HEARST'S
SUNDAY AMERICAN

The Weather To-day:
Local showers Sunday and probably Monday; moderate south winds.

Atlanta Edition of The American
Consists of the Following Sections:
1—Late News. 5—Editorial.
2—Real Estate and Wants. 7—City Life.
3—Extra News. 8—Magazine.
4—Sports, Autos. 9—Society and Foreign. 9—Comics.
BE SURE TO GET THEM ALL.

VOL. I. NO. 7.
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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1913. ★★★ PRICE FIVE CENTS.

JAPS DEMAND FULL RIGHTS WITH WHITES AS CITIZENS

Meeting at Tokio Condemns Efforts of Agitators To Start Complications.

U. S. REPLY IS PREPARED

Wilson Takes Charge of Statement Following Long Conference With Bryan.

Special Cable to The American.

TOKIO, May 17.—Representative Teruteko Hinata and Kenzo Hayashi protested against the discrimination shown by the alien land ownership bill and condemned the lack of land and agricultural clauses in the existing treaty. They scored the reckless agitators, who, they said, were merely playing the game of those seeking orders for guns and warships.

Resolutions were then adopted declaring that the Japanese in America must have equal rights with the whites and that this fundamental solution of the existing difficulty would uphold Japanese prestige and guarantee permanent peace.

The meeting closed with dignity and seriousness and, with the exception of the idea that granting naturalization rights, the Japanese in America would find a practical solution.

U. S. Reply to Japs In Wilson's Hands.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The complete reply of the United States to the protest of Japan against the California alien land law is now in the hands of the President and, according to a statement from Secretary Bryan late this evening, may be delivered to the Japanese Ambassador at any time.

This status of the strained relations between the United States and Japan was announced after a prolonged conference between Secretary Bryan and the President at the White House lasting from 2:30 until 5 o'clock. Mr. Bryan admitted that Japanese and Mexican affairs and other foreign relations had been discussed by him and the President.

The negotiations with Japan were thus left by Mr. Bryan dependent for their solution, peaceable or otherwise, on the answer Japan may make to the suggestion by the United States for further diplomatic negotiations.

Expect Unfavorable Answer.

Summed up to this hour, no official statement has been made in opposition to the crystallized belief that the United States is expecting an unfavorable answer from Japan. The best the State Department could do it appears, was to deny the allegations of Japan as to the alien land law and ask for further time and conference. The White House has announced that there shall be no mobilization of the army or the navy. On his arrival at the State Department from the White House, Mr. Bryan gave out a statement denying that this Government was investigating the conduct of Henry Lane Wilson, the American Ambassador in Mexico. It was understood that statements printed in Mexico City and elsewhere asserting that he was being investigated has been referred to the State Department by Henry Lane Wilson. Such assertion made in Mexico naturally would impair the usefulness of Mr. Wilson to this Government in the present complications.

While both the White House and the State Department refused to discuss the terms of the reply, it was learned that they are as conciliatory as possible and that every phase which might possibly offend Japan has been expurgated. The resultant document is one which points out that this Government has done everything in its power to prevent the passage of the objectionable bill, and that it will continue to work to prevent the enforcement of the measure.

Soothe Japanese Alarm.

Japan also is asked not to be alarmed at the signing of the bill by Governor Johnson, but to reserve her final decision until the law goes into effect—which this Government hopes will be some time in the distant future, and after a new treaty has been drawn up between the two countries.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels today explored the "war score" that has been created in some quarters over the California-Japanese situation. He said he had ordered every ship in the Pacific Ocean to remain at its present

Continued on Page 5, Column 2.

Strikers Threaten To Wipe Paterson Off Map if Beaten

I. W. W. Agitator Says Judge Knows as Much of Law as Pig Does of Electricity.

PATERSON, N. J., May 17.—"We will win this strike or the city of Paterson will be wiped off the map."

This remarkable statement was made to-day at a mass meeting by Patrick Quinlan, the I. W. W. agitator, who was convicted last week.

Quinlan did not amplify his statement, but continued with a tirade against the police, prosecutor, judge and every one else who was responsible for his conviction. He likened Judge Farrell, of Paterson, to Jeffries, of England, and Fitzpatrick, of Ireland, and concluded by saying that Judge Farrell knew as much about law "as a pig about electricity."

Quinlan severely attacked Henry Doherty, a silk manufacturer, whose big plant in Paterson, he said, is operated by Japanese capital. These Japanese, he said, live on the life blood of the children of Paterson.

Mrs. Lincoln's 'Bitter Letters' To Be Sold

Collection Reveals Resentment Toward Congress for Not Providing for Her.

NEW YORK, May 17.—What are known as Mrs. Lincoln's "bitter letters" are to be sold at auction here next week. The collection consists of twelve letters written by the widow of the martyred President in the years just following his assassination.

In some of them Mrs. Lincoln was almost hysterical in upbraiding Congress for not providing for her, and in her denunciation of General Grant.

One letter, written in August, 1865, asks a friend to try to sell the black lace gowns which Mrs. Lincoln wore at the second inauguration, "for two hours only," in order to raise money for the support of herself and her two boys. The gown was one presented to her by a friend of her husband and cost $3,500.

In another letter, dated December 30, 1865, Mrs. Lincoln writes bitterly of the fortunes of the Grant family as compared with her own, and declares that "General Grant's services to his country were certainly not superior to my husband's."

Irish M.P. Prosecutes Militants in Court

Suffragettes Attack Home of John Dillon in Early Morning. Many Are Arrested.

Special Cable to The American.

DUBLIN, May 17.—John Dillon, member of Parliament, appeared in the police court to-day against the militant suffragettes who were arrested after attacking his house early this morning.

While Mr. Dillon was testifying, one of the suffragette prisoners arose and asked him why he was opposed to woman's suffrage.

"I have always been opposed to granting the vote to women," said Mr. Dillon, "but I never voted against it until the militancy campaign was begun."

The militant women attacked Mr. Dillon home while Mr. Dillon was reading in his library at 1 o'clock in the morning. Several windows were smashed and Mr. Dillon calmly put out the lights and retired.

Washington to Bar 'September Morn'

Canvas That Shocked 'Bathhouse John' Must Be Suppressed, Decides Morals Committee.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—After viewing Chabas' "September Morn" from the pavement in F Street, looking into an art dealer's window and perceiving the size of the crowd that was engaged in the same pleasing occupation, the public morals committee of Truth Society decided that this canvas should be suppressed.

An appeal has been made to the Police Department and it means probably that the lady whose beauty shocked "Bathhouse John" in Chicago and whose unconcealed curves has caused others beside Anthony Comstock to gasp will be banished from the capital.

SIXTY PATIENTS, MENACED BY FIRE, SAVED BY NUNS

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 17.—Sixty patients were thrown into a panic at the Notre Dame de Lourdes Hospital in West Manchester this afternoon when an explosion of gasoline started a lively blaze.

The heroic work of two nuns, who risked their lives by entering the blazing room and extinguishing the fire, saved the hospital from destruction.

KIPLING'S HERO SUES TO REGAIN $1,250,000 GEM

Action Against Indian Nizam Is Sequel to Amazing Diamond Transaction Years Ago.

STONE FINEST IN WORLD

Plaintiff, Now Poor Man, Once Was the Rich "Uncrowned King of Simla."

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 17.—One of the most sensational and romantic law suits ever heard in India will be tried in Calcutta shortly. Action has been brought by A. M. Jacob, late of Simla, now living in Bombay, against the present Nizam of Hyderabad.

Jacob is widely known in America as the hero of Marion Crawford's novel, "Mr. Isaacs," and as the original of Largan Sahib, maker of rich pearls, in Kipling's "Kim."

The suit is a sequel to an amazing transaction, almost 25 years ago, by the late Nizam of Hyderabad and Jacob over the Imperial diamond, now in the possession of the new Nizam.

This diamond, one of the finest in the world and worth a fortune, was bought for the late Nizam by Jacob when the latter was at the height of his power in Simla. Only part of the money was paid, but the diamond was never given up.

Again and again Jacob has sought permission to sue the Nizam for the recovery of either the stone or the balance of money owing—$1,250,000. That permission has always been refused, but at the Durbar, through the help of Major General Stuart Beatson, aide-de-camp of King George, Jacob's long-standing grievance was put before the King, who said he would see what could be done.

Viceroy Agrees to Action.

Lord Hardinge, Viceroy, has now agreed to the action and when the case comes on some names that are household words, including two viceroys of India—one of them Lord Curzon—will be brought in. The private as opposed to the public life of viceroys will be given. Financed by a friend and confident of a triumphant verdict, Jacob has undertaken the task with all his heart in it.

For years he has been living in Bombay with little money, due to the disastrous diamond transaction, whereas he was one of the richest men in India. Friend and adviser of no less than four viceroys and confidant of every fashionable and beautiful woman—in fact, uncrowned king of Simla—he taught Kipling much of what he knew of India.

He made name and early fame of Marion Crawford, who sat at his feet in Delhi, Simla, and he taught the late Mme. Blavatsky more about occultism than she had ever dreamed of.

When at the height of his fame and power, when all Simla was flocking to his wonderful seances and his house, stocked with precious stones

Continued on Page 4, Column 8.

BROWN OPENS WAR ON LYNCH RULE IN STATE

Governor Offers Reward of $100 for Conviction of Persons Behind Death of Negroes.

"LAWS MUST BE ENFORCED"

"Anarchy Shall Not Supplant Officials of Georgia," Declares Chief Executive.

Determined to make lynching a most unpopular crime in Georgia, Governor Brown offered a reward Saturday of $100 for each and every person against whom evidence could be furnished sufficient to convict him of participating "in the unlawful killings and assaults upon the dignity of the State" in connection with the recent lynching of negroes in Heard and Columbia Counties.

"The State's process for enforcing her laws is definite and complete," said Governor Brown in issuing the order. "She has not abdicated the power to apply that process, nor does she permit her power to be usurped by any person or combination of persons. She does not concede that anarchy in any form or to any degree shall supplant her laws."

The action was taken by Governor Brown on his own initiative and with, out a request from any interested source. It was to manifest in an unmistakable manner the stern disapproval of the State for any acts of lawlessness or for any attempt to usurp the functions of the courts and penal system by unauthorized persons.

John Henry Moore was taken from the jail at Appling, Columbia County, and lynched by a mob May 5. He had been arrested near Martinez in that County, and it was charged that he tried to kill the Sheriff when he was taken in custody.

Governor Brown communicated with the sheriff of each county as soon as he learned of the lynchings and asked for official statements of the occurrences. He told the officers to inform him if they desired rewards issued for the capture of the lynchers.

A reply was received from each sheriff, but both refused to make any specific request for the offer of a reward. The Governor thereupon took the matter in his own hands on the authority given him by the statutes and directed that the offers of rewards be promulgated.

Here is a sample of the proclamations:

State of Georgia—By His Excellency, Joseph M. Brown, Governor—A Proclamation.

Executive Department, Atlanta, Ga., May 17, 1913.—Whereas official information has been received at this department that John Henry Moore was put to death by lynching at Appling, Columbia County, May 5, by unknown parties, who escaped and are now fugitives from justice; and

Whereas the malignity of the crime and the promotion of justice require that said unknown parties be brought to trial for the offense, it is therefore

Ordered, That the Secretary of State record and issue a proclamation offering a reward of $100 for the apprehension and delivery of the said unknown parties to the Sheriff of Columbia County, with evidence sufficient to convict.

JOSEPH M. BROWN,
Governor.

By the Governor:
A. H. ULM,
Secretary Executive Department.

A similar proclamation was issued in the case of Sam Owensby, who was lynched at Heard on Monday.

SHRINERS FETED ON RETURN

Start Preparations for Meet Here

Adair Maps Record Entertainment

Potentate Forrest Adair, of Yaarab Temple, on his return from his victorious campaign in Dallas. Mr. Adair was given a tremendous reception at the Terminal Station, and is here shown giving vent to his joy by leading the cheering for Atlanta. Just behind Mr. Adair is seen J. O. Hardwick.



BUSINESS HALTS FOR TECH PARADE

Students in Night Shirts Celebrate Baseball Victory With Snake Dance in Streets.

Seven hundred "Tech" students, wildly exuberant over Saturday's 4 to 1 defeat of "Georgia" at baseball and the taking of the series three games to one, riotously paraded Atlanta's streets for two hours last night, shouting their battle cries and serenading every hotel with their brass band.

Banners flying and red fire blazing, they burst from "Tech" data and took marching formation on North Avenue. All were in nightshirts or pajamas. It would not have been a "Tech" celebration otherwise.

As they swung from North Avenue into Peachtree Street, they linked arms and started the picturesque snake dance, which they continued to the edification of the crowds along the sidewalks into the heart of town.

Street cars were stalled and cross-lines were blocked, but no one seemed to care—not even the motormen. The nightshirts, which were perfectly model garments when the parade began, were rent to tatters in the frenzy of enthusiasm before the evening was over.

Their serpentine course along Peachtree was stopped for the first time at the Woodbury School for Girls, and was resumed only after they properly had apprised the fair inmates of the day's most happy outcome.

At the Arnigon Hotel the army paused again. They rendered, with fine irony, "Glory to Old Georgia," and then proceeded to serenade the Piedmont and execute new and startling variations of the Turkey Trot for such of the Presbyterian commissioners as did not attend the big mass meeting.

They did not stop at the portals of the kinsfolk. Yelling and singing, they marched through the lobby, scandalizing the guests and imperiling the safety of those with weak hearts. Then they turned around and marched right out.

Down Whitehall they went to Mitchell, where they disbanded. Some went to their homes, while others continued the celebration on their own account.

Mr. and Mrs. Hearst Guests at Dinner of Gov.-Elect Slaton

Party of Sixteen Entertained at Beautiful Country Place in Honor of Publisher and Wife.

Governor-elect and Mrs. John Marshall Slaton entertained a dinner party of sixteen at their country place last night, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

The guests were seated at an oblong table, decorated in rose-pink carnations and white sweet peas. A central adornment, a large silver loving cup of the carnations, this being encircled by silver baskets of sweet peas, and silver candlesticks, shaded in crystal.

Mrs. Slaton was gowned in black Chantilly lace over pale pink satin, with high girdle of Nile green, and a corsage garniture of crystal.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, Governor and Mrs. Joseph M. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maddox, Mr. and Mrs. John Grant, Mrs. W. D. Grant, Miss Dodge, Mr. Guy Barham, of Los Angeles, Cal., and Mr. John S. Cohen.

GREAT FIRE IN BUDAPEST LEAVES 8,000 HOMELESS

Special Cable to The American.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY, May 17.—Eight thousand people were made homeless, one child was burned to death, many persons were injured and heavy financial loss was caused by a great fire in the center of this city to-day. The flames started in the upper floor of a large building, and, fanned by a strong wind, quickly spread to several blocks of houses, which were destroyed.

"We've Got to Get Busy; They Are Coming in Droves," Says Atlanta Potentate.

Undaunted by the fact that for the past two weeks he has averaged less than five hours' sleep a night, Forrest Adair, potentate of Yaarab Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., hadn't been in town fifteen minutes Saturday afternoon before he had doffed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and plunged into the work of planning for the entertainment of the Imperial Council when it meets in Atlanta in 1914.

Mr. Adair says he started planning even before his train arrived in Atlanta, and by the time the howling mob at the Terminal Station got a glimpse of him the potentate had a program of work mapped out that will be fair to keep his subjects on the jump for weeks. Members of the various committees of the local Shrine noticed that no sooner had their ruler alighted than he began singling them out with his eagle eye and beckoning them to the royal automobile, and they shone with reflected glory as they walked proudly beside their ruler in the triumphal march up Peachtree Street.

Little did they know of the designs which Mr. Adair had on their Saturday afternoon's pleasure. When the potentate reached the Temple the joyful committeemen edged into the crowd and seized some of the noise-making devices with which their comrades were armed, being minded to take a hand in the game themselves. But they didn't get away. Mr. Adair was chock full of the Atlanta spirit and he believed in doing things while there were things to do. So he yanked the astonished members of his committees away from their yelling, cheering comrades and disappeared with them into the recesses of the Temple, where for two hours he kept them in conference on ways and means to make the Shriners who will come here in 1914 go away bubbling over with praise for Atlanta and the Atlanta way of doing things.

Gets Busy Immediately.

"We've got to get busy," Mr. Adair told a Sunday American reporter, "for the Shriners are coming to Atlanta in droves. Before it left Dallas not less than 1,000 Shriners, through the officers of their bodies,

Continued on Page 6, Column 5.

'WHITEWASH' OF FIRE CHIEF IS SCORED BY WOODWARD

All Charges of Mismanagement and Graft Against Cummings Proved, Declares Mayor in Scorching Message to Council.

Will Gladly Furnish the Proof to the Grand Jury if That Body Should Desire It, He Adds—To Veto the Vindication Report.

Controversy Over Fire Engine Bid Recalled—Tells of Rebates Formerly Given on Hose Which Were Turned Over to the City.

Mayor Woodward Saturday made public a scorching message to Council on what he terms the "whitewashing" of Fire Chief W. B. Cummings and the conduct of the fire department. He declares that all the charges of mismanagement and graft were proved, and that the investigating committee and the members of Council deliberately discountenanced all the evidence.

He does not say he will take the matter before the Grand Jury, but declares that he would gladly furnish the proof if the Grand Jury should desire it.

The message, a veto of the report, unanimously adopted by Council, which vindicated Chief Cummings of all charges of corruption, will be read to Council Monday afternoon.

Those Who Conducted Probe.

The members of the investigation committee were J. H. Harwell, J. W. Maddox, Charles W. Smith, Clarence Haverty and S. A. Wardlaw.

The message follows:

To the General Council, Atlanta, Gentlemen:

I have declined to put my seal of approval upon the action of the committee appointed to investigate the charges or statements that I had made in a veto message to your honorable body, because of the fact that I am more thoroughly convinced, since attending some of the meetings of that committee and hearing the evidence given that I was entirely correct in every statement contained in that message, and I further desire to reiterate every statement made therein.

"All of the accusations made by me were absolutely correct and are borne out by the records of the city, and if the investigation had been conducted upon lines with a desire to ferret out and find good results, the city would have been the beneficiary. But the report of the committee shows that it was the intention of that body to expose and palliate.

Makes Strong Comparison.

"There can be no excuse for violating a city law. Because one man, or one department, has gone along and conducted its business contrary to the city charter, does not justify another in doing the same thing. It would be no justification for a band of burglars to burglarize a bank because another band had burglarized the same bank the week before. While this may be a strong comparison, I have no desire to appear offensive or harsh.

"As to the matter of bidding on a fire engine last October, I stated that the city could have gotten as good or a better engine for less money. There was a letter presented at a meeting of the Board of Fire Masters offering 10 per cent discount on one of the engines and the only excuse that was offered was that no member of the board read the letter making the 10 per cent discount. That being true, it is evident that the Board of Fire Masters of last year were not as thoroughly in their work as they should have been. Your committee, in an apologetic way, admits the truth of the accusation of this part of my message.

