

# MOOR BRIGAND

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1908

## MAFIA FAIR ONES PLANNING TO EFFECT ESCAPE OF SPAIN'S MOST FAMOUS BRIGAND

Extraordinary Career of El Vivillo, the Terror of Andalusia--After Squandering the Fortune He Inherited He Started Life as a Card Sharper--Couldn't Make Money Enough That Way to Wed the Girl He Loved, So Turned Smuggler--After Killing His Rival for the Leadership of the Contrabandists, He Took to the Countryside as a Highwayman--A Combination of a Robin Hood and a Don Juan--He Fascinated Many Romantic Spanish Maids and Matrons.

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Madrid, April 28.--Few dime novels that have fired the imagination of the sensation-loving have dealt with so interesting and, at the same time, so fascinating a character as El Vivillo, the Andalusian bandit who was arrested recently in Buenos Ayres, Argentina. He now has been imprisoned under very heavy guard, in the penal prison at Cadiz, but no one who knows anything about his career and his

and easiest way. After an unsuccessful attempt to turn his skill with the cards to advantage at the Municipal Casino of his home town, he threw in his lot with a band of smugglers. The future bandit's ingenuity and nimble wit soon made him a favorite with the majority of his fellow contrabandists, but they also aroused the jealousy of one of the leaders, nicknamed Lobo (Wolf). The latter was renowned for his dexterity with the dagger, and he took an early opportunity of attempting to prove to the newcomers



EL VIVILLO, the Famous Spanish Brigand Who Has Been Imprisoned and Who Terrorized Southern Spain for Eighteen Years.

extraordinary capacity for wriggling out of difficulties expects that he will remain within the four walls of his cell very long. It is hinted in high circles here that the start of many fair and influential ladies of Sunny Spain have been lost to the daring desperado, and that their owners will move heaven and earth to obtain his release.

Despite his life of crime and undoubted viciousness, El Vivillo has been the favorite hero of the youth of this country for more than eighteen years. The youngsters have followed his adventuresome career, as set forth from time to time in the papers, with bated breath and sparkling eyes, and have no doubt one and all longed to emulate the bandit and the band of precious scamps he so successfully captained.

This is not El Vivillo's first term behind prison bars, but all attempts to keep him there have proved unsuccessful heretofore. Either by the expenditure of money in large sums, the influence of those in high places or his own genius as a jail-breaker he has walked out apparently when he pleased.

Like most heroes, either of fiction or reality, he seems to have borne a charmed life. Of the reckless band of lawless characters he led during his eighteen years as the leading "knight of the road," El Vivillo, with one exception, is the only one still alive. All the others have fallen in skirmishes with that very excellent and sure-shooting body of mounted police, the "Cavalry of the Air." El Vivillo, the survivor of those strenuous times is a man of about thirty years, with a goodly sentence of ninety-one years' penal servitude in Cordova prison. He is a man of yields only to his chief in his record of rascality.

A halo of romance has grown up around El Vivillo and his band. According to the general opinion among the ignorant Spaniards of the countryside he is a sort of second Robin Hood, robbing the rich and assisting the poor. Some of the stories which are told of him and on which this view is based undoubtedly are true, but the great majority of them just as surely were woven out of thin air by imaginative writers attached to the press.

El Vivillo was born in the Andalusian town of Betepa in 1865. As a very young boy he acquired a remarkable dexterity with the cards, and it was through the constant exercise of this talent that he earned the nickname by which he has always been known to the exclusion of his family name. El Vivillo, translated into English, means "Lively Little One," and from all accounts the future bandit was a very precocious youth. His parents appear to have been honest, simple folk and made a real effort to train him for a commercial career. He was sent to Cordova to serve an apprenticeship in a business house, but his employer soon bundled him back home again because of his unruly ways. Under the paternal roof he then remained until he reached the age of 23, when both his parents died and he inherited a small fortune.

El Vivillo immediately started out to paint his home town red. His one idea seemed to be to get rid of his fortune in record time, and so successful was he that in two years he was penniless. At this embarrassing point in his career he fell violently in love with the girl who afterwards became his wife. She was a beautiful, dark-eyed woman named Dolores Gomez, and had hosts of admirers. What she ever saw in El Vivillo to admire it is hard to say. Indeed, what the scores of women who afterwards lost their hearts to the bold rascal say in him it is equally difficult to discover. He is today a burly, ruddy-complexioned man with distinctly vulgar and repulsive features, and it does not seem possible that he ever could have been attractive to feminine eyes. His manner is harsh and overbearing, and he feels, and makes no bones of expressing, a supreme contempt for the softer passions of the heart.

