

## WHEN THIEVES LACK HONOR

E. C. DELAVAN IN PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

My name I cannot sign to this story. Not that I haven't a name. I have one, and it is on record, but owing to certain acts of mine, I am now known as No. —, and am clothed, fed and employed by the State of New York at one of those large institutions where the state hopes to make the wayward ones model citizens, or have them die in the process. But I have no fault to find. I am 42 years old, and have lived a century if speed of living counts for anything. Many a time I look at my clothing and the stripes of monotony, and think of the dress suits and frocks that I once owned and adorned. I had diamonds larger than the beans that my soup is made from. But those were the days of my youthfulness, and the eternal law of compensation will give the pendulum, and I am on the back stroke now. But this is not telling my story.

I was attracted to crime by my love of adventure and my inventive instincts. I don't think that I was bad naturally, but my mind was bent on how to do certain things in a new and original way. I stepped aside from the path of rectitude on numerous occasions, and being successful, I became known as a "silk" worker, and was in a class all by myself. I scorned the old ways of crime, and would have nothing to do with them.

The story I am to write had its foundation some years ago, and it was not the one that got me into my present clothes and quarters. In my youth I learned the cigarmaker's trade, and was known as a hand-workman, working only on high-grade cigars, and making good wages. I drifted all over the country, working at my trade, stealing at nearly every place I stopped, doing a little burglary, with an occasional "hold-up," and being always successful, piled up a sum of money that enabled me to give up my trade and wear good clothes and diamonds.

In the course of my wanderings, I reached Montreal, and at once became acquainted with the great lights in the fraternity of thieves. I was well received. Among my closest friends was Mike Lewison. Lewison was a diamond smuggler and a "finger," and his words he would buy stolen gems, steal them if he couldn't buy them, and run them over into the States. He made big money on the transactions, and was rich. He was a marked man, and the customs officers were "onto" him, but thus far he had eluded their watchfulness.

One day at the Windsor in Montreal, Mike sent for me to come to his room, and after swearing me to secrecy, showed me a collection of diamonds. I was nearly blind with my eyes out by their dazzling brilliancy. There was about \$50,000 worth in the lot, and he had been gathering them for years. I said, "Mike, I have a plan and it will cost you two thousand, but it is a sure winner."

Mike haggled and struggled, but finally gave in and gave me the sum of \$2,000. I could safely hide his gems until he reached New York. It was a bargain. We rented a little room in a back street, paid a month's rent in advance, and put our sign, "Lewison & Co. Cigar Manufacturers," bought a few boxes of cheap cigars, and filled the little showcase, bought a small stock of leaf tobacco, and I put on my apron, took my knife and began "manufacturing" in the back room. Mike bought a cot bedstead, brought down his baggage and slept in the shop. In less than a week I had every diamond snugly rolled into a cigar, putting two of the smaller stones into a cigar and one of the larger stones into others. I secured two boxes that had been emptied and used them in which to pack the cigars. The cigars were mostly of the "Perfecto" shape, and were not bad-looking cigars, but the coloring would disgrace any man who ever packed cigars. All shades from "Col. Claro" to "Oscuro" were in

one when there is danger, but I confess that I was a bit nervous as I thought of all that was at stake, but I braced up and did the trick. Mike was nodding, and was soon sound asleep, with the precious bag between his feet. Now he was in the land of dreams. I quietly took the brown paper of my own bag and set it close beside my chair. I looked at my watch and saw that in 20 minutes we would pass Storm King. Calling my friend the waiter, I wrote on a slip of paper, "Do you know how to cut off the Pintsch gas?" He read it and nodded in the affirmative. I wrote on another slip, "Cut it off, Yorkton King." He nodded and with my heart in my mouth, I waited as the moments plodded along. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen minutes, and the car was in total darkness! Quick as a flash I took my bag and changed it for Mike's valuable piece of luggage, and taking the bag with the diamonds stepped to the back platform, threw out a lighted wax match, and dropped the bag off on the left side. A shadowy form rose up from the darkness, and a revolver shot, a signal previously agreed on, told me that our plan had worked, and that the bag was safe in the hands of the confederate.