Tells of Old Rebates.

"As to the question of buying fire hose for the past twelve years, I showed plainly by the records of the city that for the first six years in Chief Joyner's administration he received a rebate of 10 cents per foot on every foot of 2 1-2-inch standard hose that he bought. This was a special rebate made to him, but he turned it into the city treasury. During the past six years, under Chief Cummings's administration, with the same quality

BURNS, CALLED IN AS LAST RESORT, FACES 'COLD TRAIL' IN BAFFLING PHAGAN CASE

World's Most Famous Detective Must Disregard All Theories Advanced Thus Far and Must Evolve His Own Solution of the Mysterious Slaying.

By AN OLD POLICE REPORTER.

Can William J. Burns solve the Phagan mystery?

I certainly hope so, as does everybody else who would like to see the guilty person in this extraordinary case brought to justice.

Unless Burns and his assistants are successful, I fear we shall never know who actually committed the crime.

In my article in The Sunday American on May 4, I said: "At present, on the evidence now before the public, there is little or nothing to lead to the belief that the mystery has been solved. Will it ever be solved? My own guess is that it will not."

What can Burns do that has not been done? Everything, of course.

He will begin at the beginning. He will take up the case as a medical diagnostician takes up the case of a new patient, with out any reference whatever to reports of prevous experts.

It is sometimes said in criminal circles, after a case has hung fire as the Phagan mystery has for several weeks, that "the trail is cold," meaning that so much may have happened between the commission of the crime and the period at which new men begin work, that everything is very much against the unraveling of the mystery.

This is not necessarily true, however. A cold trail is sometimes the best of all.

Mediocre detectives, like mediocre medical men, often get very fixed ideas and refuse to see new angles, new loopholes, new clews, or to examine new theories.

Very good medical men have pronounced patients incurable, or suffering from this, that, or the other disease, when a real expert brought into the case has gone at the matter from a radically different point of view, told them the true source of trouble, and remedied the evil.

WILL DISREGARD OTHER THEORIES.

If Burns does take up the Phagan case, he will not consider any of the testimony or evidence collected so far until he has first studied out the location of the crime, and from the moment the body was found, he will follow every clew, old or new, on his own line of investigation, without any reference to what may have been developed by the city detectives or at the Coroner's inquest.

After he has built up his own Frankenstein, he will take the reports of the various detectives, compare them with his own, and from these two reports he may be able to construct an entirely new and different case.

It does not follow that because nothing very positive has yet been discovered the mystery may not be solved; or, if it is not solved within the next few weeks, that it will not be solved within a year, or two years to come.

Burns is a relentless man. He knows no fear. No pull or power can influence him. He never forgives nor forgets. He never lets up. His horizon is broad. His imagination is strong; it is possible that some slight clew, overlooked by our city detectives, may start him on a line of investigation that will solve the mystery. I hope so—yet I am doubtful.

I have talked with Thomas B. Felder, the Atlanta attorney, about the Phagan case and Burns' proposed connection with it.

Felder has been employed to help bring the murderer of Mary Phagan to justice. He is one of the most intelligent lawyers in Georgia, level-headed, cool, incisive and acutely inquiring.

He has no large fee at stake, but he evidently is profoundly interested in the problem submitted to him.

Felder takes great pride in achievement. He delights to do things, to "put over" unusual and extraordinarily difficult undertakings.

FELDER STAKES REPUTATION.

I think he feels that he must not fail in locating the slayer of Mary Phagan. I believe he has staked a large measure of his professional reputation for astuteness and effectiveness against the seeming improbability of the Phagan case being cleared up.

Burns' name was brought into this case at Felder's suggestion.

To my mind, that proves two things. First, that Felder feels he must win at any cost; second, that he feels the chances are against him.

It is in just such emergencies, however, that both Felder and Burns work at their best. The commonplace interests neither; the bizarre, the grotesque, the elusive and the mysterious challenge both to their most intelligent effort.

Felder believes in Burns. He knows Burns' history, from start to its present status. He recites case after case—scores of them—in which Burns has triumphed over the apparently impossible.

Like that master detective of fiction, Sherlock Holmes, a case either interests Burns immediately or not at all. He either brushes it aside or he grasps it vigorously.

Unlike Holmes, however, Burns never injects morphin hypodermically into his circulation, nor does he play dreamy and severely classical music on a violin now and then.

I understand he is rather fond of playing the pianola, and that he cause occasionally to hear a phonograph grind out one of George ...'s rattely-bang pieces, particularly if it is something or other ... "star-spangled and glorious-ness."

Such simple diversions as listening to a phonograph or a pianola, however, are to my mind more convincing of mental alertness than hypodermics of morphia.

For the purposes of a fictitious detective creation, habitual injections of morphia are more picturesque by way of accounting for subsequent extraordinary mental agility, perhaps, than pianola recitals; but in this everyday world pianola recitals undoubtedly have brought about many more results that are substantial and practically logical in the detection of crime.

All of which may be more or less a seeming digression from the point primarily in mind—and yet it is well enough to remember that Burns is a human being, an actual person, famous in fact and not in fiction, and that Sherlock Holmes merely is a highly interesting creature of the wonderful brain of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, novelist and short story writer.

In digging into Burns' remarkable history as an unraveler of criminal mysteries, Felder found one case in New Jersey almost exactly paralleling the case of Mary Phagan in Atlanta.

There a 15-year-old girl was found at the head of a "blind alley" in Jersey City, her throat cut from ear to ear, and her body rudely concealed. Local detectives worked on the case for months; suspects were rounded up, and it was shown that thus and so "might have" committed the crime. But nothing came of these investigations and suspicions.

After a time, public interest in the case began to lull, and when it had all but died out Burns was called in.

The case interested him. He undertook its solution, in his own way and after his own fashion.

In an astonishingly short period of time Burns had fixed the crime upon it degenerate youth in Jersey City, therefore utterly unsuspected by the police.

Burns had seized upon a little bit of a circumstance, entirely overlooked by others who had preceded him, and, finding himself on the right trail, rapidly pursued it to its inevitable end.

There wasn't much of a fee in it for Burns, but his interest had been whetted by the baffling phases of the case, and when once the Burns interest is whetted it is rapacious.

Again, Felder cites the case of Wilberforce Martin, a rich cotton broker of Memphis, Tenn.

Martin disappeared in London, supposedly with a large amount of money on his person. The flower of Scotland Yard was put on the case, and every effort to locate Martin was exhausted.

Finally, the Scotland Yard detectives, being unable to locate Martin anywhere on the face of the earth, proceeded to locate him somewhere beneath the surface thereof, and they reported that Martin unquestionably had been sandbagged, robbed, and thrown into the Thames, and that his friends, if they desired to recover his body, might do so by dragging the river between such and such points.

Dragging failed to disclose a deceased Martin, however, and so, after a while, Burns was called into the case.

FOUND MARTIN—BUT NOT DEAD.

He went at it in his own way, and pretty soon he said that Martin was not at the bottom of the Thames, never had been there, and, furthermore, never had been sandbagged or robbed.

A few days later Burns turned up Martin, safe and sound, in a little Swiss village, where, for reasons of his own, he had elected to conceal himself for a time.

Naturally Scotland Yard was much chagrined, but there was Martin, alive and kicking, so what could Scotland Yard do but acknowledge its comparative stupidity beside the prowess of Burns.

And that, I think, surely would have delighted Sherlock Holmes, and good Dr. Watson, were there any such persons in reality!

Then, of course, there is the famous and recent case of the Los Angeles dynamiters. That story is so well known, and Burns' remarkable work in connection with it is so familiar to the public that detail recital of it here would be out of place.

It took him a long time to ferret out the truth of that, but he did it, nevertheless.

That's Burns, all over—he is untiring and relentless.

It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Felder's supreme confidence in Detective Burns is not without reason. Burns is a remarkable man—remarkable for his common sense, his businesslike methods, his attention to the seemingly unimportant and inconsequential, his knowledge of men and their ordinary trend of thought, his wide and diversified experience, and his absolutely unalterable determination and persistence.

Maybe Burns can and will solve the Phagan mystery. No person not a party to the crime, or a similar crime or crimes, will fail to hope and pray that he may. Good men and good women stand ready to finance his undertaking to the limit. That much seems assured.

If Burns can not find the slayer of the little girl, who can? I am sure I can not imagine.

CREDIT ALL HIS IF HE WINS.

Burns is not infallible. He has encountered mysteries he could not fathom—mysteries, perhaps, beyond the fathoming of human beings. But he has been most amazingly successful where the creme de la creme of the world's detective talent has failed.

Unquestionably, he will come into the Phagan case, if he does come, because it appeals to him, because it challenges his genius and his most aggressive ingenuity.

Like an expert surgeon who glories in the successful performance of delicate operations, so Burns glories in solving the most delicate and intricate problems, in unveiling the most obscure mysteries.

The Phagan case will afford Burns a great opportunity further to clinch his right to the title of the world's greatest detective.

He will fight it out alone and in his own way. He will be accorded the same treatment that other detectives have been accorded in investigating the case.

State, county and city officers will co-operate with him in exactly the same degree, if he wishes, that they co-operated with the other detective talent, local and otherwise, heretofore exploited in the case. That much—no more and no less.

If Burns wins, the credit will be his—if he loses, the loss of prestige and the stigma of failure will fall upon Burns' broad shoulders.

That, however, is the way he likes it to be. He has been placed in that position so many times, and there are so many detectives, real and near, gone to their rewards unwept, unhonored and unsung, and Burns so decidedly and so emphatically still on Burns that—well, it looks as if the right man is to take the job in hand at last.

I sincerely hope so, anyway.

J. Wiley Smith's Own Story of Adventure Stranger Than Fiction

Atlanta, Ga., May 17, 1913.

To Whom It May Concern:

I have sold the story of my adventures in Mexico exclusively for publication in the Hearst newspapers in Atlanta.

Any other articles said to be written by me are pure fabrications.

(Signed) J. WILEY SMITH.

The Georgian will begin the publication on Monday of J. Wiley Smith's own story of his remarkable adventures in Mexico. It is a thrilling tale of how this fugitive from justice in Atlanta fought his way against tremendous odds, escaped death in many forms, and finally returned to Atlanta "to die," as he says, and "to pay the price" for his share in the responsibility of the failure of the Commercial Loan and Discount Company.

The first of these articles by J. Wiley Smith will be published in The Georgian on Monday. Watch for them. They are worth reading.

BURNS SLEUTH MAKES REPORT IN PHAGAN CASE

Progress of Investigation Into Girl's Slaying Very Rapid, Declares Felder.

After 24 hours on the scene of the Phagan murder, the head of the department of criminal investigation of the Burns Detective Agency made his first report to his client, Thomas B. Felder, last night.

The report was so satisfactory that Colonel Felder announced more had been accomplished in the 24 hours than in many weeks of the investigation before the arrival of the Burns detective.

The fund to secure the services of William J. Burns and defray the expenses of the investigation of his first lieutenant went above the $2,000 mark yesterday.

Solicitor General Hugh M. Dorsey said that instead of being ready for the Grand Jury the Phagan case was still far from being in shape to be presented, and it was not certain it would be presented this week.

New Arrest Unlikely.

The probability of a new arrest being ordered from the office of the Solicitor became more remote following the statement of the officer who planned it that the evidence was not sufficient.

A person who has attended almost every conference the Solicitor has had with witnesses stated that several had made misstatements, others had not told all they knew and a great many had testified reluctantly.

These were the principal developments yesterday in Atlanta's greatest murder mystery.

The entire country about Atlanta has been searched for a trace of the mysterious girl who was said to have gone to the factory with Mary Phagan Saturday afternoon three weeks ago. A neat sum has been spent in automobile hire and detectives and deputies have spent many sleepless nights running down what at the time was thought to be positive information. Every time their work has been in vain.

City detectives have shown no evidences of weakening in their search. Baffled by many phases of the case, worn out by following clews that led them to "vacant lots" or "brick walls," their investigation continues unabated.

The coming of the Burns man has been welcomed by the prosecution.

Expects Burns to Lift Mystery.

Solicitor Dorsey said:

"I am glad we have been able to secure their services. There are many features of the case that the great detective, or his assistant, may be able to clear up. At any rate, there is certainly a wide latitude in this case for a detective who enjoys the reputation of Mr. Burns."

Colonel Felder confidently expects the Burns detectives to clear the mystery in short order.

"Twenty-four hours' investigation by the best man in the Burns service has convinced me the people who have subscribed to the Burns fund will be satisfied. With much work already accomplished by the city detectives, the Burns people will complete the case in a manner that will leave no room for doubt. I want to take this opportunity of saying that Atlanta's detectives have done very well. It is a case for a master mind, however, and the public will be best satisfied when Mr. Burns himself makes his report."

Subscriptions to the Burns fund were received yesterday from several points of the State. There were four from Smyrna, two or three from Macon, one from Coffee County and one from Jackson. In almost every case the subscriber asked that his name be withheld.

Greeks Add to Fund To Solve Phagan Case.

No people in Atlanta have been more anxious than the Greeks to see the murderer of little Mary Phagan brought to justice. A letter received by Colonel Thomas B. Felder yesterday enclosed a check for $25 from the Greek community to be added to the Burns fund, and carried with it a fervent wish that the mystery be cleared.

The letter follows:

I beg to enclose check for twenty-five dollars, which represents the proceeds of a spontaneous contribution of the members of the Greek Community, to the "Burns Fund."

The Greeks of Atlanta wish to see the mystery surrounding the tragic death of Mary Phagan solved and the reputation of their good city of Atlanta untarnished.

It was signed by Demetri Vafadi, Consul of Greece.

THE "RETURN" OF Frank R. Stockton

—IN—

"The Lady of the Violet" Fame

(1) The Lady With the Violet. (2) A Borden Mystery. (3) Dramatic Recitals. (4) The Thoroughbred Strain. (5) Some of the Characters of Fiction. (6) What Was the Name Given to Cleopatra's Needle? (7) Letters of Distinguished Writers on the Last Two Questions. Lost in the Ruins of Ancient Rome.

Written in Stockton's inimitable style—irrational yet humor and Stockton delightful, entertaining and weird, for lovers of fiction, together with his letters from the Forum, forms almost proof of his friendship for admiring readers. 1913 Most Startling Book of the Age. Affording a study of the new Psychology—the Literal Question in the Drama. Every book we guarantee to please you, or send it back.

The Library Edition, colored plate, $1.50. Postpaid, $1.60. All dealers, or Vacey Publishing & Masonic Sup. Co. (Dept. Dept. T)

45-49 John St., New York. Descriptive Matter Free on Request.

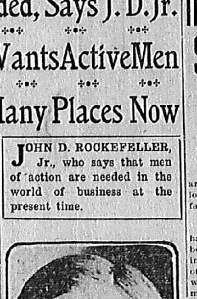
'Live Wires' Needed, Says J. D. Jr.

Business World Wants Active Men

Loafers Filling Many Places Now

Young Millionaire Addresses Men on Qualities Necessary for Success in Modern Competition. Three Classes Are Named.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., who says that men of action are needed in the world of business at the present time.



NEW YORK, May 17.—There never was a greater need of men who are "live wires" than there is to-day, according to John D. Rockefeller, Jr. From his own observations, he said, there were three types of men—those who "vacillate," and those who "survive."

In order to ascertain the different characteristics of these three kinds of men, Mr. Rockefeller said that he could not better illustrate his definition of them than by regarding life as a stream. The first class of men, whom he called the "drifters," were those who were provided with a boat, equipped with oars, rudder, compass, and perhaps a chart. The first man might be possessed of capability and intelligence, but he was indifferent to and uninterested in life. He therefore, never found occasion to use his instruments of navigation, but rather lay back in the stern of his vessel, with his face to the sky, his only object being enjoyment.

He Illustrates Type.

"You are familiar with this type of man," said Mr. Rockefeller. "He is the man who arrives at the office just as the clock is striking the hour for him to begin work, and he is the man who sits twirling his fingers from half to three-quarters of an hour before closing time. This man is interested in doing his work only in such a manner as will be acceptable to his employer. He does not care to advance, but he is always ready to complain that he has not received promotion.

"This first man is the man who drifts along. You know him well. He usually may be a very pleasant sort of fellow. Frequently he is a borrower, and frequently he will tell you that he would be glad to loan you, but as a general thing he never has anything to loan. It is likewise true that this man is always willing to give his last cent to the beggar on the street, not because he is inclined in his nature to relieve poverty or suffering, but simply because the sight of it is distasteful to him.

"In this first class of men I would also include those who have set out by making use of their oars, compass, and chart. You have seen them struggling against the stream, but they have met obstacles and have finally become discouraged. These men see the idlers drifting down stream. They are tempted by the appearance of enjoyment, and finally yield to the persuasion of those who drift alongside them. These men have accomplished all they can, and they can do no more.

Recalls a Trip on Lake.

"The second class of men I can better describe by telling of a trip I made to the Adirondacks one summer. With a party I was rowing on a lake late in the afternoon. We passed a boat in which there were two men. One of them was sitting at the stern, and the other was wrestling at the oars with all his might. The wake of the boat looked like the trail of a drunken man. The man at the oars didn't know how to row, and the man at the helm didn't know how to steer. Consequently, they were not getting anywhere. And so, in this second class of men are those who have begun well, but are drifting without arriving at anything definite.

"The third class of men was represented by a man whom Mr. Rockefeller described as having been one of his classmates in college. This man was born of humble Irish parents, with the odds apparently all against him. He began work first as a stage carpenter, and finally, when he had accumulated a little money, decided to obtain an education. He went to college, where he made his small funds go further by working on the grounds of the institution, tending the furnaces and rubbing down the men on the football and track teams during contests. At last, when he was graduated from college, this man was acknowledged to have been the most brilliant student in history that the institution had ever turned out.

Remembers a Classmate.

This man, whom Mr. Rockefeller remembered as aclassmate, had later gone out West, where he became a leader in one of the big universities. Mr. Rockefeller, by way of illustrating the power of persistence, told how this college mate had married shortly after his graduation. An unpaid note for several hundred dollars was held against him by one of his friends in college, who sent the note to him canceled as a wedding present. The note was returned to the sender, with the explanation: "Thanks very much. I can't accept it. It's a debt. I will refund the loan."

In applying his subject Mr. Rockefeller explained that a "live wire" man have a source for a power, and, finally some definite end through which his power was canvassed. "I do not hesitate in saying that the source of all power is Almighty God," said Mr. Rockefeller. He further strengthened his point by saying that only recently the head of the new Chinese Republic had sent out a request for all Christian peoples to pray that strength and power might be given that government.

"There is a greater need of men who are live wires to-day than ever before," said Mr. Rockefeller.