With his fortune dissipated El Vivillo was in no condition to contemplate immediate marriage. He decided to remove the financial obstacle in the shortest, quick-

est and easiest way. After an unsuccessful attempt to turn his skill with the cards to advantage at the Municipal Casino of his home town, he threw in his lot with a band of smugglers. The future bandit's ingenuity and nimble wit soon made him a favorite with the majority of his fellow contrabandists, but they also aroused the jealousy of one of the leaders, nicknamed Lobo (Wolf). The latter was renowned for his dexterity with the dagger, and he took an early opportunity of attempting to prove to the newcomers

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Among the outrages definitely fastened upon El Vivillo are the sacking of a mansion at Torredonjimeno, when he secured more than \$20,000; the seizure of an Andalusian millionaire on the highroad to Antequera, when the bandit shot three servants who attempted to defend their employer's property; and another highway robbery between Cadix and Priego, on which occasion the bandit was captured and placed in prison at the latter town, escaping, as usual, after two days' confinement.

Another exploit of El Vivillo occurred between Setenil and Villamartin. A wealthy land owner named Don Pedro Gurnan was traveling toward the latter town accompanied by his steward when they were held up by El Vivillo's band on the road. The officers dashed off in hot haste in the direction indicated, but needless to say, did not succeed in capturing El Vivillo on that occasion.

The brigand's family is composed of five children--two sons and three daughters. The former is married and resides in Estepa. The three girls--Dolores, Carmen and Consuelo--are noted beauties, with the voluptuous figure, dark hair, eyes and complexion that have made Andalusian women famous. They all speak French correctly, an unusual accomplishment in the children of a Spanish brigand. The eldest daughter, Dolores, is married to a man who is a member of the family. The second daughter plays with exceptional ability.

Expelled by the police to Gibraltar last November, the children took steamer to Buenos Ayres, and so unwittingly caused the Spanish authorities to suspect that El Vivillo, who was badly wanted, was in hiding there. Information was sent to the Spanish Legation in the Argentine capital, and a few days after the arrival of his family El Vivillo was prospectively arrested at a ranch tenanted by him at the village of Encarnada, near La Plata.

On the day of El Vivillo's arrest a German presented himself at the home of the President of the Argentine Republic and asked to be allowed to visit the Spanish brigand. His request was denied, and later he approached a subordinate official and offered him 4,000 pesos to procure his release. The official, however, believing the overtures of the brigand, reported the offer to his superior, with the result that the family El Vivillo was placed under arrest. An investigation subsequently was made, and it was discovered that the sum of 4,000 pesos had been paid to a newly married man, who was very anxious to see what a real live Andalusian bandit was like.

JOSE MONDEGO.

THE HABIT OF EATING AND DRINKING.

Enthusiastic professors expound to us that we consume food in enormous excess of our reasonable needs, and perhaps we do, but we find eating a pleasant exercise and it is, according to our various capacities, as long as we can get food that suits us and our digestion holds out. As we drink, the habit of eating and drinking that are more or less stimulating in their qualities is at least as old as history, and doubtless very much older. Covetous with its have been the province of the Spaniards, and warnings against its continuance. Hardly any major proclivity has such a bad name, or is so generally regarded as a source of arguments and awful examples. That rum does any one good must seem doubtful even to the best friend. When you have said that it is pleasant and that it is immensely destructive to individuals, a considerable proportion of the most valuable people on the earth seem to be able to play with it without serious damage to themselves. You have said almost all that is to be said. So great a cloud of complications swarm over that productivity that you marvel that there is any life left in it. They keep on saying that it is less destructive than it is used to be, and probably they hope in time to kill it altogether. One or two, it will be found, might succeed, but it might stay dead for a generation or two, till we could find out whether the world was better or worse without it. But it is not being killed. The army of complications it maintains is evidence of its enormous vitality. To all seeming, so long as it is not used to excess, it is likely to be a cake of oil, and also, but with great improvement probably by the human race in the wine of our time. --Edward S. Martin, in Harper's Magazine for June.

OUT OF THE FLAGSTAFF CANE WATER.

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FOUND MONEY IN THE FIRE.

Waterkraft of 19 Pine street, Belleville, Ill., has nearly \$1,000 worth of colonial money that was hidden in a safe in the building. The money was found by the fire department. The money was found by the fire department. The money was found by the fire department.

THE SPANISH TOWN OF SETENIL.

The Centre of the Bandit El Vivillo's Operations. The Village, Showing Houses Built into the Rock.