Inside the car, all was confusion; men shouted, women screamed and the train officers were swearing, and trying to find the bag. I stepped out of the car and feigned sleep, when the light was restored. Just then Mike woke up, and the first thing he did was to make a grab for his beloved bag. There it was, just as he had left it and as he peeped inside, he smiled in his crafty way, but he did not sleep again. The confusion was soon quieted, and when I asked the conductor what had caused the darkness, he told me that a new waiter had come on at Syracuse or Utica, and that some fellow had asked him to turn on more gas so that he could read, and that contrary to all rules, he had gone to the "cut-off," and instead of turning on more gas, had cut it off entirely. "This will be his last trip," said the conductor, "and I shall have him bounced as soon as we reach New York. I agreed with him that he should be discharged at once. Well, that is about all there is of the story. Mike was weeping and wailing, and he was so grateful to me for my friend Mike's diamond mine. But he couldn't tell his troubles to the police, and he was so grateful to me in solitude. That was the strong end of the situation. I met my friend, the waiter, at the Grand Union about an hour later, and he was waiting for his face and a blonde wig on. Our friend at Storm King came down on the accommodation, and we took the midnight train for the West.

"Planted" the gems with a friend in Chicago, and for a few years after about all we did was to open wine, wear good clothes and gamble. I have never heard or seen anything of Mike since that night. I don't care particularly about meeting him either. Still, he couldn't have me where I am, and even with good luck, my time won't be out until June, 1907.

### France's "Immortelles."

One of the newspapers devoted to the feminine interest has been organizing a competition relative to the nomination of celebrated Frenchwomen to an "Academy of Lady Immortelles," says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. From the result it appears that no less a person than Marie, Sarah Bernhardt was the prime favorite with the electors. She received 9,000 votes. She was followed by Mlle. Lemaire and Louise Abbema, artists; Daniel Lesueur, novelist; Auguste Holman, composer of music; the Duchess d'Uzes, patroness of art; Severine, the lady journalist; Mme. Rejane, the actress; Mme. Adam, the lady politician; Mme. Rostand, poetess, and wife of the dramatist; Mlle. Alphonse Daudet; Gyp, or the Countess de Martel, writer of amusing fiction, and so on. There were also nominated two vocalists, Mlle. Marie Delna, of the Opera Comique, and Emma Calvé.

### Automobile Horse School.

A free school to teach horses not to be afraid of automobiles has been started by the president of the Automobile Club at Lenox, Mass. The lessons consist of driving the machine past the horse at different rates of speed, making him follow it, etc., and having the horse back on him. Three lessons usually suffice.

## ANONYMOUS AID GIVEN POLICE

Sleuths Are Often Given Very Valuable Advice.

Unsigned Letters, Written Through Jealousy or Spite, Give Valuable Cues.

In the business world, the fate of the anonymous communication does not hang long in the balance. It belongs to the outcast and the unclean of ephemeral literature. In nine cases out of a possible ten, the business man throws it into the waste basket, giving it no other thought than that it is a discarded thing, not worthy of the time that it had taken in condemnation.

In the police department of Chicago, however, the anonymous letter, purporting to set the police upon a clever criminal, is at once the most important and the most trustworthy of "tips." It is for this reason that, as between the genuine letter and the dozens of other letters composed by every possible motive on the part of the writers, the anonymous communication is the one that the police department must take always in the most serious judgment of a Sherlock Holmes might desire to be a mere bit of spite-work. For, strangely enough, there is in one of the most important features in a year's history of police work.