SLAYER OF U. S. OFFICERS CAUGHT BY BROTHER-IN-LAW

PIKEVILLE, KY., May 17.—David Hall, charged with killing United States Deputy Marshals Sloan and Ramey, was caught this afternoon by Deputy Sheriff Max Osborne. Hall's brother-in-law.

A reward of $500 had been offered for him. Five others have been arrested in connection with these killings.

CINCINNATI MAYOR TO ASK TROLLEY RECEIVER

CINCINNATI, May 17.—Mayor Henry Hunt announced this afternoon that he would ask the courts at once to appoint a receiver for the Cincinnati Traction Company.

This action is a result of the refusal of Governor Cox to send troops to Cincinnati to quell strike disturbances.

INDIAN PRINCE SUED FOR COST OF FINEST GEM

Continued From Page 1.

and ornaments, was the most fashionable in Simla, the story of the fateful imperial diamond began.

Amazing Story.

The story is a long one and perhaps the most amazing that could be told outside of fiction. It shows intrigue at its height and the action of Lord Lansdowne, who at the time was Viceroy, in the sale of the diamond, was remarkable.

Put very briefly, the case which is to be recalled in a sensational fashion is this:

Jacob was approached by the late Nizam of Hyderabad to purchase for him the famous imperial diamond, then on sale in London. Jacob obtained the stone and offered it to the Nizam for $1,250,000. The Nizam accepted and paid Jacob $250,000 on account. He took the stone and never paid another rupee.

The sale had been stopped by the President of Hyderabad, who acted, it is alleged, under the influence of Lord Lansdowne, who had quarreled with Jacob. Not only did Jacob lose the money he paid out to obtain the diamond, but soon after was sued by the Nizam in Calcutta on the charge of cheating. The case lasted fifty-seven days and ate up most of Jacob's money and drove him from Simla. He won the case but never received the diamond back and never got a rupee of the money owing.

At last Jacob will have a chance he has long awaited to sue the present Nizam. He could not sue without the permission of the Government of India.



Nothing cleans a sink so well as CN

CN dissolves grease and oil and moves it instantly.

CN is a perfect cleanser. It cuts the dirt and makes everything in which it comes in contact fresh and bright.

The wise housewife uses CN for every cleaning purpose, because CN is a powerful disinfectant as well as an efficient cleanser. CN saves time, health and money.

All Grocers, Druggists and Department Stores.

10c, 25c, 50c, $1

The yellow package with the cash-top.

West Disinfecting Co. Atlanta, Ga.

DR. VERDIER'S LIVER EASE

"Better Than Calomel"

Hundreds of people have tried this wonderful Liver Medicine during the past two weeks. They all say that it is the best Liver Medicine that they have ever used.

Are you feeling just right?

If not, try Liver Ease. It will relieve the cause of all troubles due to inactive liver.

You take no risk whatever in buying this wonderful medicine. Every bottle carries a guarantee to satisfy you or money will be refunded by the druggist from whom you made the purchase. Price 50c per bottle.

You will find Liver Ease on sale at all Drug Stores.

Look for the pink package.

KAISER MUCH OFFENDED; TASTE IN ART SLIGHTED

Special Cable to The American.

BERLIN, May 17.—Emperor William is incensed over the arrangement of the exhibits at the silver jubilee art exhibition, which was organized in his honor. The Kaiser was especially displeased at the prominence given examples of the architecture of Von Stuck, the sculptor, whose work received as much space as the painters. A liberal display of photographs of railroad stations, castles, museums and other buildings designed by the Kaiser failed to appease him, and he smartly refused to be represented at the industrial banquets.

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE GIRLS TO POLICE THEIR SISTERS

CAMBRIDGE, May 17.—Radcliffe College has just appointed a force of eight women police. Continued disturbances in the classroom and about the college grounds called for the adoption of some radical reform.

Eight undergraduates have been detailed to act as guardians of the peace. Their duties are to suppress the talkative and giggling students at lectures, report the tardy and incorrigible, and see that the college regulations are obeyed to the letter. Each carries a small button as an insignia of office.

White City Park Now Open

A Little Nest of Your Own

If you do not own your home, you alone are responsible. You can find a house and lot that you can purchase if you will read the Real Estate Ads in the Classified Section of The Georgian.

REMOVAL SALE!!

Our present store is going to be remodeled and we are going to clean out our up-to-date stock of Ladies' Suits, Millinery, Dresses, Hose, etc. In fact everything must go. Price is no object. You can purchase them at your own terms. See for yourself.

LOOK!!

About 500 shapes, all colors, latest styles in Hemp, Milans, small and large, formerly sold at $2, $3 and $4, at 98c

All Trimmed Hats we will sell at 50c on the dollar.

One lot of Ladies' Suits:

$12.50 Suits, at	$ 6.50
17.50 Suits, at	8.75
20.00 Suits, at	10.00
$ 4.00 Skirts, at	$ 2.89
5.00 Skirts, at	3.25
10.00 Skirts, at	5.50

White Linen Skirts, also Piques, $1.50 regularly, now 89c

Ratines, were $3 and $3.50, now $1.69

ONYX HOSIERY.

25c Hose, at 19c

50c Hose, at 40c

95---WHITEHALL---95

I. SPRINGER

MAIN SHEET—Part II.
ALL THE LATEST NEWS.

HEARST'S
SUNDAY AMERICAN

MAIN SHEET—Part II.
ALL THE LATEST NEWS.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1913.

President Yuan Shi Kai Cables Appreciation from New Republic of China

Honorable William Randolph Hearst, New York, N. Y.

I thank you heartily for your cablegram (congratulating China on its recognition as a Republic by the United States.) Our citizens, as well as myself, feel highly gratified at the lead taken by President Wilson and the people of the United States in the formal recognition of the Republic of China.

Our National Assembly, having perfected its organization, is now in session. The Provisional Government, while approaching the expiration of its legal term, has not slackened its efforts to promote peace and order in the country and to do all that lies in its power to strengthen the foundation of the new Commonwealth. We appreciate highly the cordial and sympathetic expressions contained in your cablegram.

YUAN SHI KAI, President of the Republic of China.

LAS COLORADAS MINE HOLDERS SUE ON STOCKS

Georgia Men Lead in Action to Recover Investments in Silver Claim Development.

DENOUNCE WHOLE PROJECT

History of Company Is Told In Action Begun in the Fulton Superior Court.

Stockholders in the Las Coloradas Mining Company are suing in the Superior Court to recover their investments.

They charge that—

An abandoned silver mine was bought for $40,000 and sold to the Las Coloradas Mining Company for $100,000.

With this $40,000 "hole in the ground" in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, as sole asset, the Las Coloradas Mining Company was organized with a capitalization of $5,000,000.

No mining ever was carried on.

No satisfactory report of the condition ever has been made.

The promoters took over the "mine," on the ground that the company had no money with which to pay the taxes, and as they personally paid the taxes, the property reverted to them under the laws of Mexico.

The stock is worthless.

The whole scheme was intended simply to defraud investors.

James J. Hightower, Jr., of Atlanta, is one of the stockholders, who says he put $3,000 into the venture and wants it back. John Bostwick, of Bostwick, Ga., also has filed suit. He says he is out $1,250.

J. T. Pittard, of Winterville, Ga.; William Eberhart, of Cornelia, Ga., and O. B. Barron, also of Cornelia, started a similar suit, but were paid $4,940, in full settlement of their claim, and dropped the litigation.

Other Georgians to Sue.

Suits are being prepared and soon will be filed for Sam P. Thompson, president of the Bank of Covington, Ga.; P. A. Stanton, president of the Bank of Social Circle, Ga.; Judge Samuel H. Sibley, of Union Point, Ga.; L. E. Green & Co., of Watkinsville, Ga.; E. L. Paw, of Marietta, Ga.; J. N. McClure, of Norcross, Ga.; J. L. Chupp, of Lithonia, Ga., and H. H. Daniels, of Lithonia, Ga.

These and a few others invested about $40,000 in the Las Coloradas Mining Company for something like 150,000 shares of stock.

Among the defendants named are W. M. McKenzie, president; W. W.

Continued on Page 4, Column 6. This Section.

Parcel Post Service Costs One Cent More

Figures Compiled by Department Show Delivery Has Added Little to Expenses.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Figures available to-day at the Postoffice Department show that the cost of the delivery on parcel post packages for the 50 largest cities in the United States is less than 1 cent additional in the cost of each package above the ordinary cost of service. A total of 1,644,699 packages were delivered in these cities in the six days between April 14 and 19 at a cost of a ninth of a cent a pound.

Automobile deliveries prove to be the most expensive, notably in San Francisco and Cincinnati, where the cost is almost 15 cents a parcel. In the 50 cities the average cost is 5.53 cents a package.

The low average rate on all deliveries is due to the fact that most of the packages are delivered by carrier, where little additional expenditure is necessary.

Search Is Renewed For J. D. Mattiford

Wealthy Clubman Wanted on Charge of Kidnaping Barwick Children. Mrs. Jeter Also Sought.

Renewed efforts were made Saturday to effect the capture of John D. Mattiford, wealthy clubman, and Mrs. Annie Laurie Jeter on Grand Jury indictments charging them with kidnaping the two children of John A. Barwick, head bookkeeper of the Exposition Cotton Mills, whose wife and children disappeared several weeks ago at the same time as Mattiford and Mrs. Jeter. Indictments against the couple were returned by the Grand Jury yesterday.

Descriptions of Mattiford and Mrs. Jeter, who is the mother of Mrs. Barwick, have been sent broadcast over the country. They are believed to be in the East with Mrs. Barwick and the missing children. Barwick declared Saturday that he intended to prosecute the alleged kidnapers to the extent of the law.

Court Reform Aim Of Legislative Bill

Measure Defeated Last Year Will Be Reintroduced This Year—Has Judges' Approval.

A bill giving all criminal court judges in Georgia legal authority to suspend sentences and giving counties the right to appoint probation officers will be reintroduced this June in the Legislature. The bill was defeated last year by thirteen votes.

The measure has the sanction of the Prison Association of Georgia and the indorsement of all Superior Court Judges in the State.

Safeguards are contained in the measure. No person convicted of a crime, the maximum penalty of which is more than ten years imprisonment will have the right to benefit by the act.

THIS WEEK'S PENNANT
PRINCETON

Regulation colors: Orange and black, with mascot tiger head, in four colors. Size, 12x30 inches.

An attractive addition to The Sunday American pennant series.

The series now includes Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Georgia Tech, Cornell University and Auburn.

The Pennant Coupon on page 6, City Life Section, of to-day's Sunday American, will entitle you to any of these handsome pennants at the special reduced price.

Your newsdealer can get them for you, or write to us. Address

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN
30 East Alabama St. ATLANTA 35 Peachtree St.

DENTISTS WAR ON CHILDREN'S FAULTY TEETH

Free Brushes, Paste and Mouth Wash Weapons to Be Used in Combating Evil.

ALL SHOULD BE INSPECTED

Recent Tests at Two Schools Showed 95 Per Cent Were Defective.

Tooth brushes, tooth paste, mouth wash, distributed free, if necessary, to the school children of Atlanta are weapons which the city's dentists would bring into play in the fight against defective teeth. Compulsory care of the mouth among school children, is urgent, thinks Dr. George S. Tigner, who yesterday told of the co-operative campaign being conducted by the Chamber of Commerce, the Atlanta Dental Society, and the public school authorities, to bring about such an end.

"Dentists of Atlanta have for a long time recognized the need of dental inspection among school children," said Dr. Tigner. "Tests and efficiency are related. Bad teeth make for bad scholarship and bad health in more ways than one. And the great proportion of the school children of Atlanta have defective mouths."

He told of a recent inspection of the teeth of children of the Drew Street and Bell Street schools, conducted by members of the dental society who volunteered their aid to the Chamber of Commerce in the work inaugurated by that institution to remedy defeiencies in the teeth of the children

Ninety-Five Per Cent. Bad.

"The first inspection," he related, "revealed the fact that 95 per cent. of the children had defective mouths. They were bidden to seek remedies at the dental hospitals. So effective was the impromptu campaign, that a second inspection in the two schools revealed a great improvement in the condition of the teeth of the children. A third inspection will be made shortly."

The two schools were selected for the experiment as being representative institutions. The effect of the work, Dr. Tigner said, points to the urgent need for established periodical inspections among all the school children.

A city ordinance probably will be necessary. In the law, Dr. Tigner explained, should be provisions for nurses and dentists to instruct the school children in the care of their teeth, and for the distribution of the necessary materials in cases where the parents of the children lack the means of purchasing. He even hinted the efficacy of a dental hospital.

"In Boston," he explained, "the Forsyth Dental Hospital, established and sustained at a cost of millions, is the answer to the question. In Atlanta the nearest approach to a public institution of this kind are the clinics of the two dental colleges, the Atlanta and the Southern."

Clinics Great Power.

These clinics, he said, possess a wonderful power for doing good, and already have accomplished much. There is material in Atlanta for great work in this line.

"Atlanta turns out each year more dentists, from her two colleges, than any other Southern city," he declared. "There is possibility in the clinics for great service among the school children. This possibility and power is being realized, with much benefit."

The graduating classes of the two institutions, he said, aggregate from 40 to 75 young dentists each year, and the total attendance is several hundred.

So much in earnest was the Atlanta Dental Society regarding the necessity for the inspections that its members stood the expense of the work in the Drew Street and Bell Street schools, furnishing the necessary materials for demonstration and use. Manufacturers helped in this by supplying the material at low cost.

Peace Union Would Cede England Land

Joint Bill To Be Introduced in Congress Affecting Alaskan Coast Strip.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—A proposal to cede to Great Britain the coast strip of Southeastern Alaska, 586 miles long, and in some places eight or ten miles wide, was made in a joint resolution introduced to-day by Representative Stephens, of Texas, at the request of the Universal Peace Union at Philadelphia.

The resolution requests President Wilson to negotiate with Great Britain for a commission to investigate the possibility of rectifying the boundary of Southeastern Alaska, for the benefit of both parties.

It sets forth that the border should be adjusted to remove the unnatural boundary by which British territory is shut off from the sea by the American coast strip and suggests that such a move would set an example in the policy of mutual concession that would constitute a "glorious achievement in history."

Atlantans to Figure In Citizenship Meet

Ministers Will Take Part in Conference of 20,000 Delegates at Portland, Oregon.

Atlanta ministers will take a prominent part in the World's Christian Citizenship Conference to be held in Portland, Oreg., next month. Among the local men who will attend will be the Rev. Preston E. Wood, Rev. L. O. Bricker and the Rev. Dr. McKelway.

The conference, which is expected to attract 20,000 people to Portland, will be one of the greatest religious gatherings of the year. The Citizenship is rapidly extending the scope of its work, and in fourteen States definite working organizations have been established.

More than 100 of the world's greatest orators are scheduled for addresses. Dr. McKelway, of Atlanta, is included in the list of speakers, his subject being the child labor problem.

White House Phone Mystery Unsolved

Secret Service Men Unable to Find Boys Who Called Up President's Daughter.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—"I'd like to talk to Jessie," said the boy on the telephone.

Secret service men, it was learned at the Capitol to-day, have been unable to discover the identity of two page boys in the House who several weeks ago called up Miss Jessie Wilson, the President's daughter, and made the foregoing remark on the telephone. The call was put in while the House was in session at night from one of the booths in the Democratic cloak room. After the call was in the boys disappeared. The White House operator traced the call to the Capitol.

The boys, it is said, called Miss Wilson merely as a joke.

Mrs. J. J. Astor Ill; Needs Outdoor Life

Titanic Baby in Best of Health Because It Has Always Had Fresh Air.

NEW YORK, May 17.—Mrs. John Jacob Astor is ill and is preparing to leave for the country, where it is hoped the return to out-of-door life, of which she is very fond, will restore her former splendid health.

W. H. Force, her father, to-day admitted that she was far from well and is under the doctor's care.

"The baby," said Mr. Force, "has practically lived out of doors since it was born, and is a fine, big healthy child. We call him the 'fresh air baby,' because he has certainly thrived on that sort of life."

DIVES 250 FEET TO DEATH AFTER ATTRACTING THRONG

OAKLAND, CAL., May 17.—Harold McGill, City Clerk of Oakland, to-day climbed the dome on top of the new City Hall and, after shouting and waving his arms to attract the attention of persons on the street 250 feet below, lived to his death.

ATLANTA BANKER IN NEAR FIGHT AT STATE MEETING

A. P. Coles and Hartwell Financier Almost Clash Over Attorney Park, Who Retains Place.

16 OPPOSE HIS RE-ELECTION

L. P. Hillyer, of Macon, Is Made President and Haynes McFadden Secretary of Ass'n.

MACON, GA., May 17.—After the liveliest and most personal controversy in the history of the Georgia Bankers' Association, Orville A. Park this afternoon was reelected general counsel for the association in the closing minutes of the final session of the State convention.

Sixteen bankers, led by A. P. Coles and Carl H. Lewis, of Atlanta, fought Mr. Parks' nomination. Mr. Coles spoke for nearly an hour, and once nearly had a personal encounter with J. D. Crafts, a young banker from Hartwell, who said that the Atlanta man was "not acting decently" in holding the floor so long. As the two men started for each other a score of bankers intervened. They later withdrew their respective remarks and apologized for their conduct.

Lewis Attacks Park.

Mr. Lewis demanded the right of personal privilege to declare to the convention that he would not vote for Mr. Park under any circumstances.

"His usefulness as attorney for this association has expired," declared Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Coles declared that if the convention took away from the executive council the right to elect the general counsel, not only would the president of the association be broken, but the convention would commit a disgraceful act. He said that Mr Parker drafted a bill for the Legislature last year without conferring with the legislative committee of the bankers and that for that reason the Legislature did not pass the bill.

Atlanta Delegation Overruled.

Four times the contentions of the Atlanta delegation on parliamentary points were upheld by the chair, B. W. Hunt presiding, and four times did the convention overrule the chair. There were only about 50 bankers present and a majority of them were Mr. Park's friends and mostly Macon financiers. L. P. Hillyer, the newly elected president, led the fight for Mr. Park, who, he said, had been done a great injustice. He declared that Mr. Park's remarks on how to control the Legislature were spoken in jest and should not be held against him.

The convention indorsed Atlanta for the 1914 convention of the American Bankers' Association.

Ban Put on Politics.

A resolution to thank President Wilson for the appointment of W. J. Harris as Census Director was defeated on the ground that it savored of politics.

An agricultural committee was created to promote closer and friendlier relations between farmer and banker and a sum was appropriated for agricultural extension work in Georgia.

Joseph A. McCord, of Atlanta, made a report on his recent visit to Washington in regard to the tariff bill, with special regard to the income tax feature. He said that the bankers secured an important amendment to this bill.

New State Officers.