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Instead of reforming him, this experience only seemed to strengthen El Vivillo in his career of lawlessness. Soon after his release he became a bandit. Rapidly there grew up around him one of the most famous bands of brigands that ever have infested this country. Among the adventurous characters who eventually acknowledged him as leader and bowed to his superior bravery and daring were Sordiche, Chozzo, Pernalis, Nino Gloria, Barriomeyo and Jajartio, all of whom had long records as successful highwaymen before El Vivillo ever thought of the profession.

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El Vivillo proved himself a delightful table companion, and the two officers of the law were congratulating themselves upon meeting such a good fellow. Their awakening was a rude one, therefore, when the bandit pulled out two revolvers and said: "I am El Vivillo, please hand over the money in those two bags." The guards were helpless, and had the mortification of seeing their dinner guest ride away in safety with his booty.

The bandit once escaped what appeared to be a certain capture by remarkable coolness and presence of mind. When he was crowded into a room in a house in Seville playing the national card game, "tute," over wine and cigarettes, one of his numerous proteges ran into the room with the alarming news that the Civil Guard were approaching the house, bent upon his capture. His companions at once ordered all kinds of advice to him; he must hide under a pile of sheepskins lying in the corner, he must drop out of a rear window; he must climb out upon the roof and lie quiet. However, he begged them to be quite at ease and continue their interrupted game as if nothing were about to happen.

Desire the staircase he took to the front door and came face to face with a patrol of the Civil Guard. They inquired whether he had seen El Vivillo, who even then was in the room that he had, but he had even been playing cards with him, but that half an hour before the bandit had ridden off to a neighboring village. The officers dashed off in hot haste in the direction indicated, but needless to say, did not succeed in capturing El Vivillo on that occasion.

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## LIVE LONDON TOPICS SKETCHED FOR NEW BRUNSWICK READERS BY THE TELEGRAPH'S CORRESPONDENT

Bishop Richardson and the King--The Rising Tide of Tariff Reform--A Word About Startling New Costumes That the Smart Women Are Affecting--St. John Visitors in the Empire's Capital--An Interesting Summary of the Current Events Across the Atlantic.

(Special Correspondence of The Telegraph.)

London, May 21.--I wonder how far the spirit of the times is indicated by the fashion? It has often been noticed how plainly clothes bear about them the stamp of the individuality of the wearer, and that much being accepted it does not seem very far fetched to claim that prevailing fashions are an index to prevailing public moods, and that in the midst of any crowded assembly, say a church, the Royal Academy, the audience of a restaurant, or any place where people must do congregate, one can, by observing carefully the outward and visible aspect of people, clearly discern the inward and mental if not spiritual trend of their thoughts.

The theory is an entertaining one inasmuch as it touches the charms of psychological interests to an ordinary walk through the West End streets or to the coign of vantage which a casual corner in a restaurant or tea-shop supplies. But it is to be feared that if it was accepted literally it might be a little disquieting for the observer. The fashions of the present day, if he should happen to have prejudices in favor of peace and quietness, are not only indicative of a more militant and more militant style and manner in which people elect to attire themselves. The clinging skirts and tight fitting jackets and coats, are starting in contradiction to the voluminous costumes and fluff ruffles of the past two seasons. It actually requires a mental effort to adjust oneself to the new ultra-fashionable costumes and to persuade oneself that the street costumes do not wear a startling resemblance to dressing gown.

But, after all, why not the dressing gown form if fashion decrees that it should be? The fashions of the past, after all, are but the fashions of the present. And, moreover, there is something captivating in the originality of the new little trills in the daily life ties with their tassel ends, in the wide silken shoes which come in tartan patterns, and in the Elizabethan ruff of soft tulle, worn about the neck, but very becoming to most faces--which reconcile one to much.

It is a fact that the innovations so frequently show a tendency to repeat the fashions of troublous times, that it is not surprising that the fashions of the present are so reminiscent of the fashions of the past. The observer who is inclined to look at the outward aspect of things as expressive of the spirit of the times, will find that the fashions of the present are so reminiscent of the fashions of the past, that it is not surprising that the fashions of the present are so reminiscent of the fashions of the past.

It is not for the free and independent elector to cast the stone of denunciation at the caprices of the fickle goddess, when he himself lives in a place where the fashions of the present are so reminiscent of the fashions of the past, that it is not surprising that the fashions of the present are so reminiscent of the fashions of the past.