There are two reasons why the police tip by mail should be anonymous; these are not all, but they are sufficient. In one case, a man is a resident of a district where crime and criminals are bred, finds that he needs the protection of the police department, but he is afraid to call upon them. Evidently, he does not know of the conditions. He feels that he should let the department know, but he is afraid to call upon them. In another case, a man is a resident of a district where crime and criminals are bred, finds that he needs the protection of the police department, but he is afraid to call upon them. Evidently, he does not know of the conditions. He feels that he should let the department know, but he is afraid to call upon them.

### WRITE LETTERS IN REVENGE.

On the other hand, a man who has been mixed up in a shady transaction either as a principal or as a victim, and who is disgraced with his partners or his confidantes, writes his anonymous contribution to the police. He has no exalted motive; he is simply showing in every line of his letter, but it will be a tip that is at once valuable to the police and to the public.

In the writing of these letters to the police department, Lieut. Andrew Rohan at Central station is the recipient. It is in his office that a file of all of them is kept together with the report of the officers detailed to look up the facts in the cases. These letters cover every possible crime in the calendar of misdeeds, some of them in the most minute details; others hidden in innuendo; and still others brutally charging persons, by name and address, with crimes, thieves, burglars, and even murderers.

### JEALOUS WOMEN AID POLICE

Women are frequent writers of these letters, and by far the greater part of them are in a spirit of spite. More than any other class, women are exposed by these women; frequently it is a woman who has left his sweetheart who comes in for the investigation of the police. Under such circumstances a jealous woman is one of the best aids to the police. In her anger she stops at nothing that may incriminate the man, no matter how deeply she may regret it when he has been put under arrest. If she strikes the woman who is the object of her jealous anger at the object she is all the better pleased. Frequently these women are in person to the police to lead them to the objects of their anger.

In the course of a year the "tip" letters of the police department of Chicago make a great volume that is pagged, indexed, dated, and laid away for any future reference that may be necessary. "A" is the best directory refers to the anonymous letters. Each letter is attached to a blank form for an officer's report.

"You don't know what is in one of them till you look it up," said the veteran Inspector Shea. "You may say the letter is all right, but it may be all wrong, and it may be wrong. It may be that an officer would sooner catch the man who wrote the letter than to trap the man whom the officer wanted. But if the other fellow has it coming, too, we have to take what we can get."

### MEANS EVERYTHING OR NOTHING.

"In a general way an anonymous letter means everything or nothing. The only kind that the police officer may feel sure of at first glance is the letter occasionally received which is intended to give the department the 'wrong steer' in a case. This letter is always caught by the police. With the anonymous letter, however, the department often would be at a loss. These letters make lots of needless work in the course of a year, but they are worth the trouble."

Some of the letters filed away by the department are still so hard of classification that Lieut. Rohan even doubts if he can classify them as to motive behind them. Others are easy by comparison. For instance here is a letter written by a woman whose curiosity has been piqued under a man wanted to find out something more about her neighbors through the instrumentality of the police:

"Detective Officers: Would you please investigate room 25, at 491 West street this city? Perhaps you can find a clew to unlawful deed, for these is a sick man being kept there in room 25, which no doubt was wanted by the officers and escaped. There are two rooms and he is kept in the inside room. You should go in the evening and see if he is still there. If he is, please send him to the hospital. I am not sure what the trouble is, but there is a sick man kept there in secret."

Simply as a trouble-making spite letter, one received by the department just after the robbery of the Chicago postoffice is a good example. It charges, in most specific terms, that a merchant in Milwaukee avenue had secured a large number of stamps in stamps, and that he was a man who was a good example. It charges, in most specific terms, that a merchant in Milwaukee avenue had secured a large number of stamps in stamps, and that he was a man who was a good example. It charges, in most specific terms, that a merchant in Milwaukee avenue had secured a large number of stamps in stamps, and that he was a man who was a good example.

### WRITTEN IN SPITE.

As a spite case of the worst kind, a letter addressed to Chief

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## SCHWAB AT HIS HOME IN LORETTA

What Old Neighbors Think of the Steel Magnate.