Officers elected by the association to-day are:

President, L. P. Hillyer, Macon; first vice president, L. D. Council, Americus; second vice president, H. O. Barksdale, Washington; third vice president, C. A. Shelton, Brunswick; fourth vice president, L. C. Hall, Milledgeville; fifth vice president, T. S. Calhoun, Cartersville; secretary, Haynes McFadden, Atlanta; reelected, treasurer, S. C. Smith, Griffin.

The selection of the next meeting place was left with the executive council.

YUAN SHI KAI, PRESIDENT OF CHINA



Broyles to Speak At School Closing

Atlanta Recorder Accepts Invitation to Deliver Baccalaureate Address at Eatonton.

Recorder Nash Broyles will deliver the baccalaureate address before the Eatonton, Ga., High School on May 26. Judge Broyles has announced his acceptance of the invitation, which was presented by prominent officials and citizens of Putnam County.

The Atlanta Recorder's fame as a public speaker has spread rapidly throughout the State, and he is now much in demand. He has spoken before large gatherings at several different places during the past few weeks.

CINCINNATI PRIEST WILL PREACH AT ST. ANTHONY

Rev. Father Flavian Larbes, a Franciscan priest from Cincinnati, will preach at the Novena to St. Anthony this year when the exercises open at St. Anthony's Rectory, West End, on June 4.

Confirmation will be administered at St. Anthony's Church June 8.

The first communion of the children will be held at the end of the celebration on June 13. All Catholic and non-Catholics have been invited to hear the sermons of Father Larbes.

Miss Douglas Bride Of Dr. Henry Estees

Groom Leaves Immediately After Ceremony to Accept Place in New York City.

Mr. A. S. Douglas yesterday announced the marriage of his daughter, Kathleen, to Dr. Henry Grady Estees. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. John C. Jenkins at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. A. L. Anderson, Moreland Avenue, yesterday at high noon.

The bride is one of the most admired and highly esteemed members of the younger set. Dr. Estees is a recent graduate of the A. C. P. and S. He left for New York City immediately after the ceremony to accept an appointment in one of the leading hospitals there.

WIFE HELD FOR SLAYING; ALLEGED AFFINITY FREED

CHICAGO, May 17. The Coroner's jury, after deliberating three hours and twenty minutes, placed the responsibility on the grounds of Mrs. Augusta Dietz for the murder of her husband, George H. Dietz, who was found dead with his head crushed in with a hammer.

The jury recommended that Mrs. Dietz be held for the Grand Jury but also decided that there was insufficient evidence to hold George Nurse, being concerning Mrs. Dietz's relation to the murder of her husband because her testified

CHINA GIVES ITS THANKS THRO' W. R. HEARST

President Yuan Shi Kai Cables Gratitude for the Publisher's Influence in Obtaining Admission Into the Roll of Republics.

Message Completes International Exchanges Which Began When Wu Tingfang Made Appeal for Aid When Freedom Was Won.

Yuan Shi Kai, President of China, presents through The American today the thanks of the new republic of the East to the American people for the recognition which the United States was the first to accord to the youngest member of the Sisterhood of Free Popular Governments.

It is a message of peace and good will which completes a significant chapter in the history of the twentieth century.

By his message to Mr. Hearst, President Yuan Shi Kai brings to a felicitous conclusion the series of international interchanges which began when the people of China having made their successful stroke for freedom, Foreign Minister Wu Tingfang appealed to Mr. Hearst to transmit to the civilized world the new republic's plea for recognition, and came to a happy end when, following the passage by Congress of a resolution inspired by The American, favoring the Chinese republic's recognition, this recognition was accorded by the Washington Government.

President Yuan Shi Kai now completes the chain in his cabled thanks to Mr. Hearst.

The Hearst papers are proud to have been a medium of thus bringing about, in advance of all other nations of the world, the recognition by the United States of the Oriental republic.

China's First Appeal.

It was on November 16, 1911, following the first flash of the news that the Chinese people had thrown off the yoke of the long intrenched Manchu dynasty and established a Government of their own, that Mr. Wu Ting-fang, long Chinese Minister at Washington and fully informed as to the widespread influence of the Hearst newspapers cabled Mr. Hearst from Shanghai, invoking his aid in securing recognition for the new Government.

"As one who is a steadfast lover of liberty," wrote Mr. Wu, who had been given the post of Foreign Minister in the new republic, "who is ever courageously fighting the battle of the oppressed, you may I ask you to transmit to the civilized world this appeal for the new republic of China, as written by me as Director of Foreign Affairs?

"The Chinese nation," wrote Mr. Wu, "born anew in the travail of revolutions, extends friendly greetings and felicitations to the whole world.

"As the Republic of China it now asks such recognition by the civilized powers as will enable it, with the assistance of their kindly offices, to erect upon the foundation of honest government and friendly trade and intercourse with all peoples a peaceful, happy future.

"The Chinese people are not unfried in self-government. For countless ages they ruled themselves and developed an observance of the law to a degree not known among other races.

"Out of the chaos and dust of the falling throne emerges a free, enlightened people, a great natural democracy of 400,000,000 human beings."

"They have chosen to set up a re-

Wild Flowers I Have Met

By Mike Chesterfield.

THE DAISY.

FARMERS do not like the daisy. They call it "poverty weed" and say it ruins their hay crop.

But they haven't met the real daisies. That's why they are farmers.

The daisy has a pale complexion with a peroxide crown or heart. But the Daisy I met was pink and white, and when I insinuated that her hair was peroxide she promptly became a wild Daisy.

Daisies dot the fields and meadows in the country, but the Daisy I met did nothing of the sort; she got me dotty, however. I used to sit under the great elm trees with this Daisy and talk and talk and talk. We picked the field daisies, pulled out their petals and murmured, "She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me," etc., etc., etc.

And when I caught Daisy cheating by pulling out the last two petals at once so as to make it come out "He loves me," she once more became a wild Daisy.

That was the day she carried a red parasol, and as we wandered through the meadows a gentleman friend of the cows on that farm caught sight of Daisy just as she opened the parasol.

He was certainly polite, for he apologized profusely by bowing and scraping his front feet and moaning, then he hurried up to meet Daisy.

Did Daisy run? She did not. She just closed her red parasol, slapped the beast across the face with it and then poked it in his eye.

Believe me, she was some Daisy, that girl—just then, in fact, she was a bull's-eye daisy!

One day we started to make a daisy chain. I decorated it with laurel leaves. At least, I thought they were laurel leaves. But later the doctor looked us both over and said they were poison ivy leaves.

Talk about your wild daisies; this Daisy was the wildest one on record. In fact, she never got so wild before, and only once after that did she become as wild.

That was when I left her and picked a modest little Violet.

I'll tell you about Violet some day.

This Suffragette Had to Go Back to the Kitchen

NED MATTHEWS is a candidate for Mayor. Opposing him is a dark horse—a suffragette, who is known only as Elsie Smith. This Elsie Smith is none other than Ned Matthews' wife, she choosing to conduct her campaign incognito lest her husband make trouble.

Confidently expecting her election, Mrs. Matthews fits up one of the rooms in the house as her headquarters. Mr. Matthews comes in.

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MR. MATTHEWS—I would like to know what that desk and that banner are doing in my house and in my very library?

MRS. MATTHEWS—They belong here.

MR. M.—Well, let them stay here. But answer one question, who is that old hen up there?

MRS. M.—Old hen is she? Let me tell you that Elsie Smith and Mrs. N. Matthews are the same.

MR. M.—What! You are this Elsie Smith? Well, I'll be blowed! My own wife my political rival. The woman who swore to love, honor and obey me.

MRS. M.—Yes, that's just it. The women of this town have come to the conclusion that matrimony is not their sole destiny, and they decided to be first in the affairs of the nation.

MR. M.—Why, it's contrary to the law of nature. Wasn't a man made first?

MRS. M.—He was, but the experience gained in making man was applied to making a much better and finer being, woman.

MR. M.—If you women hadn't been made at all it would have been a lot of money in our pockets.

MRS. M.—But when woman first met man he didn't have any pockets.

MR. M.—No, he didn't need them then. He didn't need anything but a smile. Then dear, kind, sweet woman came along and took that away from him. Then woman invented pockets—so she could tell where the poor man carried money. Now I suppose you have another rotten apple you want me to eat? Well, I don't care for fruit. But tell me, you don't think you have got a chance to win?

MRS. M.—Why, of course I do! And in twenty-five minutes from now the polls will be closed and the results known, and then we'll see.

MR. M.—Yes, then we'll see your political ambitions vanish, like the dew before the morning sun. Pssssst—Bang—All over.

MRS. M.—Well, you have been reading Laura Jean Libbey.

MR. M.—Look here, young lady, I'm not a plagiarist.

MRS. M.—No, you're worse, you're a politician.

MR. M.—What are you, a saloon keeper? Why you women, you're fighting against yourselves. You're fighting the tariff on hats, shoes and silk stockings. Why don't you let us men fight that? We buy most of them and then give them to you.

MRS. M.—Yes, that's just what we want to do. We want to pay for our own hats, our own shoes, our own diamonds.

MR. M.—And will you pay the rent?

MRS. M.—Why of course I will!

MR. M.—Why, I'll vote for you myself! I suppose you think you can do any old thing a man does?

MRS. M.—Well, you show me one thing a man can do that a woman can't do.

MR. M.—Do this. *(Puts hands in pockets.)* Now all this jesting aside. You don't really wish to win against your husband.

MRS. M.—That has nothing to do with me.

MR. M.—And why hasn't it anything to do with you?

MRS. M.—You ask me why? You ask a woman why? I'll tell you why. We have been told that we are the weaker sex, haven't we? Yet we have to bear the most pain, the most slander, the most abuse. Are there not in foreign countries women who have ruled and still rule successfully? If we own property we are taxed the same as you, yet we are given no voice in the affairs of the country. Now is the time for us to show you that as surely as our forefathers rebelled against taxation without representation, so will we have a say, and we'll vote.

MR. M.—I've got to leave here. I can see that. I'm going home to mother. But before I go I'll sell out. Do you want to buy my desk for a nickel? You're all right, Smithy, but tell me, where are you going to get all these votes from?

MRS. M.—I suppose you forgot that all my former sweethearts are going to vote for me.

MR. M.—And I suppose during these election times you love your former sweethearts just to get their votes?

MRS. M.—Why, certainly.

MR. M.—Now I know why you came home so late last week. You were out getting votes! But you women, you don't know what you want.

MRS. M.—I tell you we want land reform, school reform, domestic reform.

MR. M.—You want chloroform.

MRS. M.—I tell you we are serious in this matter, and some day a woman will be Speaker of the House.

MR. M.—Why, a woman has always been speaker of a house! When a poor man wants to say anything he goes out in the back yard to say it.

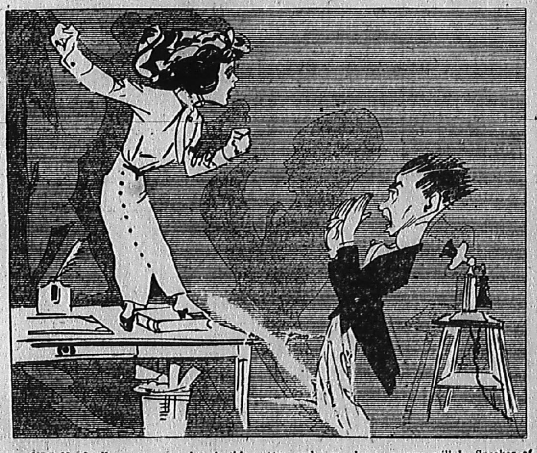
MRS. M.—Well, speakers like you ought to go out in the back yard to speak.

MR. M.—What's the matter with my speaking?

MRS. M.—Why, I stood down here on the corner the other day—

MR. M.—Look here, now. You've got to keep off the corners. I'm your husband and won't stand for—

MRS. M.—And I was ashamed of you as my husband. Why, you couldn't put up a decent argument for your own campaign.



MRS. M.—I tell you we are serious in this matter, and some day a woman will be Speaker of the House.

MR. M.—Why, a woman has always been speaker of a house! When a poor man wants to say anything he goes out in the back yard to say it.

MR. M.—I'll show you what kind of a speech I can make. *(Jumps on table.)* "Friends, Fellow Citizens, Townsmen and Poor Misguided Women: Do you realize that if this candidate for mayor is elected what will happen? We'll have a lady fire department, lady letter carrier's and lady policemen, will we not?"

MRS. M.—Why, certainly.

MR. M.—"Can you see a good looking lady policeman coming down the street about 12 o'clock Saturday night. Instead of a club she has a hat pin in her hand. She walks up to a crowd of boys standing on the corner and she says: 'Now you get out of here. If you don't get out of here I'll stick you.' Now, gentlemen, are you going to stand to be stuck? Do you see the point?

"Then she walks up to another crowd of boys standing on the corner and says: 'Now, look here, boys, if you don't go home I'll take the whole crowd to the house with me, and they all go to the house with her. Why, I'd go myself.

"Lady letter carriers! They don't need to carry the letters. Just call them to the window and whisper the news. Make it strictly confidential. Why, it'll travel quicker and farther than the mail could take it in a month!

"Lady soldiers! Well, it's true ladies would do all right for the infantry, but can you imagine all the powder they'd use up before they started in to fight? But that's not the worst of it. When they got into the thick of the battle some rude person on the other side would holler 'Rats,' and they'd lose the whole war!

"But a poor, kind natured, nice little man, comes home Saturday night with his little salary in his pocket, and he's wandering along a little street, as men sometimes wander, and by goes into his house and lies down for a little necessary sleep, and as he lies there as innocent as a lamb, dreaming of the angels, the door opens and a woman enters with a murderous intent and like a thief in the night. She creeps not toward the sleeping man, but toward his pants, hanging over a chair, and with one of her woman's rights she quietly extracts ten, thirty or twenty-five cents. Now, gentlemen, I'm speaking from experience. I've been touched, but the question I place before you is this, that if this candidate for mayor would take thirty cents out of my pocket when I am sleeping, how much would she grab out of your city treasury when you are all sleeping?'

MRS. M.—Well, many nights when you've come home you haven't had thirty cents left in your pocket.

MR. M.—How do you know that?

MRS. M.—There goes the ticker. Now we'll see who wins. Here you are, Election Reports. District 7—Smith, 3,000; Matthews, 38. District 4—Smith, 1,000; Matthews, 17. District 12—Smith, 2,000; Matthews, 9.

MR. M.—Let me see that ticker. And here you are. They're off. Elsie Smith gets a good start, she's doing nicely at the first quarter, now at the half, King Lee by head, Elsie Smith second, Queen Bess third. Now in the stretch, neck and neck. Elsie Smith she wins by a head. Why that's a horse race. Who put that in there? Here you are now, final report from headquarters. Ned Matthews wins by a majority of 3,000. Smithy, go back to the kitchen.

A Funny Scene from "The Suffragette," by Franklyn Ardell, as Played by Himself and Ann Walters.

(Stage Rights Reserved by Mr. Ardell.)

Mickey and the Golden Rule

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TEACHER told us oncet at school
To observe de Golden Rule—
"Do to others as we'd have 'em do to us;"
But I wants to tell y'u, see!
No such rule don't go wit' me.
Any time I'm done dere's goin' to be a fuss.



I wants to say right here,
I licked fifty kids dis year;
An', fudermore, no gink kin bully me.
While I ain't a pickin' fights
I stands up fur all de rights
Our fathers' fathers' won in history.

Dat rule may be alright
Fer a gink dat's scared to fight,
But I'm a scrapper, wid a nawful punch;
An', if I should wait to see
Wot some guys'd do to me,
I'd lose me reputation wid de bunch.

Teacher can't make it go down
Out in dis end of de town.
"De gink dat smiteth my cheek," like she said,
Ain't goin' to be no "brother,"
Ner have me "doin de other,"
Not me! I'm goin' to punch his bloomin' head.



Youze have heard about de way
I put Tony Schmidt away.
Everybody talks about dat scrap.
He was twicet as big as me,
Weighed a hundred fifty-t'ree—
Chee! I pushed dat heavy-weight clean off de map.

Wot dat guy "did unto me"
Wasn't "as I'd have him," see!
An' dat's where teacher's wrong. De rule is nix.
He called me "bones" an' "skinny"
Cause I tripped him, playin' shinny.
I couldn't stand for dat. We *had* to mix.

De trouble is, no guy
Is willin' fer to try
To start de rule a workin', cause de rest
Won't follow, an' come t'rough.
Take de rule says dey should do.
Dere's always someone wants to get de best.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR

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THE Newspaper Humorist was very busy trying to fit a laugh to the latest item of news when his door opened and in breezed an individual of girth, baldness add apparent jollity.

"Name's McFee," said the stranger. "Ought to be a funny man with such a funny name. Think I am, too; that's why I'm here. I want to hear if you think my stuff's worth getting into print."

The N. H. held up a hand in protest. "I don't pay for help; have a hard enough time getting money for myself."

McFee laughed. "Don't want your money; just your opinion. For instance, in Boston now the rooters are called garters instead of fans. That's not so, of course, but I'm telling a joke. They're called garters because they support the Red Sox."

The N. H. groaned.

"You think," continued the visitor, "I'm like the tattooed man—have designs on myself, eh?"

"Not quite, but—don't you know that to be a successful humorist you must have plenty of talent, outside talent, friends who are funny and who are willing to relinquish their goods to you?"

"Oh, I have. There's one fellow I know who's funny without knowing it. Went to a doctor the other day because he always awoke with a headache. Doctor told him to take a pickle just before going to bed. If he could keep it on his stomach he'd wake up feeling fine. My friend tried it, but said the pickle insisted on rolling off his stomach just as soon as he fell into a doze. Good yarn, eh?"

Again the N. H. groaned.

"But," said McFee, "I've got a keen sense of humor myself. Was chewing a clove the other evening when it dawned on me—fairly took my breath away—that I didn't like 'em."

"What's the joke?" asked the N. H.

"Clove—took my breath away."

"Some men are born humorists," paraphrased the enfeebled N. H., "some men read humor, and others have humor thrust on them. Every man thinks he's a humorist—that's why there are so few."

"Don't you find it easy to write jokes?" thundered McFee.

"Very; but not to think of them. That is harder to do than to shave the back of the neck or to talk sassy to the wife."

"But you make easy money."

"Easy money, my friend, is the money that goes easy, the only kind I know. There are many ways of committing suicide, and confining one's self to the field of humor is one."

McFee was interested. "How's that?"

"Well, those contemplating suicide have only to sit down, write jokes, send them to the editors, and—starve to death."

"Then you'd advise against my entering the game?"

"Most assuredly. Just forget the jokes you have, and—well, if it's a good one I'll smoke it; if it isn't, I'll give it away. Thank you. Good day."

McFee closed the door, after promising not to write humor. Then the N. H. banged out the jokes of McFee on the typewriter, put them in an office envelope, used some office stamps, called the office boy, and had the stuff mailed. And did he sell the jokes?

