman screamed, and a man's voice called out in Spanish.

Hargraves and I rushed in with the other guests that had heard the noise, and at the foot of the stairs a strange sight met our eyes. Lying prostrate on the floor was the beautiful Senora Garcia, with eyes closed and hair disheveled, while around her neck was a red band, almost bleeding, as though the necklace had been snatched off with violence. Up on the stairs the prefect grappled with O'Rorke, and as they swayed back and forth with uncertain footing the light gleamed from a stiletto in the latter's hand.

It was the prefect that had called for help, and before we could reach them to assist O'Rorke a half dozen of the hotel servants appeared, and Jim was overpowered. The prefect disengaged himself with difficulty from Jim's embrace and stood panting.

"Lock this fellow up until police come from the city," he ordered. But Hargraves and I interposed. "What's the trouble, Jim?" I called to O'Rorke.

The prefect tried to keep him from replying, but Jim cried: "He stole the senora's necklace. It's in his pocket."

At this the prefect turned on him with a string of oaths. "Villain!" he hissed. "You took the necklace, and if it had not been for me the senora might have fared worse. Thank heaven I arrived in time to save her from your stiletto."

The retainers wrenched the knife from O'Rorke's hand, and the crowd surged up hissing, for nothing excites the Latin mind like the sight of naked weapons. The affair was becoming desperate for O'Rorke, but luckily at this moment Mr. Cuthbert pushed through the crowd, which fell back sullenly as they recognized the consul.

"Hold on there!" he called as the waiters tried to drag Jim away. "There must be some mistake, prefect. I know Mr. O'Rorke quite well, and no doubt we can settle this affair in a moment."

The prefect interrupted angrily, but the consul turned his back on him and asked Jim to explain what had happened.

"I had gone up to my room for this stiletto, a curio which I wished to show my friends on the porch," Jim explained, "and on my return from the head of the stairs I saw the senora in the hands of a man who held her by the throat. I shouted to him to let go and was surprised to see it was the prefect, who by that time had wrenched loose her necklace and slipped it into his pocket. Then, realizing that he was caught, he rushed at me as though I was the culprit."

The prefect stamped his foot and shouted "Liar!" But the consul held the floor, and Jim in proof of his honesty turned his pockets inside out. As he emptied his right hand pocket a glimmering gold chain fell from it, at the sight of which he staggered as though he had been struck. It was the diamond necklace. But entangled in the meshes of the chain was the prefect's police whistle engraved with his own name, "Pedro Menendez." Unknown to him, it had clung to the necklace during the scuffle when, in order to throw the blame on O'Rorke, he had transferred it to the latter's pocket.

The face of the prefect blanched, but he felt back on the dignity of his office. "This proves nothing," he said haughtily.

"It proves the necklace was in your pocket!" Hargraves called out, and what might have been a general riot was at that moment prevented by Senora Garcia regaining consciousness.

For an instant she swept the crowd with a bewildered glance; then as her eyes fell on the prefect she realized the situation and, with a cry of anger snatched her necklace from his hands.

"Oh, you ingrate!" she exclaimed. "You pretended to love me, but it was only for my jewels. I owe my life no doubt to this young man." And she turned to O'Rorke. "He arrived just in time to save me." Then as her hands caught the police whistle she disentangled it from the chain and hurled it in the prefect's face.

"It is a lie!" he reiterated, and, drawing the dress sword that hung at his side, he brandished it in a circle at arm's length. In this manner he fought his way through the crowd and made his escape by a rear door.

Later Hargraves and I laughingly suggested that Jim might supplant the prefect in the senora's affections, but he declared he had had enough of South American dealings, and we left the next morning on a Pacific steamer.

Tough Luck.

"I always was an unlucky beggar," said the pessimistic person. "The one great opportunity of my life was lost this way:

"Some years ago I was a member of a band, and one night among the audience were three men who had struck it rich and become millionaires. They were in a happy state and just in the humor to do what they did.

"After we concluded the concert, what do you think? I am a sinner if those fellows didn't invite the whole band across the street and after a treat in the clubhouse filled all our instruments with money. And there was I with a piccolo!"

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*No 46	11:33 a m
No 78	6:13 p m
SOUTH BOUND.	
†No 83	10:40 a m
No 79	11:03 a m
*No 47	6:47 p m
No 89	9:22 p m

†Daily except Sunday.
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