

No Honor Among Thieves.

"When that trio of strong-arm men stuck up one of their pals the other night for a parcel of swag he possessed, some of the newspaper accounts, I notice somewhat mournfully suggested that the incident presaged the passing of 'the proverbial honor among thieves,' remarked a retired detective sergeant of the Byrnes regime. 'Now, that's misleading stuff. There never was any honor among thieves. I never knew a crook yet that wouldn't do his pal as quick as he'd eat a plate of ham and eggs.'

"A little more than twenty years ago three class A cracksmen of this town framed up a promising bank job over in Paterson. The thing went through in bully shape. They put the watchman under the gun when he stepped to the bank's front door to get a breath of air and they had him cuffed up and gagged in the basement before he knew where he was at.

"The vault was an ordinary combination affair without any double or time-lock contrivances, and it was dead easy for men who knew how to handle the blow-pipe and the nitro. They got her open after an hour's work, and it just looked like the world was their'n to speak, for their was \$60,000 in new currency in plain sight. They let the heavy gilt stuff alone, and made a leisurely job of dividing the loot into three equal parts of \$20,000 for each man.

"The lookout or outside man, abandoned his post in front of the door to be in at the division when he knew the safe was hanging from its hinges. The three were sitting inside the vault, stuffing the currency into their clothes and planning for their different hiding places when two cops suddenly appeared at the entrance to the vault and covered the three of them. It was so sudden that the fins of the three went right straight up.

"While one of the cops kept the three covered by the simple gun-fanning process, the other went behind 'em and deftly removed their shooting tools. Then he quite as deftly abstracted the bundles of currency from the pockets of each. This done, 'March' said the two cops to the three cracksmen. The cops marched the three down to the basement, where the watchman was still tied up. Then they executed a walking backward move, still covering the three, got out the iron door at the back leading into the alley, slammed the door, which closed with a spring lock and the three cracksmen were neatly hobbled.

"They hadn't any tools, and so they couldn't get out of that basement. They untied the watchman and ordered him to turn them loose, but they had collared the watchman's keys upstairs before dragging him to the cellar, and the keys were still upstairs. So the three cracksmen and the watchman were found together in the basement on the following day.

"The cracksmen's story that they themselves had been stuck up by a couple of cops was recounted, and when the watchman chimed in and stated that the story was true, he was immediately under suspicion of having been in cahoots with the nitro men. The watchman had a hard time in squaring himself, and came near doing his bit over the road. He stuck to the cop story so persistently, however, that the cop on the bank beat and the man on the adjoining beat had to make all kinds of explanations as to their whereabouts on the night of the robbery. To square themselves both had to own that they had been taking naps and produce witnesses to that effect, and lost their badges. The three cracksmen got ten year stretches in Trenton.

"Now, these two cadets in the rig out of cops were Chicago bank burglars. They'd come east to wait for the graft to pick up a bit in their home town, and in some mysterious way they'd learned about the details of this Paterson job. It looked like ready money and no work, and so they went to one of the cellar costumers in this town and had their measures taken for policemen's suits. They went to Patterson on the appointed night and just stood by until their time came. Then they made their play, and it sure was a neat and profitable one.

"They got away with the goods and the story didn't get around for three or four years afterward. Then one of the Chicago putty blowers got glibly drunk one night and spun the yarn. Now if there was ever anything in this 'honor among thieves' pipe dream you'd naturally suppose that these two 'nd had been ostracized by their

pals who heard of their profitable masquerade as cops in Paterson. Nothing of the sort happened. The gang patted 'em on the back and ha ha'd over the picture of the three Eastern nitro men locked up in the basement with the watchman.

"Those two are still in business in Chicago, but they're strong arm men now. One of them was kicked almost over the edge of the Big Divide by two of the Eastern cracksmen after the latter got out of Trenton, but he probably didn't mind a little thing like that, remembering all the fun he'd had with his end of that \$60,000 that had been picked up with so little trouble.

"Spark-grafters—that is to say, diamond snatchers or biters—are very rarely on the level with each other when they're working as a team. I particularly recall one case of this kind. A couple of top notch 'spark-grafters' got into the fact that the proprietor of a certain restaurant started, for his home on a Broadway car every night about 11 o'clock. They had rubbed over this man because he always wore in his four in hand tie a huge, flashy, four stone diamond pin. The stones were the white boys, and each of 'em looked to weigh about four carats.