He did!

Just for Fun

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Unlucky Hans

A WAITER in a certain cafe has forsworn nightshirts for pajamas, and thereby hangs a tale.

This waiter, Hans by name, was for a long while accustomed to come home at night with his pockets full of silver, his "tips" for the day, and his wife, when he had fallen asleep, would raid the silver supply. Hans, of course, was quite aware of this unkind proceeding on his wife's part, but he said nothing as he racked his Teutonic brains for a scheme that would put an end to this sort of thing.

One night he waited until his spouse had sunk in slumber. Then he got up, took all the silver from his pockets, crept silently back to bed and tied all the money in a corner of his nightshirt. He congratulated himself on his cleverness, figuring that he had devised a means to stop the raids.

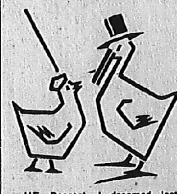
His surprise the next morning may, therefore, be imagined, when his wife addressed him thus:

"Thank you so much, Hans, for the present."

"What present?"

"Why all that money tied in my nightie."

Goose Talk.



HE—Dearest, I dreamed last night that you were dead and that I saw your ghost.

SHE—Oh, John, was it a fashionable shade?

Historic Girls.

THE Queen of Sheba was a maid
Of pronounced views, and yet
No history ever said that She-
Ba was a Suffragette.

Misunderstood.

FAT OLD LADY—Could I get a seat near the stage, please.

Box Office—Why certainly, what row do you want?

Fat Old Lady—Don't get fresh, young man.

Unwritten Law.

"ALWAYS wears pretty low cut dresses, doesn't she?"

"Yes, seems, to think self-revelation is the first law of nature."

At the Boarding House.

NEW COOK (anxiously)—There are fourteen more to be served Ma'am and we've nothing but dirty dishes.

Landlady—Hey, George, got the gravy!

Budding.

SHE used to wear a high-necked dress,
The proper thing, no doubt;
But now her dress is decolette,—
She's slowly coming out.

Caustic Criticism.

JIMMY De MUTT—Say, Billie, ye'd oughter read the Evening Howler. It's de best paper on the island.

Bowery Billie—Aw, say, wotchu givin' me? Wot t'ell do you know about literachur?

Crushed.

WHEN Mrs. Hifalire divorced her first husband
Another man took her to wife;
She told him, ere long, that the first was a model,
And yet there was no sign of strife;
But shortly the second stayed out until morning,
Came home with no sign of remorse;
He said, when she scolded, "I've been with the party
From whom you obtained a divorce."

Joshing the Diplomatist.

THERE is a certain youth attached to one of the foreign missions at Washington whose habit it is, shortly after introduction to some fair lady, immediately to turn the conversation into channels favorable for the discussion of the tender passion.

"I observe," said he, on one occasion, when he had just been presented to a charming young woman, "that you wear a most attractive locket. Tell me, does it contain the token of some past affair of the heart?"

"Yes," smiled the lady, who had been warned of the diplomatist's weakness, and who thought to have a bit of fun with him. "It does contain a love token—a lock of my husband's hair."

"A widow!" exclaimed the susceptible foreigner, as he edged closer.

"Why, some one told me your husband was alive."

"He is," answered the young woman, "but his hair is gone."

THE late King Edward was noted for his marvelous memory for faces, and he rarely forgot a name.

One day he was taking a stroll in the park, accompanied by an equerry. A tall, well dressed man, in passing, gravely bowed. As he held his silk hat level with his knee he stopped to one side to allow the King to pass.

"Good morning, Your Majesty," he ventured.

The genial King halted and looked at him a moment, apparently at a loss to put a name to him.

"I seem to know your face, sir, but I regret your name has escaped me."

"Oh! I made your breeches. Your Majesty," the court tailor humbly answered.

The King smiled and held out his hand.

"Ah, yes. Good morning, Major Breeches."

IN some places meat and drink has given way to meet and drink.

THE Sunday school teacher had discoursed long and eloquently upon the wonders of heaven, the glories of the tropical foliage in the gardens and the angels with their beautiful white wings walking up and down the marble steps.

"Now, I want one of you little girls to ask a question about the Heaven which I have described to you," he concluded.

There was a long pause. Finally after a lot of coaxing, a little girl rose from her seat and asked:

"Please sir, if the angels have wings, why do they walk up and down the steps?"

The teacher was considerably taken aback. In sheer desperation he turned to the boys of the class and invited them to answer the question.

Presently a small boy stood up with a grin on his face.

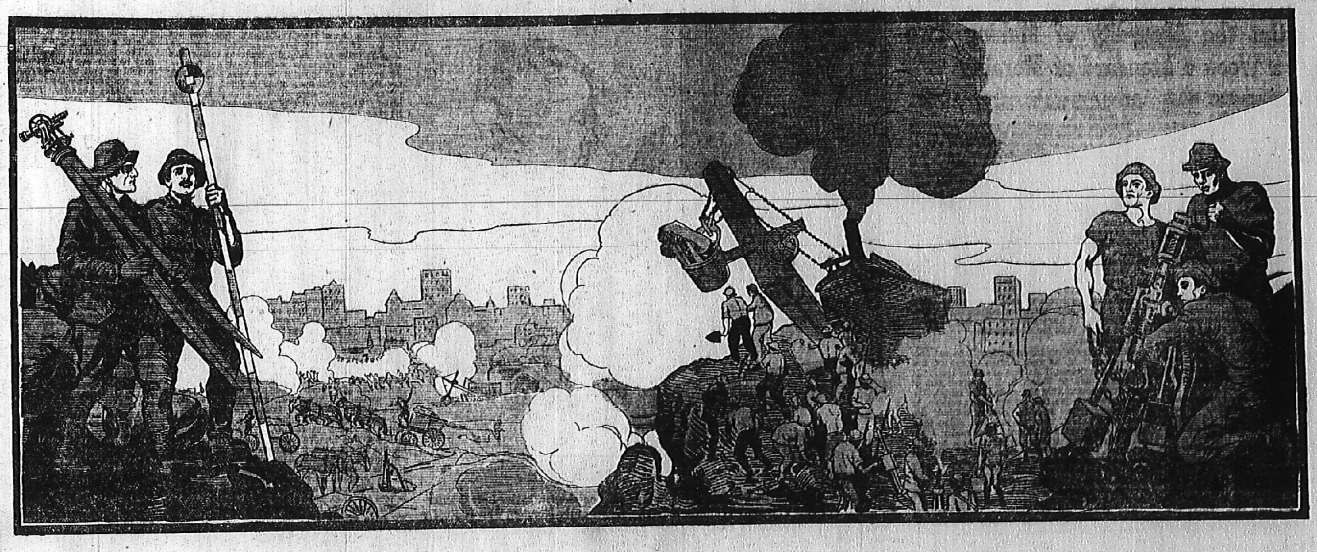
"I know, teacher."

"Well, my little man. Speak out so the class can hear you."

"I guess they was mollin'," came the instant reply.

PLAYS with short runs give the players long walks.

Man Makes Nature His Slave



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This Reproduction of a Painting by Fred Dana Marsh, Illustrates as No Other Artist Has Done Man's Conquest of Nature and Man's New Power.

The Great Engine Doing Without Pain or Fatigue the Work That Men Did Slowly and in Sorrow Is the Greatest Triumph and Hope of the Human Race Today. Here You See Men BEGINNING to Do Their Work in the Right Way.

You See in the Slave That Works for Them With the Power of Steam the Agent That Will One Day Conquer the Globe and Set All Men Free.

FRED DANA MARSH, one of whose paintings we reproduce here by permission, has succeeded in putting on canvas the real battle and the real triumph of men in our century.

That is to say, he has painted the battle against Nature, and the triumph over material difficulties.

Such pictures as Marsh paints should be hung up in every school, in every library, to make children and grown people realize what the real fight of men is today, AND WHAT THE REAL GLORY OF THE HUMAN RACE IS TO BE IN AGES TO COME.

This painting shows one of many giant steam shovels at work, digging out a great railroad excavation in the city of New York.

It shows the leaning monster of steel ripping up rocks, dirt and sand, every mouthful filling a wagon, every groaning and grunting of the engine deepening the hole and hastening the task.

Only yesterday the work done by this giant of iron and steam must have been done painfully by the feeble hands of men.

Until our day all the work of the world has been done painfully by men, miserable slaves attached to the soil, stunted by labor, bodies merely fed and worked, and then worked and fed again, and at last put away in a shallow grave dug by some other working body.

Where a hundred men, getting in each other's way, bending their backs and wearing themselves out, would have worked throughout an entire day with picks and shovels, ONE MAN now sits in the big steam shovel slave, directs the work of the monster with a slight movement of his hand, and in a minute pulls up from the earth's depth into the wagon huge rocks that men could not lift. Every minute this monster does a day's work of half a dozen men. And no one suffers, no one is tired, no one is driven—science that found men slaves of each other and afraid of nature is setting men free, free of slavery, free of superstition and terror—AND MAKING NATURE AND HER POWERS SLAVES OF MAN.

Man is the great accomplishment and glory of this age.

Man uses Nature's forces and conquers Nature. Only a short time ago Nature's forces frightened man.

Civilization must progress in the years ahead of us with a rapidity inconceivable. FOR THE MINDS AND THE BODIES OF MEN ARE SET FREE TO THINK.

While men were physical slaves real thought was impossible, except to the rare man.

Athens was the intellectual centre of the world twenty-five centuries ago, because the Athenians employed slaves in great numbers. Every Athenian citizen learned to think because he had leisure. The citizens thought and developed a national intellect that no nation of our day pretends to equal. The greatest Greek thinker, Aristotle, said that civilization and progress could not exist without slavery—and he was right.

But he did not dream that men one day would use the giant slave of steel and steam that you see on this page in Marsh's painting.

This century and centuries to follow will surpass the Athenians in intelligence and in the possession of slaves.

Our slaves will be of metal, without nerves. The power of the lightning, of steam, of the tides and of the great sun itself will be the power of these slaves of civilization.

Slave women spun and wove slowly the clothing of the Athenians and of the Romans.

Our clothing is made by slave fingers of steel. Great machines, gigantic looms, turn out in a day enough to clothe every citizen of Athens.

The slaves carried their masters in palanquins in Roman days. Steam and the lightning are the slaves that carry us to-day.

Huge fair-skinned captives from Gaul and Germany did the digging twenty centuries ago.

The slave on this page digs for us today, and those that worked tied to the shovel and the pick until yesterday will soon be free to stand straight AND THINK, AND BE MEN.

* * *

It was glorious in the old days to see a strong nobleman's tower on a hill protecting the serfs and slaves at work in the valley below. That tower meant that the poor toilers were protected and kept free from marauders and from murderers.

It is infinitely more glorious to see a great factory above a waterfall in our day, to see the huge power building of Niagara sending over copper wires the invisible electric slaves that work with fearful force in cities miles away.

The old tower of the baron freed the slave from murder and the fear of sudden death.

The modern industrial tower, and such servants of man as the great shovel in this picture, WILL FREE THE HUMAN SLAVE FROM HIS SLAVERY.

And that wonderful accomplishment of the human brain, that conquest of Nature and her powers, that dominion over the earth accomplished purely by man's intellect, is the great glory and hope of the human race.

Go to the great steel mill at Gary, in Indiana, and there you see in wonderful perfection man's use of Nature as his slave.

The great ships bring the ore down the lakes. No man's hand has touched it. Jaws of steel have torn it from the ore bed and dropped it into the ships.

At Gary other steel jaws lift it and carry it to the furnaces.

It is melted and great machines pour it out. It is divided into huge ingots, and these, white hot, are carried to the first part of the rolling mill. Still no man's hand has touched that iron. No slave has toiled under its weight.

The ingot is squeezed by one machine, made longer and narrower, squeezed again and made still longer and narrower.

It starts on its journey along the rollers of the mill, squeezed, pressed, handled, turned over, and shaped as it travels hundreds of yards—no hand touching it.

It arrives at last, a red-hot steel rail, the right shape, cut the right length. Machinery turns it over, slides it on an incline. It has made the journey, changing from a shapeless ingot to a finished rail, handled by machinery, the machines guided and controlled by one or two mechanics sitting aloft, pressing levers or buttons, AND WATCHING.

Finished at last and almost ready, the rail slides down the incline, and for the first time a man deals with it. He is a young Scandinavian giant, six and a half feet tall, with yellow hair and a clear gray eye. With huge pincers he turns the rail, and, standing at one end, runs his eye along it. He is no slave, but a well-paid worker. Ten dollars a day is his pay for the use of that true eye. As he looks along the rail he sees the defects, moves the left or the right hand, and another man controlling the straightening machine straightens the rail as ordered.

And there you have side by side ten rails perfectly straight, and more always coming down the incline to meet the glance of that gray eye.

* * *

Do tired, hard-worked men come now to lift these heavy rails and stagger under their weight?

Not at all. They are turning black, but still too hot for any man's touch.

A man sitting in his little tower touches a button, and along overhead rails there comes gliding a great electric magnet—on a giant scale—the same as the magnet with which you used to draw little tin ducks across the water.

The magnet slides along, drops down upon the ten rails that weigh thousands of pounds, the electrician presses a button, turns on the current, and man's electric slave glues the rails to the magnet. The ten are lifted at once, as easily as a child would lift a pin; they are carried to a flat car, lowered on to the car, the current is turned off, releasing the rails, and the magnet travels back to get another load.

To realize what progress the human race has made, remember that the race lived for more than two thousand centuries not knowing how to use iron, and then see that giant magnet at Gary loading a car with steel rails, brought from an ore bed one thousand miles away, changed from the ore into the finished rail, AND NEVER TOUCHED BY A MAN'S HAND EXCEPT AS THE MAN WITH THE CLEAR EYE TURNED THE RAIL AND ORDERED THE MACHINE TO STRAIGHTEN IT.

* * *

There is SLAVERY, and the ideal slavery that will free the whole human race, by making Nature's power MAN'S SLAVE.

When you see the picture on this page, when you know what man has done since the days when slaves toiled to build the pyramids under heavy loads and under the lash, you cannot doubt that man's conquest and freedom will be absolute.

You cannot doubt that man on this earth will be the absolute ruler of his planet, shaping it, remoulding it as he will, free and powerful—and the poverty and the horror of to-day will have become a memory as dim and as distant as the stone age is to us.

Why a Minimum Wage Law Cannot Make Girls Moral---

By Dr. KATHERINE B. DAVIS

Superintendent Bedford Reformatory.

Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, One of the Foremost Woman Sociologists of the World, Points Out the Absurdity of Making Two Dollars a Week a Standard of Morality

By Dr. KATHERINE BEMENT DAVIS

HAVE our modern social and economic conditions developed a new morality?

Are we creating a new and dangerous standard of morality? Has it come to pass that morality is to be measured by dollars and cents? Will the addition of two dollars to her weekly wage make the working girl "good"? Does the lack of this two dollars make her "bad"?

Immorality is on the increase. Those of us who have to do with the "girl sinner" are only too well aware of the truth of this assertion. It is increasing, not because of the lack of that two dollars, not because the standards of womanhood are lower than they were a generation ago, but because more girls of an impressionable age, ignorant, ineffident, are sent out into the world to earn their living. More girls are exposed to temptation than ever before. The greater majority of them withstand temptation, not because of the two dollars but because they are stronger mentally than those who succumb; because they have social and family standards that hold them back if temptation assails them; because they instinctively know the true from the false. The girl who "goes wrong" does not do so because of the lack of the two dollars, nor usually because she wants to be bad or vicious, but simply because conditions are too strong for her; because she is mentally unfit to know the false from the true.

How is the problem of the girl criminal to be solved? By legal action? Not the ordinary kind. Laws do not make men and women moral. I feel that I am safe in saying that the minimum wage, if it is ever made obligatory, will have no direct bearing on this problem. It is one strand in the web, but not the vital one. There are many students of this social-economic question who believe that the minimum wage will prove the panacea for all social ills. I do not agree with this belief. It may minimize the evil for some-it will undoubtedly increase it for others. During a recent investigation I personally examined two thousand women and the number who gave low wages as the reason for their sin was so small as to be practically negligible. I know that the reasons lay too deep for these women to apprecidate. Being united to self analysis, they gave the first reason that occured to them and almost never was it low wages.

I do, however, believe in the theory of the minimum wage, but I do not see how it can be successfully put into practice. The average employer says for what he gets. If he is forced to pay nine dollars, for instance, what will become of the girls who are not worth five dollars? I have had hundreds of girls at Bedford to whom I would not pay four dollars. What is to become of them when the minimum wage becomes a law?

The employers will carefully weed out all the undesirables and keep only those worth the legalized wage. There are times when I fear that the minimum wage may become a Frankenstein monster that will turn and rend those who created it.

There is hope under the present conditions for the untrained girl who is really only worth what her employer pays her, but what will be her condition under the minimum wage law, what will be the condition of the girl who is mentally unfit, who is mentally incapable of being trained? What profession will she turn to most naturally? On the face of it does it look as if the social evil would be decreased? Rather would it be increased.

Society, these emotionalists who cry for the law to remedy this world-old disease, and the law makers themselves, must realize that there are depths to this problem that they have not reached. That it is a web of many strands. If all the feebleminded girls were taken in infancy and segregated, the social evil might be partly solved. It must be always kept in mind that the girl who will be mentally unfit to earn her living under the minimum wage law will be legally and physically fit to have children, but her children will be worse than feeble minded!

Of this later.

Although in all my investigations I do not find "low wages" to be the surface cause of the present conditions, I do find that the economic conditions are to blame in nine cases out of ten. It is patent that the underlying cause, the cause too deep for the delinquent to realize, is purely economic. It is in "getting behind" the delinquent herself that we find the cause that breeds the woman criminal. Personally I believe that every woman criminal is a mental defective. Girls do not "go wrong," do not steal, or commit murder for the pleasure of it. Find the reason back of the sin, the crime, and in nine cases out of ten you will find it the outgrowth of a mind diseased, a mind unable to discriminate between the true and the false.

The crime, the sin, springs from the diseased mind; the diseased mind is undoubtedly the result of the economic or social condition of the girl's parents, or grandparents. It is because the parents or grandparents are to blame that we find it necessary to get behind the girl. Our field workers connected with the Bureau of Social Hygiene search out the family records of every delinquent. Our charts show the families to the third and fourth generation, if possible, with their numerous branches.

Even so far as our records go at present our charts show many instances where our charges are connected by blood ties. In many of these instances this relationship is unknown to the delinquents themselves. At the moment there are seven girls in my charge who are first or second cousins. They belong to a family that is purely American. They bear American names. They are all here for the same cause—immorality. They are all mental defectives, practically incapable of acquiring a workable, payable knowledge of any trade. They lack absolutely the power to direct their own lives along the lines demanded by society. They are decidedly anti-social.