Uncle Bill Schwab Would Rather Have His Own Good Appetite Than "Charlie's" Millions.

In Loretta, a little village on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, Charles M. Schwab is just plain Charlie Schwab. He is called that by all most of Loretta's 300 inhabitants, who live their contemplative days in real Pennsylvania village style, scattered along a single-shaded street that runs the length of a ridge. At one end of the mile-long thoroughfare stands a church—not the outside world is the new, large, imposing. By its side, sheltered in a grove, is a convent for Sisters of Mercy, a short distance away, down in the valley, the brick red building of St. Francis' College peeps from many trees.

There is no other than the granite church for miles around. There is no need of another. No person not a Catholic has ever been known to live in Loretta, founded a hundred years ago by the famous prince-priest, Demetrius Gallitzin. It is noted in church history as the home of Catholicism in Western Pennsylvania. The people of Schwab's shoddy home have the predominant trait of living together as one family, entirely under the spiritual and largely under the material guidance of Father Kittel, the Franciscan brother at the college and the gentle sisters of the convent.

Their other characteristics are those of villagers whose only link with the outside world is the now famous stage line running twice a day to Cresson, the nearest railroad station, six miles away.

When Charles M. Schwab arrives here no one stands in awe of him, notwithstanding the fact that he has been the only man who ever went out from Loretta and amassed great wealth. When he drives along the street, "Paddy" Moran, the blacksmith, waves a forge-begrimed hand at his boyhood companion and yells, "Hello, Charlie, how be ye?" Mrs. Margaret McElhenry, Loretta's oldest inhabitant, greets him with, "Well, Charlie, boy, I'm right glad you're back," when Mr. Schwab fakes his usual call at the McElhenry home.

Even the whittlers in front of the stores sing out, "Hello, Charlie," by means of a lively business and a plies in kind. Except for the big house on the hill, his life when he comes back here is almost as simple as in his boyhood days.

John Schwab, Charles' father, is the nabob of Loretta. He is the richest resident, its only retired merchant. All the rest have to keep right on trying to scrape in the pennies that are sufficient to the day. Several years before his son had managed to creep very far up the ladder in Bradstock, John, by means of a lively business and a farm, got together a comfortable sum for use in his declining years. John Schwab is 65 years old, but his six feet of spare body remain as straight as an arrow, and not a gray hair shows in his black hair and beard.

The mother is the opposite of her husband. She is typically German. Her figure is short and stout, her face round and full, and her complexion and hair fair. She is exceedingly affable. The villagers say that "Charlie takes

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"I feel it my duty to write you this testimony of the wonderful merit of Powley's Liquefied Ozone. For over twelve years past I have been a great sufferer from eczema. My hands and limbs were so bad that blood would ooze out of my skin, and I had a very bad sore on my right leg at the knee. It was so painful at times that I was unable to walk, and often my hands were so bad I could not attend to my practice, and I had to wear silk rubber gloves. I was treated by the best specialists on skin diseases in New York City and elsewhere. I went to Kingston, Canada, and engaged another specialist who said he could cure me, but I received no permanent relief. "About the first of December, 1901, I saw your preparation—Ozone—advertised, and without the slightest belief that it would cure me, I had given up all hope. I procured a dollar bottle of John T. Lyons' drug store, and began taking it. To my very agreeable surprise I noticed an improvement almost immediately. I continued taking Ozone until I had taken eleven bottles. I also used one jar of Ozone Cream, which I found an excellent preparation for the skin. "I am now cured of that troublesome disease, my skin is as smooth as a baby's, and I can attend to my practice in comfort. "I cheerfully recommend Ozone to all sufferers from eczema, and I will ever sing its praises." (Signed) M. MECKLENBURG, Doctor of Optics and Refraction, Cor. Craig and Bleury Sts., Montreal, P. Q.

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