"The old restaurant man generally had a pretty good bus on when he took the car to go home, and he looked good to the pair of spark-grafters. So they fixed a night to get that pin. They boarded the car in which the restaurant man sat dining, in the enjoyment of his regular going-home jag, and waited for the car to fill up with folks from the Broadway theatres.

"The old chap, very gallant, got up to give a lady his seat. Then one of the spare-grafters gave him the elbow in the small of the back, and when he turned to put up a yelp, the other one pinched the four-stone pin. It looked a good two-thousand worth, anyhow, to the crook who had done the elbowing. They got off the car, and made for the plant of the fence right off. The crook who had the pin handed the goods over to the fence and named his least figure with a confident grin. The fence took the pin, looked at it just once, spat on it and remarked: 'Nothin' doin' in the rock candy line just now. Stop your kiddin'.'

"The crook who hadn't collared the pin looked tremendously surprised, and the crook who had collared the pin simulated tremendous surprise.

"Do you fellows mean to tell me that you don't know this is a phony?" said the fence holding up the pin.

"Well, sure enough, the pin was a bogus—just fairly sawed Brasil brilliants. The crook who hadn't swiped the pin looked disappointed and gloomy, and said that his eyesight must be failing—that he'd never been twisted before in piping off the proper sort of rocks. The other crook chimed in, and remarked that he'd never felt so cheap in his life. Then the two spark-grafters separated.

"The one who'd collared the pin, and who had it in his kick all the time, took it to another fence and got \$1,500 for it without any hitch. You see, he'd had a bogus of the genuine pin made and the bogus was the one he was in on the first fence when he went there with his pal. The pal got next after a somewhat long period of thoughtfulness. When he found out that his suspicions were correct he chased after his ingenious partner and angrily demanded his bit. All he got for his was the mirthful hoot, and that partnership was dissolved. The crook who had thus been done by his pal passed the word around about it among his friends in the profession. They handed him the chortle, and the other crook was looked upon by all of them as the real thing for his foxiness.

"You take a bunch of leather workers—the kind that go through crowds at a circus, or in a fair grounds, or in a grandstand when a big parade's going on—and you'll find that they watch each other like hawks, that they're always suspicious of each other, and that they're always quarrelling among themselves. The wise guy of a push of leather workers is the fellow to whom the pocketbook is passed by the dip who nails it. He's generally the heap chief of the gang, but he's always under suspicion. The rest of the crowd always feel that he skins the leathers before they join him, and, as a simple matter of fact, he generally does.

"I've known bank sneaks to dump each other time and time again. About nine years ago a wholesale candy manufacturer was standing at the head of the line before the receiving teller's window of an old East

Side bank. He was waiting for the receiving teller, who had stepped back for a moment, to resume his place at the window.

It was warm and the candy manufacturer wanted to mop his forehead. So he laid his bank-book, which contained between its leaves a matter of \$8,000 in bills, down on the counter and reached back for his handkerchief.

"The sneak standing right back of him called his attention to the fact that he had dropped a bill, and sure enough, when he looked down the merchant saw the bill at his feet. He stooped for it, and it was then that sneak No. 2 collared the bankbook resting on the counter and slipped out with his pal—the one who had informed the merchant about that bill lying on the floor. When they got out they took cars going in different directions.

"The sneak with the dough didn't turn up that night at the place he'd appointed to meet his pal, nor the night after that. Then the other crook got the hunch that he'd been ditched by his partner. He was so sore about it that he went right down to headquarters and made his holler. The other sneak, who was on the wing all right, was collared on a Union Pacific train somewhere in Nebraska just two days later, with all but about \$500 of the goods on him. He did a stretch of three times the length his pal got.

"Even the green goods workers of the old days used to give each other the boots whenever they got a chance. I'll just mention one case. A two-handed team of the green goods salesmen sprung a come on in Pennsylvania who wanted \$50,000 worth of the stuff for \$3,000. Now, that was a pretty neat transaction, even in the days when the green goods were being sold here like so much yellow laundry soap.