These girls might be called typical of the girl delinquent. They should not be, must not be allowed to perpetuate their kind. But they are, legally.



Dr. Katharine Bement Davis, the Distinguished Sociologist. In the Left Corner an Inmate of the Vineland Training School. Apparently Normal, She Is Really Undeveloped. Thousands of Such Girls, at Large and Earning All They Are Worth, Will Suffer Through a Minimum Wage Law, Dr. Davis Believes.

Dr. Henry Goddard of the Vineland School advocates the segregation of all mental defectives for one generation. Such a procedure would practically eliminate the birth of the "professional" feeble minded child, the child blasted before birth for the sins of the world. The child of normal parents who through accident of birth is born feeble minded presents a different problem.

Let us see how segregation would have worked out in the family whose seven members are at Bedford. And let us see how the economic condition of that family is to blame for their being there. Out of eighty-eight members, twenty-six are supported by the State. One feeble minded mother has given birth to thirteen children, of which three are in institutions for the feeble minded, seven died in infancy, three are tubercular, five are prostitutes, three are professionally immoral. Another feeble minded mother in this family gave birth to thirteen children, five of whom died in infancy, three are tubercular, five are professionally immoral.

Think of the economic waste represented here. Take these twenty-six births, not one child of any value to Society, those living a constant expense and menace to Society. The State should have prevented these births. Our charts are proving that such cases are the usual, rather than the unusual. They can be presented ad nauseam.

I am not quite ready to say that all feeble minded men and women are more prolific than the men and women of normal mentality, but there is no denying that the offspring of such parents are invariably more numerous than those of the higher class economically and socially, and they average more vicious and mentally defective children than otherwise.

In justice to the human race, in justice to the child, some form of segregation must be adopted by the State. What chance has the child born to any member of this family or born in any similar family? Back of such a child lies what? Generations of poverty, of shiftlessness, of indulgence, of unrestrained emotions. Naturally she is condemned to grow up in the society to which she was born. She is surrounded by squalor, filth, disease; she has no standards higher than those of her wretched surroundings. There is no social degradation for her in "going wrong," therefore if she finds no job when she goes forth to earn her living she easily slips along the line of least resistance. She does not do this because she wants to, but because she is physically and mentally unfit to follow any other line. Invariably we find that the fathers of the girls sent to us, if living have no position, are alcoholic, and the mother immoral.

The minimum wage will not help girls of this class. They are utterly incapable of earning it; they are not worth four dollars a week. They can not live on four dollars a week. If they are permitted to live in the world what will become of them? What has become of them in the past? The State institutions are full of them. At present it is all very well to say that they should not have been born. They are in the world and Society, which is responsible for their being here, must take care of them.

I have been able to carry out many theories at Bedford, also my work at Bedford has leaped far beyond many preconceived theories that I have had; but oh, the things that I want to see done in this State and every State!

When I tell the minimum wage enthusiasts that I do not believe their remedy will cure the social evil they get back at me by asking "what will, then?" Reverently I say "God knows." I am not looking for a speedy cure for this evil. More has been done to minimize the evil during the last five years than since the world began. Education, training, knowledge of many things now hidden under hypocritical modesty will all help. It will be a slow cure, but a sure one I believe. And when education has made the girl efficient commercially she will be worth a living wage and she will get it. There is one phase to this wage question not generally appreciated. When the girl receives her nine dollars weekly, her wants and standards will change so that nine will go no further than six dollars.

I am looking for a cure for the girl who has fallen a victim to the evil. We have her at Bedford five hundred strong. Naturally I am unable to put all my theories to practice, but I am hoping! Fifteen years ago such an institution as Bedford was looked upon as a phantasy of an over-wrought imagination. Today Bedford is almost what I want it to be—it is a school for girls, not an institution for criminals.

We have five hundred girls in our "school," we have proper accommodations for but three hundred. Last year more than fifteen thousand female prisoners were arraigned in the courts of New York City alone. What then was the number of woman criminals, potential and real, arraigned throughout the State? And of this number, but five hundred are placed at "school." It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of girls are sent to prison because there are not enough "schools" for them.

I want a series of clearing houses to deal exclusively with the delinquent woman, be she murderer, thief, social parasite. Under my charge to-day at Bedford are these three kinds of criminals, and not one of them is kept behind bars, under lock or key. Well, they are locked in at night, but every householder locks his doors at night to keep people out.

I would have the State divided into three districts; a non-political commission, composed of the best specialists possible should be appointed, its members apportioned from each district. When a woman is arrested she should be taken before a judge or jury and her guilt determined. But the province of the court stops right here. It should neither fine nor sentence to jail. If her guilt is proven, she should be turned over to the Commission and sent by it to the clearing house, of the district in which her crime is committed. Here her individual record, her mental and moral characteristics should be determined by experts—the feeble minded sent to institutions created especially for them, and in all cases they should be carefully graded that those utterly depraved shall not contaminate those who are incorrigible in a lesser degree.

The remainder capable of reform, whether they be murderers or thieves or social parasites should be sent to an institution where they can be given practical instruction to fit them to earn their living honestly. They must be started by the State in their new career and carefully guarded until they have become self-supporting, decent members of society.

This is a hope I have for the future, and considering the tremendous strides we have made during the past ten years I know I am not hoping too much.

In the institution for instance for the hopeful, each case must be given individual treatment; the girl herself, not the crime she committed, must be considered. Take two women, one may have committed murder; the other may be a common breaker of the moral law—they may need the same treatment, although their crimes differed; they may be in the same mental and moral state. Take two women who have each committed murder, each may need entirely different treatment to the other. The value of this whole system is that it be based on the special needs of the offender. Practically every woman criminal who has come under my observation has led an irregular moral life.

To the best of our ability this is what we are doing at Bedford. The new Bureau of Social Hygiene made possible by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is our Clearing House. It is this bureau that helps us to try psychology rather than punishment in our treatment of the girl delinquent. But it is the State that gives those girls the chance to learn, the chance to develop mentally and morally through the advanced methods. We assume that the girl is simply an ignorant child and we send her to school. She learns reading, writing and arithmetic. We have girls who can neither read nor write. One girl sent to us recently was born and brought up in Brooklyn and had never been inside a school, church or Sunday school in her life. How can such a girl earn a minimum wage? How can she be anything but what she is? The average girl sent to us is mentally the age of a nine-year-old. is a nine-year-old child fit mentally to cope with the world, to plan her life as Society orders it?

Salvation lies in training, and to the best of our ability we train our girls to the trades they personally favor. We have dressmaking classes, where they are fitted to earn more than nine dollars weekly. The head draper in a large Fifth Avenue establishment was one of my girls. Domestic service is the solution of many, and they receive training in every department of household science.

Farm work, gardening and dairy work appeal to others. Bedford in a way is self supporting. The girls do everything about the place, cooking, laundry work, cleaning. Every article of clothing they wear, even stockings, is made here.

The grounds are cared for by the outside workers. They laid our concrete walks, they have built our concrete pig-pens, a silo, and there are girls who are learning to try their hand at building some of the dormitories.

The term at Bedford is three years and when it ends these girls are put to the test of keeping straight out in the world. Many fail, but a large proportion win. Those who fail, however, fail not because they were not given a chance, but because they were unable to cope with conditions.

How a Young Pastor Fought Riches for Righteousness

AT 9 o'clock that evening Hodder stood alone in the arched vestry room, and the sight of the heavy gothic chairs ranged about the long table brought up memories of comfortable, genial meetings prolonged by chat and banter. . . . .

The noise of feet, of subdued voices from the east room in the corridor aroused him. All of the vestry would seem to have arrived at once.

He regarded them with a dejected curiosity as they entered, reading them with a new instinct.

Gordon Atterbury hemmed and hawed. "Ah, Mr. Hodder," and seated himself beside Mr. Constable, in a chair designed to accommodate a portly bishop. Both of them started nervously as Asa Waring, holding his head high, as a man should who has kept his birthright, went directly to the rector.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Hodder," he said, and turning defiantly, surveyed the room.

Phil Goodrich entered looking positively belligerent, and as he took his stand on the other side of Hodder his father-in-law smiled at him grimly. Mr. Goodrich took hold of the rector's arm.

"I missed one or two meetings last winter, Mr. Hodder," he said, "but I'm going to be on hand after this. My father, I believe, never missed a vestry meeting in his life."

In view of Phil Goodrich's well known liking for a fight this was too pointed to admit of a reply, but Mr. Plimpton was spared the attempt by the entrance of Nelson Langmaid. The lawyer, as he greeted them, seemed to be preoccupied, nor did he seek to relieve the tension with his customary joke. A few moments of silence followed, when Eldon Parr was seen to be standing in the doorway, surveying them.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said coldly, and without more ado went to his chair and sat down in it immediately followed by a scraping of other chairs. There was a domineering quality about the man not to be gainsaid.

The rector called the meeting to order. After the regular business had been disposed of a brief interval was allowed, for the sake of decency, to ensue. That Eldon Parr would not lead the charge in person was a foregone conclusion. Whom, then, would he put forward? For obvious reasons, not Wallis Plimpton or Langmaid or Francis Ferguson.

Hodder found his glance unconsciously fixed upon Everett Constable, who never nervously and slowly pushed back his chair. He was called upon, in this hour and in the church his father had helped to found, to make the supreme payment for the years of financial prosperity.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Constable said, "I feel it my duty to say something this evening, something that distresses me. Like others of you who are here present, I have been on this vestry for many years, and my father was on it before me. I was brought up under Dr. Othman, of whom I need not speak. All here, except our present rector, knew him. This church, St. John's, has been a part—a large part—of my life. And anything that seems to touch its welfare touches me.

"I wish to make it clear that in spite of the pain Mr. Hodder's words of last Sunday have given me, I respect and honor him still, and wish him every success. But, gentlemen, I think it is plain to all of you that he has changed his religious convictions.

"As to the manner in which that change has come about, I do not pretend to know. To say the least, the transition is a startling one—one for which some of us were totally unprepared. To speak restrainedly, it was a shock—a shock which I shall remember as long as I live."

"There are, no doubt, other fields for Mr. Hodder's usefulness. But I think it may safely be taken as a principle that this parish has the right to demand from the pulpit that orthodox teaching which suits it, and to which it has been accustomed. And I venture further to give it as my opinion—to put it mildly—that others have been as disturbed and shocked as I. I have seen many, talked with many since Sunday. For these reasons, with much sorrow and regret, I venture to suggest that Mr. Hodder resign as our rector."

Mr. Constable sat down, breathing hard. He had not looked at the rector during the whole of his speech, nor at Eldon Parr. There was a heavy silence, and then Phillip Goodrich rose, square, clean cut, aggressive.

"In that sermon which he preached last Sunday, Mr. Hodder, for the first time in my life, made Christianity intelligible to me," he said. "I want him to know it. And there are other men and women in that congregation who feel as I do. Gentlemen, there is nothing I would not give to have had Christianity put before me in that simple and inspiring way when I was a boy. And in my opinion St. John's is more fortunate to-day than it ever has been in its existence. Mr. Hodder should have a unanimous testimonial of appreciation from this vestry for his courage. And if the vote requesting him to resign prevails, I venture to predict that there is not a man on the vestry who will not live to regret it."

Phil Goodrich glared at Eldon Parr who remained unmoved.

Mr. Langmaid, Mr. Plimpton and Mr. Constable sat still. Mr. Ferguson made no move. It was Gordon Atterbury who rushed into the breach, and proved that extremists are allies of doubtful value.

He had, apparently, not been idle since Sunday, and was armed, cap-a-pie, with time worn arguments that need not be set down. At the end of twenty minutes he declared (much as he regretted the necessity of saying it) that Mr. Hodder's continuance as rector would mean the ruin of the church, in which all present took such a pride. That the great majority of its members would never submit to what was plainly heresy.

Asa Waring was about to rise, when he perceived that Hodder had risen on his feet. And the eyes of every man, save one, were fixed on his irresistibly. The rector seemed unaware of it. It was Phillip Goodrich who remarked to his father-in-law, as they walked home afterward, of the sense he had had at that moment that there were but two men in the room—Hodder and Eldon Parr. All the rest were cliphern.

There could not be the slightest doubt that the rector did not mean to yield, and yet they might have been puzzled if they had asked themselves how they had read the fact in his face or manner. For he showed neither anger nor impatience.

No, more did the financier reveal his own feelings. He still sat back in his chair, unmoved, in apparent contemplation. The posture was familiar to Langmaid. . . . Would he succeed in destroying, too, this cipher, this enigma? For the first time in his life, as he looked at Hodder, the lawyer wondered.

Hodder did not defend himself, made no apologies. Christianity was not a collection of doctrines he remained them, but a mode of life. If anything were clear to him it was that the present situation was not, with the majority of them, a matter of doctrine, out of unwillingness to accept the message and precept of Jesus Christ and lead Christian lives. They had made use of doctrine as a stalking horse.

There was a stir at this, and Hodder paused a moment and glanced around the table. But no one interrupted.

He was fully aware of his rights and he had no intention of resigning. To resign would be to abandon the work for which he was responsible, not to flee from it.

He had hardly resumed his seat when Everett Constable got up again. He remarked, somewhat unsteadily, that to prolong the controversy would be useless and painful to all concerned, and he infinitely regretted the necessity of putting his suggestion that the rector resign in the form of a resolution. . . . The vote was taken. Six men raised their hands in favor of his resignation—Nelson Langmaid among them; two, Asa Waring and Philip Goodrich, were against it. After announcing the result, Hodder rose.

"For the reason I have stated, gentlemen, I decline to resign," he said. "I stand upon my canonical rights."

FROM HEARST'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY

THE intense interest of the reading public in Hearst's Magazine is evidenced by the eagerness with which each new number is awaited. Not only is the magazine replete with live features, the best serials by the best authors, inimitable short stories and illuminating reviews on current topics, but it is illustrated by the most famous artists. Two serials are now running in its pages, Hall Caine's fascinating and big novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," and Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup." Both are masterpieces.

Among other articles of timely interest in the May number now on sale at the newsstands are:

Letters to Standard Oil Faithfuls; "The Red Man's Burden," by Francis E. Leupp, illustrated byy photographs by Edward S. Curtis; "When the Rappahannock Ran Red," General James R. O'Beirne; "Overruled," by G. Bernard Shaw; "Conohan," by Larry Evans; "Algernon Knox, Accidental Detective," by E. Philips Oppenheim, and adequate reviews on art, the theater, books, science, politics and finance.

Following are a few excerpts from "The Inside of the Cup." The story tells how John Hodder, a young minister, is called to the ultra-conservative, wealthy parish of St. John's, in an industrial center of the Middle West. He meets with the opposition of the rich men and plunges into tenement work. He finds his own vestrymen are responsible for much misery and immorality. He breaks with his vestry. Just how is shown in the accompanying article.

SHOPPERS IN THE STORE OF LIFE = By Ada Patterson

"WHAT bad bargains we make! What poor shoppers we are! What high prices we pay!

The woman who said this was not a pessimist. On the contrary, we who know and love her, and to know her is to love her, have named her "Miss Sunshine," because she habitually radiates hope and happiness. But she was facing one of the grimmest and ugliest realities of life, and the shock and surprise had brought these exclamations from her. We were seated in the orchestra chairs in one of the playhouses of New York. The curtain had fallen, upon the second act of a play and our eyes followed those of many of the audience who stared at a man in the stage box, a man dissipated in the life work he had adopted, a successful man, one who had achieved the power it had been his ambition to compass. He had risen from a sick bed to come to the play. But his stout battle with illness had failed. He tried three times to rise from his chair. Each time he slipped back in very weakness. The third time his companion, a man who worked in his offices, offered him his arm. The man whom many call "The Chief" waved it away. At last, leaning unwillingly upon his understudy, he came, he glanced to his feet and dragged himself out of the box, conscious that many eyes were upon him, furious that his weakness had thus been displayed in public, ashamed and abashed by his impotence. The dark velvet curtains settled back into their straight, rich folds when he had gone, but the pale face and beaten figure remained, will always remain in the memories of those who saw, although tedly against the velvet background. He was feeling the weight of the chill hand of death. This man, rich, powerful, with a name as magic—

working in his little world as Napoleon's was in a greater, was poor indeed, and would soon be far poorer, poorer than any pauper of the streets in whose pulses life throbbed.

"What bad bargains we make! What poor shoppers we are! What prices we pay!" exclaimed my companion, while staring at the memory of that man's face I made a bargain. We see the object of a former tumultuous, romantic attachment and think how we rue a bad bargain. We see the high a price for this commonplace creature were the doubts and torments and agonies which we endured for his or her now ordinary sake.

We view the business we builded and wonder how much of the health, strength and time, the mental concentration expended on it, it is worth. We think of the so-called amusements and pleasures of our youth, and are sure that two-thirds of them were not worth the time we spent for them.

With the realization that we have shopped badly, have paid too high a price for all these, comes the new and true sense of values. We see that success in the sense of having developed our talents to the uttermost, and given the world such service through the right use of these talents as we could, is worth more than time and thought and strength, the major part but not all of these. If we have neglected the fine art of true friendship, for if we have paid too high a price for it we

American Magazine Section of Hearst's Sunday American, Atlanta, May 18, 1913—
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With the Corseted Suffragettes of 3000 Years Ago

Interesting Discoveries in the Ancient City of Hercules which Seem to Prove the Legend of the Greatest Strong Man's Slavery to Lively Queen Omphale only a Memory of Woman's Oldest Conquest of the Ballot



A Woman Leader of Ancient Tiryns

This remarkable wall painting, the first complete picture of a woman of the advanced Cretan civilization of 3000 years ago, has recently been discovered on one of the ruined palace walls of ancient Tiryns. The corset and flounced skirt are astonishingly like our fashions of yesterday. Women ruled in Tiryns, it is believed, and this ancient lady is seen carrying an offering to the Snake-Goddess, the dominant deity of this vanished civilization. The legend of Hercules and Omphale is thought to be a record of a militant suffragette uprising of the women of the city and also those of old Crete.



An Effigy of the Snake-Goddess of Tiryns, the Ruler of All the Gods.

THE German society now digging among the ruins of the ancient civilization of Crete has just unearthed evidence of a successful militant suffragette movement at least 1200 years before our era, and probably 2000 years before it. The discoveries which lead the Germans to the conclusion that women on that distant date arose for their rights, and got them, were made at Tiryns, on the Greek mainland. Tiryns, in its heyday, was one of the greatest cities of the Cretans. It has been famous for centuries as the birthplace of Hercules, the greatest strong man and most vigorous demi-god of legend. Tiryns is now, and has been for centuries, a mass of ruins, mostly deep in earth. The sheep of the Greek shepherds have grazed above its palaces and temples for ages.

The conclusions of the scientists throw a strong new light on this legend of Hercules and his city. The famous story of his enslavement by Queen Omphale is only, they say, a fanciful presentation of the important fact that a great woman's suffrage movement which swept over and conquered Crete began and was first successful in Tiryns. The method is one perfectly familiar to all students of legend and mythology.

The Cretan or Minoan language has never yet been read. No Rosetta stone, by which the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were first deciphered, has been found to give the clue to the Minoan characters. But at Tiryns there was uncovered a mass of wonderful wall paintings, jars and vases and mosaics, most of which bore in pictures the story of this women's uprising and its consequences so plainly that there can be little doubt that the German scientists have read their meaning rightly.

These were not Greeks who built Tiryns and who erected the magnificent palaces now being uncovered. The builders had come from Asia Minor, they were of the same old Minoan race as the Trojans. It was the might of the barbarian Greek city of Argos, a neighbor, which brought about the destruction of the Minoan cities, and with them Tiryns, about, perhaps, 600 B. C. The very ancient Greeks did not hold women in very high regard, and so they felt that it would never do to admit that woman had ever ruled, or there might be danger of the Greek women setting up their "rights" to dominate the State and society. Thus came about the peculiar twist in the Hercules legend which none has been able to explain hitherto.

It has been recognized as a Lydian part of the story, which means that it comes from Asia Minor, and this adds to the value of the new interpretation.

As the story goes, the hero Hercules is entrapped by Queen Omphale, and devotes himself to pleasures, losing himself in the society of women so far as to put on feminine attire, while his lively lady Omphale takes up his lion skin, puts it on, and with the club of Hercules in her hand flaunts herself before the degenerate hero, and proves herself the real hero.

Even though according to the legend Hercules does break forth from his effeminacy at times and vanquishes the Cecropes, the goblins who used to waylay travellers and slew Gyleus, who compelled all travellers to dig in his vineyard, woman is still the dominating power. Queen Omphale has him completely at her mercy.

In the astonishing wall paintings at Tiryns the signs of the mastery of the women in all the religious rites first aroused the interest of the scientists. Upon one wall is a whole row of women bearing their offerings to the great patron goddess of the city and the sex—Juno, or Hera, as the Greeks called her. She was symbolized both in Tiryns and in Crete as the great snake-goddess, the patroness of marriage and the ruler of men, for in her hand is always shown the sceptre of dominance. Juno was known in later times even as Juno Regina, the Queen Goddess, a relic of the age in which the primeval woman of the older stock ruled all mankind, and she is always depicted with that prominent chin which betokens power and determination, and the high forehead, expressing great intellectual powers.



Queen Omphale Making Hercules Spin Cloth.
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The Little Pet Dog of a Fashionable Lady of Ancient Tiryns

WHY CRIME DOES NOT PAY—

Sophie Lyons—the "Queen of the Burglars"



No. 7 of the Series of Extraordinary Revelations

Written by SOPHIE LYONS

The Most Famous and Successful Criminal of Modern Times, Who Made a Million Dollars in Her Early Criminal Career and Lost It at Monte Carlo, and Has Now Accumulated Half a Million Dollars in Honorable Business Enterprises

Written by Sophie Lyons.

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If there is any one familiar adage that fits every criminal in the Underworld it is "Easy come, easy go." Surely there is a curse on stolen money. More than once in my former life I have received $50,000 as my share in a Sunday morning bank burglary—and by the next Saturday night not even a five-dollar bill remained.

Professional thieves are rich one day and poor the next. The fact that more money is always to be had without the hard labor which brings honest reward makes thieves as improvident as children. All thieves are gamblers—scarcely in all my acquaintances can I recall even one exception. Sometimes the entire proceeds of a robbery are lost in a gambling house within twenty-four hours after the crime.

And this is how it has come about that all over the world in every big city there are "backers" of thieves; men, and sometimes women, who take the stolen goods off their hands, find hiding places for criminals who are being pursued, advance money to them when they are out of funds and even pay the expenses of their families when the burglars get into prison.

Some of these friends of thieves are really promoters of criminal enterprises. They name the banks and jewelry shops that are to be robbed and select the residences of wealthy persons that are to be entered. They are like the backers of theatrical enterprises who put up the money for the necessary expenses and advance the salaries of the actors; they are like the promoters in the mining world who pay for the tools, the pack animals and what "grubstake" the miners to outfit them on prospecting tours in the mountains.

Queen of the Thieves

Curiously enough the greatest crime promoter of modern times was a New York woman, "Mother" Mandelbaum. Alas! I knew her well too well. A hundred, yes, perhaps nearer five hundred transactions I have had with her, little and big. Many were entirely on my own account, oftentimes I dealt with her in behalf of thieves who were in hiding or in need of help or were in jail.

Nobody anywhere did such a wholesale business in stolen goods or had such valuable associations among big criminals. "Mother" Mandelbaum, of course, cracked no safes, she did not risk her skin in house burglaries, her fat hand was never caught in anybody's pocket, no policeman's bullet was ever sent after her fleeing figure. Here, then, we have a dealer in crime pretty shrewdly protected from the dangers that beset criminals. And yet I shall once again prove to my readers and from this very woman who was the uncrowned "Queen of the Thieves," rich, powerful and protected by the police—from this very "Mother" Mandelbaum I shall again show that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

But was this woman exceptionally unlucky? No. I will recount to you also the career of John D. Grady, her very remarkable rival in the same field of criminal promotion—the man who financed the great $3,000,000 Manhattan Bank robbery and had the famous Jimmy Hope and his band of expert cracksmen in his employ. From Grady I will also prove the great moral truth that surely CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

"Mother" Mandelbaum's real name was Mrs. William Mandelbaum. She was born in Germany of poor but respectable parentage. As a young woman she arrived in America without a friend or relative. But her course, heavy features, powerful physique and penetrating eye were sufficient protection and chaperone for anyone. It is not likely that anyone ever forced unwelcome attentions on this particular immigrant.

Arrived in New York she was compelled to pawn one or two gold trinkets while looking for work. This brought her in touch with the flourishing pawnshop business.

Encouraging Pickpockets

The pawn shops were practically unregulated by law in those days and the German girl's painful experience as a customer, instead of making her angry, impressed her with great admiration. There was a field for an ambitious person and if ambition is a virtue none was ever more virtuous in that particular than "Mother."

But how to enter this profitable industry was the question. To be a pawnbroker has always required capital. That is, it always has for anyone but this woman, who had none. She made a hurried survey of the pawn shops along the Bowery and elsewhere, and among others noticed the place of one William Mandelbaum.

William was unmarried, rather weak willed for a man of his calling, lazy and afflicted with chronic dyspepsia. He cooked his own meals over a kerosene lamp, which was undoubtedly the cause of his indigestion. "Mother" Mandelbaum introduced herself as Fredericka Goldberg, and offered to cook and tend store at nominal wages.

The "nominal wages" item secured her the position and the cooking made her firm in it. Within a week, William's digestion was better than he could ever remember since boyhood; he had gained seven pounds in weight and business was growing beautifully—all on account of the capable Fredericka.

At the end of the week, William and Fredericka had a business talk. Fredericka didn't want an increase in wages. She didn't want any wages at all. It was partnership or nothing. William ate one meal cooked by himself and then surrendered. Within a few weeks they were married. Mrs. Mandelbaum forever afterward was the head of the house of Mandelbaum.

Among her customers Mrs. Mandelbaum noticed an occasional one who would hurry in and get what he could on a miscellany of watches and small pieces of jewelry. These hasty, furtive young men and boys took what they could get and showed little disposition to haggle. Also they never returned to redeem their pledges.

The new head of the house encouraged these customers, who were, of course, pickpockets. At first, through ignorance, and later as a matter of policy, Mrs. Mandelbaum was more liberal in her terms than was customary. Some pawnbrokers would not accept anything from a pickpocket if they knew it. The others took advantage of the pickpocket's peril of the law to drive the hardest possible terms.

It was not long before Mandelbaum had the lion's share of the pick-pocket business. One who disposes of stolen goods is known as a "fence," and Mrs. Mandelbaum soon became one of the most important "fences" for pickpockets in the city.

As the pawnshop grew more and more notorious, the weight of the police grew heavier and heavier on the proprietress. She dealt less liberally with pickpockets than before. She squeezed them to the last notch but they still remained her customers for she was no harder than the other fences.

In order to meet the ever increasing blackmail of the police, Mrs. Mandelbaum found it necessary to steadily enlarge her business. Carefully she developed a system for scattering her stock so that her New York headquarters never contained a very large stock of stolen goods. She kept men busy melting down gold and silver and disguising jewelry and others for retting out supposedly honest merchants who were willing to buy her wares and ask no questions.

It must always be borne in mind in these articles that crime cannot be carried on by individuals. It requires an elaborate permanent organization. While the individual operators, from pickpockets to bank burglars, come and go, working from coast to coast, they must be affiliated with some permanent substantial person who is in touch with the police. Such a permanent head was "Mother" Mandelbaum.

The field of usefulness to thieves of the big "fences" like "Mother" Mandelbaum and Grady are infinite. Suppose you are a burglar and last night's labors resulted mostly in jewelry and silverware, you would have neither the time nor the plant to melt down the silver and disguise or unset the stones. "Mother" Mandelbaum would attend to all that for you on about a 75 per cent commission.

This wonderful woman kept certain persons busy on salary melting down silver. Others worked steadily altering, unsetting and otherwise disguising jewelry.

What would you do with a stolen watch which bore, deeply engraved on the back, the name and address of its rightful owner? You might melt down the case and get a little something for the works, but "Mother" would do better. She would turn it over to one of her engravers who would rapidly and not inartistically engrave a little scene or decoration on the watch case, completely masking the name and address.

A stolen automobile is the worst kind of a "white elephant" on your hands unless you know where to take it. Every city has its plants where a stolen car is quickly made over, usually into a taxicab, and so well disguised that its former owner may pay for a ride in it without suspicion.

The force of artisans and mechanics employed on the fruits of burglaries and pocket picking is several thousand in a city the size of New York or Chicago.

All burglars and thieves are busy with their own enterprises, and have no time to look after all these matters. Somebody there must be who will organize these first aids to the captured criminals—the "squarers of squealers," the lawyers, the men to provide bail, etc. Such a one with "Mother" Mandelbaum.

Hacks, taxicabs, express wagons and even moving vans must be readily available. Peddlers are extremely useful. They prowl about wherever they please and act as advance men for the burglars. Keeping peddlers and tramps off your premises is one of the best forms of burglar insurance.

The army of enemies of society must have its general, and I believe that probably the greatest of them all was "Mother" Mandelbaum.

Robbing Tiffany

Of all the stolen things brought into her shop, Mrs. Mandelbaum preferred diamonds. She rapidly became an expert on stones and they presented few difficulties.

A stone once outside its setting usually bears no "earmarks" by which it can be identified. Nothing is so easily hidden nor so imperishable as a diamond, and, as everyone knows, they have an unfailing market. She exhorted her pickpocket customers to specialize on stickpins, and doubtless they did their best to please her. But these pickpockets are "pickers," they cannot always be choosers, and the percentage of diamonds remained disappointingly low. This interest in diamonds brought the "fence" to visit Tiffany's several times. She stole nothing, in fact, I am sure "Mother" never stole anything in her life. But it cost her nothing to examine and admire the beautiful stones, and during one of her visits she was struck with an ingenious idea which marked the second step in her career. She planned a robbery.

In the rear of the Mandelbaum store a constellation was held between the proprietress, a confidence man known as "Swell" Robinson and a shoplifter, just arrived from Chicago by the name of Mary Wallenstein.

Robinson, as his name would indicate, was a man of good clothes and presence. He walked into Tiffany's, went to the diamond counter and spent a long time examining the big stones. After about twenty minutes of questioning he was unable to make up his mind and decided to think the matter over and return later.

One of the stones valued at about $8,000 was missing, and the clerk very apologetically asked Robinson to wait a moment while he searched for it. A dozen employees hunted and counted the stones while Robinson grew more and more indignant at the evident suspicion that he had taken the stone.

At last things came to a head and Robinson was lead to a room and searched.

Nothing was found and the store, knowing they had been somehow robbed, were compelled to let him go. The excitement had not quieted down when Mary appeared.

She went to the same counter and stood exactly where Robinson had been. She examined one or two small diamonds and, like Robinson, she concluded to go home and think it over. There was no objection made, for there was nothing missing this time. An hour later she handed the $8,000 gem to "Mother" Mandelbaum.

The following morning the man who polished the counters at Tiffany's found a piece of chewing gum wedged underneath the counter where nobody would see it. Inspection of the gum revealed the impression of the facets of a diamond of the general size of the missing stone. Then everyone understood. The man had placed the gum beneath the counter when he came in. At his first opportunity he stuck the diamond in it. The girl coming in later had only to feel along the counter and remove the gem to make the theft complete.

This first robbery planned by "Mother" Mandelbaum was so delightfully successful that the pickpocket industry seemed slow by comparison. The chewing-gum trick could not be worked again, because the jeweller's association had notified all its members of the new scheme. It was a short step from jewel-stealing to sneak-thief operations in banks. Sneak thieves and confidence men began to frequent the back rooms of the Mandelbaum establishment. It became a clearing house for crimes of larceny—big and small.

Many able and successful burglars are unimaginative, and, left to their own devices, would never discover anything to rob. These earnest but unimaginative souls hung about the premises as if it were an employment agency waiting for the "boss" to find a job suited to their particular talents.

Dry Goods Store Thieves

On the other hand, timid but shrewd and observant persons frequently saw chances to steal which they dared not undertake. Servants of wealthy New York families learned that "Mother" Mandelbaum paid well for tips and plans of houses.

Next came employes of wholesale and retail dry goods houses.

To handle bales of silk and woolen, furs, blankets and other bulky but valuable merchandise presented new problems. To meet these Mrs. Mandelbaum moved her establishment to larger quarters. She retained the pawnbroking department, but added a miscellaneous store, in which she carried for sale most all the articles found in a country store.

She was now the mother of three children; two daughters and a son—Julius. One of the daughters married a Tenth Ward Tammany politician. This political alliance was extremely valuable. It made the police more moderate in their extortion for immunity, and was the means of obtaining pardons, light sentences and general miscarriage of justice on the part of judges.

I shall never forget the atmosphere of "Mother" Mandelbaum's place on the corner of Clinton and Rivington streets. In the front was the general store, innocent enough in appearance; and, in fact, the stock of goods were only part stolen, and these of such a character that they could not possibly be identified.

"Mother" Mandelbaum led a life which left her open to many dangers from many different directions. Every member of the Underworld knew the stolen goods of great value were constantly coming into her resort and from time to time schemes were devised to plunder the famous old "fence."

Mrs. Mandelbaum always sat inside of a window which was protected by strong steel slats. The door to the room was of heavy oak. It was impossible, thus protected, for anybody to make a sudden rush and catch "Mother" Mandelbaum off her guard.

But, realizing that thieves might at any moment raid her establishment and finally force their way into her den she provided still another safeguard.

The Secret of the Chimney

"Mother" Mandelbaum had a special chimney built in her den, where she kept a little wood fire burning during the Winter and kept the fireplace filled with old trash during the hot season. This chimney was peculiarly constructed, and had a false back behind the fire, and in this cavity was hidden a little dumb-waiter in front of the dumb-waiter was a false iron chimney back on a hinge that could be let down. She constructed a special brick wall so that it appeared to be the regular wall of the house.

In case of sudden emergency, "Mother" Mandelbaum could gather up any diamonds or stolen goods which might be incriminating, pull down the false chimney back, which fell down over the fire, stow away the telltale valuable in the hidden dumb-waiter, push the dumb-waiter up out of sight into the chimney and push back into place the false chimney back. This simple operation concluded, "Mother" Mandelbaum was then ready to face a search or a holdup.

If ever anybody lived in the proverbial "glass house," surely it was "Mother" Mandelbaum—and she knew it. Her establishment was ostensibly a general store and a pawnbroker's office, which she maintained in the front room (B), but Mrs. Mandelbaum also dealt in stolen goods of all kinds and planned robberies with thieves, and often sheltered, protected and hid thieves in times of trouble.

"Mother" Mandelbaum was never seen in the front room (B), where a clerk was always kept on guard. She kept out of reach behind the window with the steel grating (A). Her false chimney and secret dumb-waiter arrangement was at the point (C). In the room (D) "Mother" Mandelbaum kept two or three employes busy removing stolen jewels from their settings and engraving designs to cover up and hide monograms and identification marks from watches, jewelry and silverware.

"Mother's" Glass House

In an adjoining room were kept bulky articles and stolen goods, such as fur coats, etc. Here, too, the price tags, factory numbers and other marks were always removed from stolen furs, laces and silks. One of the back rooms contained beds where thieves were lodged when occasion demanded. Still another room was a store room where crates and cases of stolen goods were packed up for shipment to her customers. At the end of the passageway leading to one of the rooms was a secret trap door. In case of a raid by the police and if her front and back doors were guarded by detectives, she could use the trap door to let thieves escape down through a hole in the basement wall which led up into the house next door, which "Mother" Mandelbaum also owned under another name.

Gradually "Mother" Mandelbaum's clientele of crooks increased in number and importance until she had only one real rival, John D. Grady, known as "Old Supers and Slangs."

Grady had a more distinguished body of bank burglars under his sway than had "Mother." Bank burglars are the aristocrats of the underworld, just as pickpockets are the lowest.

When the Manhattan Bank robbery was planned and executed "Mother" Mandelbaum was much humiliated that she could not command the financing and planning of the splendid project. It was Grady's funds which financed the undertakings, and poor "Mother" lost her one pet and star, "Western George" Howard. Howard in many ways was the greatest of bank burglars and he was rated by many as superior to Grady's Jimmy Hope. Last week I told you how "Western George" made the Manhattan Bank robbery possible and then was murdered.

After Grady's tragic death "Mother" Mandelbaum was the undisputed financier, guide, counsellor and friend of crime in New York.



The Tragic End of Grady, the Burglars'

Grady, the "Fence," having filled his pockets with dia... every arrangement to elope with the woman he loved, sud... she was trying to poison him. He let the glass fall and sh... "So it's murder you want—well murder it shall be, but ... dering!"

She saw death in his eye as he seized her arm. But ... would first have his way with her. She screamed and, ... strength of despair, twisted the arm out of Grady's grasp, ... sleeve in his hand.

Still there could be no hope for her, and yet at the v... he poised himself to plunge for her again his eyes turned ... seized him and he sank slowly into his chair while the fa... tered out of the door.

Grady was dead; heart dis... had overcome him ... moment.

For twenty-five years she lived on G... proceeds of other people's crimes. Durin... that time she made many millions. B... these millions slipped away for the most ... parts, and she was rated by many as superior to Grady's Jimmy Hope. Last week I told you how "Western George" made the Manhattan Bank robbery possible and then was murdered.

After Grady's tragic death "Mother" Mandelbaum was the undisputed financier, guide, counsellor and friend of crime in New York.