"Well, the game was beginning to get a bit in the shade then, and the head of this team was only waiting for a chance to make a proper yank-down before getting under cover for a while. The come-on turned up all right, the switch in the values was made as per schedule, the good thing walked out with his bag of waste paper, and it was up to the team to make the equal divide. They had a drink or two out of the cabinet bottle before getting down to business, and the head guy of the partnership let his pal have the knock-out drops in his liquor. When the pal's light went out the other one wallized away with the come-on's good \$5,000, lammed West and thus the firm was dissolved.—New York Sun.

KING EDWARD LOST IN ILLINOIS.

An Irishman Restored the Then Prince of Wales to His Friends.

Some interesting anecdotes of Edward VII. are told by a prominent man of this city, under whose personal observation they came when the Prince of Wales visited this country under the title of Lord Renfrew. It was in the fall of 1890, and the Prince, with a party of St. Louis friends invaded Illinois for the purpose of shooting prairie chickens.

His success in bagging game quite carried the prince away, figuratively, and also literally, during one hunt, for he was soon lost from both his friends and attendants in a country totally unknown to him. When he finally realized the fact he attempted to retrace his steps, but even his servant, who carried the game for him, was nowhere to be seen. Striking out toward the setting sun he determined to reach some sort of habitation as quickly as possible in order that he might reach Breese, Clinton county, the party's headquarters, before dark.

He was quite worn out when he came upon a Scotch-Irishman ploughing in a field. The Prince approached him, and commanded that he hitch his horses at once to the near-by wagon, and drive him as speedily as possible to Breese.

The man stopped, quietly took a quid of tobacco from his mouth, depositing it near the princely feet, and taking another chew stared in amazement.

"What is the matter, my good man?" said the Prince. "It is not so far to Breese that your horses would not make the trip, is it?"

"Faith, an' nary a that, sor; but it's no business I have got in Breese the day."

"But, man, it is important that I should be there without delay, as I have no desire to be out here after nightfall."

"Faith, an' I am sorry for that, sor," said the Irishman, viewing his Royal Highness with increased suspicion.

"Perhaps," said the Prince haughtily, but with a suppressed smile hovering about his lips, "you do not know that you are refusing to do a service for an English nobleman."

"Shure, an' that's nather here nor there to me, sor. We are all on the same footing in this country, sor. If you want me to take you to Breese show your wad."

Finally realizing what he meant by "wad," the Prince thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a five-dollar bill. That settled it. Title or no title, the road was open to Breese.

"Climb in, pardner," said the Irishman, as he hastily fastened his horses to the wagon.

On the road the Prince chatted familiarly with his grotesque and original friend, passing, as he afterward remarked, one of the most amusing hours of his trip.

The Irishman was delighted, and his prejudice against titled heads was rapidly diminishing when as they came in sight of Breese they met several of the party in quest of him.

Getting out of the wagon and mounting the horse that had been led out for him the Prince turned to his new friend and said: "My good man, when you return home just tell your wife that you drove the Prince of Wales into Breese."

"Well, faith," said the Irishman, shifting his lines into his left hand, "an' that's a good one." Extending his hand to Wales he said with a grin: "Shake, Prince or no Prince, you're the right sort, and if ye ever come into these parts again jest drop in. The old woman would be powerful glad to see ye."

Respecting the Sabbath.

One Sunday I called at a cottage in the south of Middletown and requested a measure of milk, which was promptly handed to me. I offered the woman who attended to my wants a few coppers, but she curtly responded, 'I cannot tak siller on a Sabbath!' I thanked her, and was turning away, when she whispered: 'Mon, ye can drap the bawbees in that tub wi' the graith (soap-suds) in it. I'll get them out the morn'!

"Keep your Stomach in good working order and your general health will take care of itself." This is the advice of an eminent specialist on stomach troubles, and he "clinched" the advice by publishing Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a wonder worker in all phases of stomach disorders from the little "ferment" after eating to the chronic dyspepsia. 35 cents.—136

Customer—What right have you to charge such high prices? Why, I can get better food and better cooking in cheap restaurants.

New Waiter—Yes, but those cheap places don't take so much time to get your order ready.

Townie—D'Auber tells me he is in love with his art.

Browne—Is he? Well, he need never have any fear of a rival.

"My husband has had dyspepsia dreadfully lately. He has been such a sufferer."

"I am so sorry to hear it. I had no idea that you were without a cook."



FRESH FLOWERS.

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