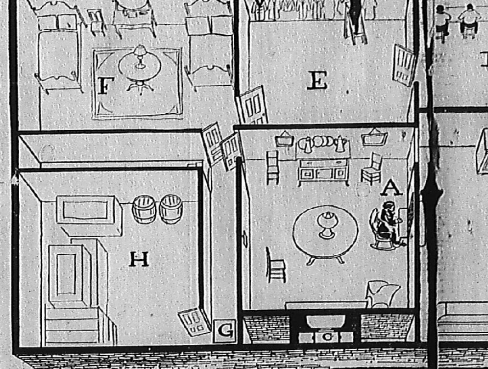
Soon after Mary was arrested, and, ... course, applied for help from the us...

source. Not a cent ... give her for bail, ... for special meals in ... desperate, and sent ... 5. It just happen... ney Olney was an h... to Mary's side about ... and aided.

"Mother" Mandel... and Herman Stoude... were arrested.

"Abe" Hummel d... dictment held, and ...

Mrs. Mandelbaum's Special Devices for Dealing wit... and Secret Trap-Door E... cape.



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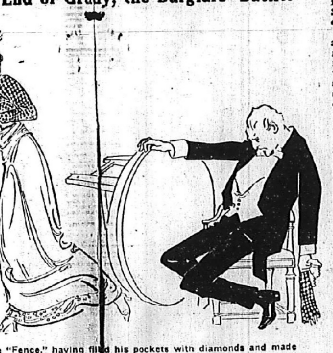
PROMOTERS OF CRIME—People Who Plan Robberies and Act as "Backers" for Professional Criminals; the Extraordinary "Mother" Mandelbaum, "Queen of the Thieves," and Grady, Who Had Half a Dozen Gangs of Cracksmen Working for Him

End of Grady, the Burglars' Backer



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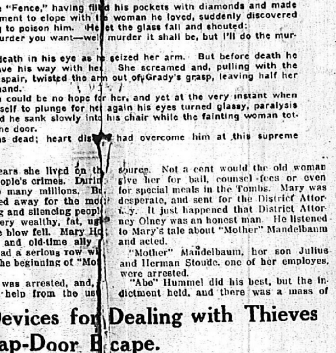

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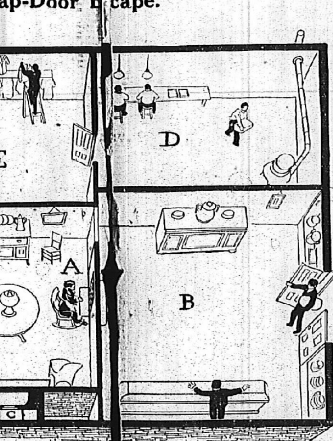
ears she lived on the people's crimes. During many millions. By ed away for the most g and silencing people ery wealthy, fat, ugly blow fell. Mary Hig and old-time ally ad a serious row with he beginning of "Mo

was arrested, and, help from the ou

Devices for Dealing with Thieves

ap-Door Escape.



fication marks (watches, jewelry and silverware.

In the room (E) were kept bulky articles and stolen goods such as fur coats, etc. Here, too, the price tags, factory numbers and other marks were always removed from stolen furs, laces and silks. The room (F) contained beds where thieves were lodged when occasion demanded. The room (H) was a store room, where crates and cases of stolen goods were packed up for shipment to her customers. At the end of the passageway leading to the room (H) was a secret trap door (G). In case of a raid by the police, and if her front and back doors were guarded by detectives, she could use the trap door (G) to let thieves escape down through a hole in the basement wall, which led up into the house next door, which "Mother" Mandelbaum also owned under another name.

evidence sure to swamp her at the trial. But "Mother" did not wait for the trial. She and the others "jumped" their bail and escaped to Canada.

Here she lived a few years a wretched and broken figure, yearning and working to get back to the haunts she loved. But neither her money nor her political friends were able to secure her immunity. Once she did sneak to New York for a few hours and escaped unnoticed. It was at the time of her daughter's funeral, which she watched from a distance, unable to attend publicly.

Though "Mother" Mandelbaum had money when she died, yet she was an exiled broken-hearted old woman, whose money did her no good. Unusually talented woman that she was, it took most of her lifetime for her to learn the lesson that crime does not pay!

And now let us take a look at Grady, Mrs. Mandelbaum's great rival. Did this remarkable man find that crime paid in the long run?

Grady the Daring

John D. Grady, known to the police and the Underworld as "Old Sugars and Slangs," probably never handled as much money or had his finger in quite so many crimes as "Mother" Mandelbaum. His career, too, was somewhat shorter, but it made up for these defects in the unequalled daring and magnitude of his exploits.

"Mother" Mandelbaum "played safe." Not so John D. Grady. His was a desperate game, well played for splendid stakes, with risks few men would care to take and with all the elements of romance and a tragic death to cap it.

Grady, like "Mother" Mandelbaum, was a "fence," but while she dealt in everything, Grady specialized in diamonds. He had an office opposite the Manhattan Bank, which bore the sign, "John D. Grady, Diamond Merchant." From the windows of this office, Grady, Jimmy Hope and his gang gazed hungrily across at the bank and plotted its ruin. Up to the actual day of the robbery Hope and Grady were in accord on all plans. Afterward the two leaders quarrelled over the disposition of the bonds. Hope had his way and there is little doubt that had Grady taken charge of the two million dollars of securities he would have succeeded in selling them, whereas Hope failed.

While "Mother" Mandelbaum was building up her trade with pickpockets and shoplifters, Grady was carrying his business about in a satchel. No man ever took greater chances. At all hours of the night this short, stocky man went about the darkest and most dangerous parts of New York. In the little black satchel, as every criminal knew, was a fortune in diamonds.

When a thief had made a haul Grady would meet him at any time or place he pleased and take the diamonds off his hands. Only once was he "sandbagged" and robbed of several thousand dollars worth of the stones. He took the misfortune in good part, said it was his own fault and never took revenge on the men who robbed him.

Steam-Drill Burglary

While "Mother" Mandelbaum engineered house and dry goods store robberies, Grady set his mind and energies on the great banks. As bold as the Manhattan affair was his assault on a West Side bank. The vaults of this bank were surrounded by a three-foot wall of solid concrete.

Grady opened a first-class saloon next door, and as soon as he got his bearings installed a steam engine in the cellar. This engine was supposed to run the electric light dynamo and an air pump. In reality it was there to drill a hole into the bank next door.

Selecting a Saturday which happened to be a holiday, he commenced operations Friday night, and there was every prospect of being inside the vault long before Monday morning. But unfortunately a wide-awake policeman of inquiring mind heard the unfamiliar buzzing out in the street. He prowled around and finally discovered that something unusual was going on in the cellar under the saloon. No answer coming to his knocks, he burst in the door and descended to the cellar. The thieves ran out, but two were caught in the street. Though Grady financed and planned this scheme, he escaped untouched, for there was no evidence against him.

Criminals, successful and unsuccessful, rarely lack women to love them. Strangely enough, this grim, daring, successful general of crime was perpetually spurned and flouted by my sex. Finally there came to him like an angel from heaven a very beautiful, well-bred daughter of the rich. Of course, John fell in love with her—any man would have—and things looked favorable for him.

This woman was the young and almost penniless widow of a member of the "four hundred." She had involved herself in a financial situation from which there was no honest escape. Just as servants of the rich ran to "Mother" Mandelbaum with their secrets, so this woman went to Grady with her inside knowledge.

A sort of partnership sprang up between them which was profitable to both, but particularly to the woman, who used her sex unhesitatingly to get the better of her bargains with the cunning old master of the Underworld. Grady's passion grew stronger and stronger and the young widow, who really despised him, found it harder and harder to keep him at a distance.

Finally things came to a head. Grady knew that the secret of the Manhattan Bank was soon to come out and that his position in New York would be no longer safe. He was ready to flee, but his passion for the woman had become so completely his master that he would not move without her. It was a peculiar duel of wits that followed. The woman was financially dependent on Grady and dared not hide from him nor pretend that she did not return his passion.

The night came when she must either elope with him or lose his aid. The thought of either was unbearable, yet she met him in his empty house at midnight prepared. She knew that Grady would have his entire fortune with him in the form of the diamonds and her plan was nothing less than to murder him and take his jewels. She had brought a little vial of poison with her and held it in trembling fingers within her muff. She knew Grady had a bottle of yellow wine and she knew it would not be hard to have him drink a toast to their elopement.

Grady produced the bottle but also only one dirty tumbler. They were both to drink from that, it seemed. The woman, at her wits' ends, glanced about the room and spied a battered tin cup.

"There," she cried, pointing, "the very thing."

Grady's Romantic Death

While Grady went to get it she emptied the vial into the dirty glass. Grady soon poured a quantity of the yellow wine on top of it and then filled the cup. But to her horror, he handed her the glass and took the cup.

"No, no, John," she gasped, "you take the glass. I'll drink from the cup."

"Why," asked Grady, his eyes aflame with sudden suspicion, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, only that I left a kiss for you on the glass," she faltered.

Grady took the glass and slowly, very slowly, he raised it toward his lips, all the while gazing unwinkingly at the woman. Just at his lips the glass stopped and the woman could not avoid a shudder, she covered her eyes and Grady, used to reading people's minds, read her's. He let the glass fall and shouted:

"So, it's murder you want—well, murder it shall be, but I'll do the murdering."

She saw death in his eyes as he seized her arm, but before death he would first have his way with her. She screamed and pulling with the strength of despair, twisted the arm out of Grady's grasp, leaving half her sleeve in his hand.

Still, there could surely be no hope for her, and yet at that very instant when he poised himself to plunge after her again, his eyes turned glassy; paralysis seized him and he sank slowly into his chair while the fainting woman tottered out of the door.

The next day, it so happened, Shovelin, the watchman, confessed to his connection with the Manhattan Bank robbery. The police were just taking up the trail that led to Grady's connection with the affair when the news came to headquarters that Grady was dead.

He was found with the sleeve of a woman's dress grasped convulsively in his hand. On the table was a bottle of wine and a cup. A broken glass and spilled wine on the floor showed traces of poison.

Greed of the "Fences"

An autopsy performed on Grady's body showed no sign of poison. His death had been caused by apoplexy. The woman who meant to kill him by poison had actually done so by means of the furious emotions she had aroused. She could have taken the diamonds had she only dared to wait.

Thus died Grady, still free from the law, and with his great fortune in diamonds in his pockets. Yet he died in an agony of furious disappointment as miserably as it is the lot of man to die. For him, as for "Mother" Mandelbaum, it was destined that the lesson should be finally but tragically impressed—that crime does not pay!

As a general thing the receiver of stolen goods is the greediest, tightest fisted individual who ever squeezed a dollar. The bargains he drives are so one-sided that unless the thief is unusually shrewd he will find his profits dwindling to almost nothing by the time he has disposed of his plunder. The margin between what the thief gets for his stealings and the price they finally bring is enormous, and even with only a few thieves working regularly for him the "fence" finds it easy to get rich in a very short time.

The greed of the "fences" is one important reason why many criminals find it difficult to reform. The more thieves a "fence" has working for him, the greater his profits, and naturally the longer they remain in the business the more valuable they are. When a thief reforms the "fence" is put to the trouble and expense of training a new man—and there is always the danger that the new member of the staff will prove less capable or industrious than the one whose place he takes.

The "fence" therefore tries to make crime so attractive or so necessary to the clever thief that he will continue stealing until death or arrest overtakes him. He keeps close watch for signs of a desire to reform, and does all he can to discourage it.

The "fence" studies the special weaknesses of his thieves and understands just how to play on them to his advantage. If a thief suggests "turning over a new leaf" the "fence" pays him more liberally for his next lot of goods, or loans him money to satisfy his craving for liquor, drugs, fine clothes or whatever may be his failing.

This last is a favorite method of getting a thief into a "fence's" power. The "fence" advances money freely, with the "always-glad-to-help-an-old-friend" spirit. But he keeps careful count of every dollar loaned, and when the inevitable day of reckoning comes the debt is usually so large that the thief can never hope to pay it except by crime.

Shinburn and the "Fence"

After living an honest life for fifteen years Mark Shinburn might never have turned burglar again had he not fallen into the hands of one of these avaricious receivers of stolen goods.

Shinburn—as I will tell you in a later chapter—had accumulated from his early robberies a million dollars. With this fortune he went to Belgium, bought an estate and the title of count, and settled down to the life of a prosperous country gentleman.

But the evil fortune which seems to follow every thief never forsook Shinburn. His mania for gambling and an unlucky series of speculations in the stock market at last left him penniless.

In the hope of restoring his fallen fortunes Shinburn went to London. There he met an old acquaintance of his—a wealthy receiver of stolen goods. This wily trickster, eager to get Shinburn, the greatest of burglars, to stealing for him again, received him with open arms.

"Glad to accommodate you, Mark," said the "fence" when a loan was suggested. "Your word is good for whatever you need—and pay it back whenever you are able."

The money Shinburn received in this way went where much of his original fortune had gone—at Monte Carlo. He returned to the London "fence" for another loan and another—and all were willingly granted. But when he sought money the fourth time he found the "fence's" attitude strangely changed.

He Turns Burglar Again

"Really," said the "fence," "I don't see how I can let you have any more money. It seems peculiar that you should be in such straitened circumstances. In the old days you used to have all the money you needed—why don't you use your wits and get some now?"

After touching Shinburn's pride in this crafty way, the "fence" casually mentioned an excellent opportunity which had come to his ears for robbing a bank in Belgium. It was, he said, a rather delicate undertaking, but there was a great deal of money involved—and Shinburn was the one man in the world who could carry it through.

Shinburn's shame at being obliged to borrow money made him an easy victim of the "fence's" wiles. He went to Belgium, was caught in the act of entering the bank, and was sent to prison for a long term. As soon as he was released the London "fence" began pressing him for money, and Shinburn became a confirmed criminal again, primarily to pay this debt.

And the same force, Einstein by name, paid the penalty of his wretched practices with a bullet in his brain, which was sent there by a desperate burglar who had tried vainly to reform, but was held in criminal bondage by Einstein.

The promoter of crime is not always a receiver of stolen goods. Sometimes he is himself a thief, who has mastered some branch of the business so thoroughly that he is able to sit back and let others do the active work.

Such a man was "Dutch Dan" Watson, who was long considered one of the most expert makers of duplicate keys in America. His specialty was entering buildings and taking wax impressions of the keys, which he often found hanging up in surprisingly convenient places.

From these impressions Watson, in his own workshop, would make the duplicate keys and file them away for future use. To each key he would attach a tag bearing the address of the building and a little diagram showing the exact location of the door which the key unlocked.

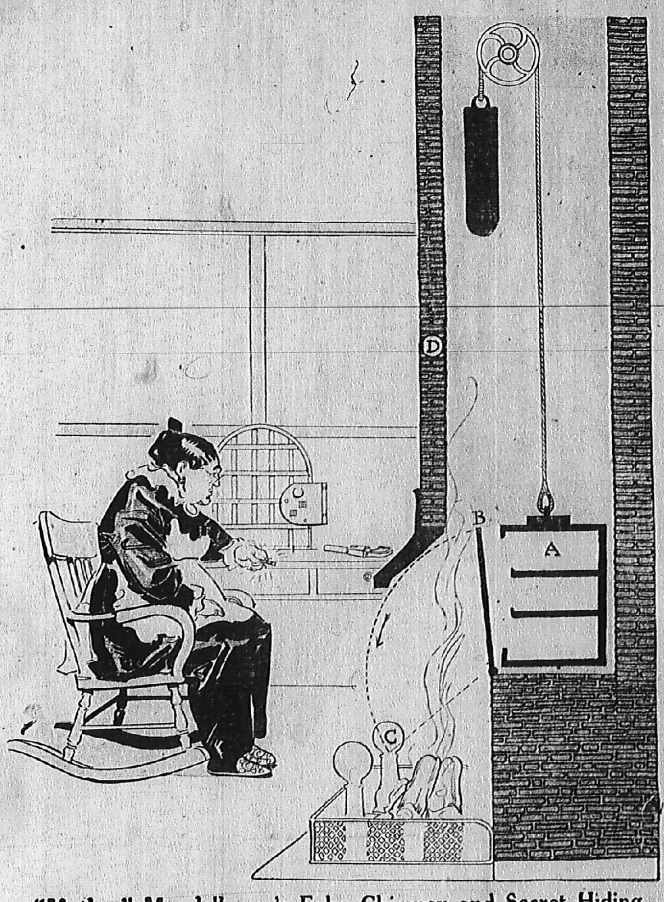
"Dutch Dan's" active part in the proposed crime ended as soon as the keys were made. Then from the wide circle of criminals he knew he would select a number of expert burglars and hand them a set of the keys and diagrams showing just how the robbery was to be carried out.

If the burglars were successful they turned over to "Dutch Dan" 20 per cent of the proceeds. This mode of operation proved very profitable for Watson, and I remember that he often had as many as eight different parties of burglars working for him at one time.

And Watson, like Einstein, was sent to his grave by a fellow criminal, who had been discarded from his gang and killed him in revenge.

Will any reader of this page who has reviewed with me the lives of the famous criminals recounted above dispute my assertion that truly CRIME DOES NOT PAY?

SOPHIE LYONS.



"Mother" Mandelbaum's False Chimney and Secret Hiding Place for Stolen Jewels.

"Mother" Mandelbaum led a life which left her open to many dangers from many different directions. Every member of the Underworld knew that stolen goods of great value were constantly coming into her resort, and from time to time schemes were devised to plunder the famous old "fence."

Mrs. Mandelbaum always sat inside of a window, which was protected by strong steel slats. The door to the room was of heavy oak. It was impossible, thus protected, for anybody to make a sudden rush and catch "Mother" Mandelbaum off her guard.

But, realizing that thieves might at any moment raid her establishments and finally force their way into her den, she provided still another safeguard.

"Mother" Mandelbaum had a special chimney built in her den, where she kept a little wood fire burning during the Winter, and kept the fireplace filled with old trash during the hot season. This chimney was peculiarly constructed, and had a false back behind the fire, and in this cavity was a little dumb-waiter (A). In front of the dumb-waiter was a false iron chimney back (B). She constructed a special brick wall (D), so that it appeared to be the regular wall of the house.

In case of sudden emergency "Mother" Mandelbaum could gather up any diamonds or stolen goods which might be incriminating, pull down the false chimney back (B), which fell down over the fireplace to the point (C), stow away the telltale valuables in the dumb-waiter (A), push the dumb-waiter up out of sight into the chimney and push back into place the false chimney back (B). This simple operation concluded, "Mother" Mandelbaum was then ready to face a search or a hold-up.

NEXT SUNDAY SOPHIE LYONS WILL DEAL WITH DARING TRAIN ROBBERS—Charles Boles, who always worked alone, but dressed up dummy robbers with wooden guns and planted them along the track and other remarkable cases.