The majority obtained by the Liberals was the greatest on record. The Liberal majority seemed to be enfeebled indeed when, shortly after the opening of the session, the great leader of the Liberal Reform movement was stricken. It was a great day for the Liberal cause, a great day for the Liberals. They felt that their opportunity had come, and never once dreamed that it was their trial. Tariff reform they announced was dead--perhaps they felt they had some ground for thinking so. The Liberal cause was powerless, and it only remained to sweep the House of Lords out of the way and do what they liked.

But in less than three years they have changed their tone. Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, goes to the House of Commons to announce that the Liberal cause is not enough for him. Yet this great personality only wins on a reduced scale with delight to think that a great victory has been won. He has won 2,000 less votes than before.

It is plain that the Liberal majority in the Commons was a powerful one, and no one who has ever heard a debate in the House of Commons can fail to be struck by the brilliant Conservative attack which they felt they had some ground for thinking so. The Liberal cause was powerless, and it only remained to sweep the House of Lords out of the way and do what they liked.

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was not tidy on the occasion of his first visit, but she is rapidly improving and growing more beautiful day by day till now--as a newspaper correspondent expressedly puts it--"it looks like a place in which there is going to be an exhibition." One advantage of the neighborhood is the fact that it is so easily and cheaply accessible. Up along the Bayswater line comes the tube with its maximum fare of threepence direct from the Bank, and buses are numerous, to say nothing of the moderately priced taxis. Among the rest a bus de luxe has recently appeared on the Piccadilly side and will certainly soon be seen in the more crowded district. For any conveyance which will provide nicely upholstered seats and immunity from crowding to the wearers of the modest aim of aspicence, may be certain of a wide popularity this summer.

The appearance of numerous elegants in the streets--among them a large proportion of bishops--is a reminder if not the only one of importance which is registering London just now. Though the Pan-Anglican Congress does not open till June, crowds of clerical visitors have been amongst us for the past two weeks. The interest in this event is wide spread and lively; it is known already that there will not be an empty seat at the great meeting at the Albert Hall.

The report that Bishop Richardson is to preach before the king in consequence of the majority interest in him as the youngest bishop in the empire, had been greatly discussed among Canadians. It is said that the occasion will be a very service in St. Paul's and there will doubtless be a great many New Brunswickers among his hearers.

Among the St. John visitors to London just now are Mr. and Mrs. James F. Robertson, the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Raymond, Colonel and Mrs. M. Edwards, Miss Brock, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. J. and Miss P. Stratton, Miss Bayard, Miss E. Jarvis and Mrs. H. C. Rankine. The latter on her arrival was met by her daughter, Miss Z. Rankine, who has just returned from the continent after an extensive and apparently very enjoyable trip which she and Miss Ethel McAvity had been taking under the guidance of Miss Alison Jones. Mrs. H. H. McLean and Mrs. McLean have also arrived in London after a delightful stay of some months in Paris. The attractions of London in the season keep most of the people who have been in the country from going down to Oxford for the Eight week. If only the present glorious weather were to last, the season would be a most delightful one, and a far more pleasant experience than that vouchsafed to the unfortunate who crowded the banks of the Nile to watch the remarkable and memorable events of last year.

N. L. J.

A COMPLIMENT TO COKE OF NORFOLK.

(From the "Nineteenth Century.")

A characteristic story is told of his later years that serves to show the little which they regarded his habitual thoroughness. Shortly after he had, at the age of 83, made against his inclination accepted the often repeated offer of a peerage, he happened to visit Lynn cattle market. There, according to his usual custom, he got over into the pen to examine the animals. Some fine sheep first attracted his attention; then some pigs, which he prodded with his stick and expostulated critically. Meanwhile a party of yokels had gathered round, and were watching him with curiosity new born from his recent acquisition of a peerage, which they felt must, in some mysterious way, have transformed the old squire with whom they had been so long acquainted. "Look at 'em, they're a fine set of young pigs with as keen an interest as any local farmer struck them as slightly incongruous, till one of the highest compliment which would be the new lord--the flattery which would be most appreciated--exclaimed: "Ah, Master Coke, they oughtn't to 'a' made you a lord, but a jobber!"

Needless to say, the compliment was accepted in the spirit in which it was intended by the man, who, to use his own words, preferred to be the "first of the ducks and not the last of the geese!"

FALLS FROM PARACHUTE  
TO DEATH IN RIVER

New York, N. Y., May 31.--Entangled in a large United States flag, which he had waved as he made a parachute drop of 2,000 feet from a balloon at Hillside Park, near Passaic (N. J.), today, Frederick L. Lovejoy, who was a Miss B. of whose home was in New Haven, fell into the Passaic river, and was drowned.

St. John Man Praised.

The Boston Post has an account of the sinking of the 80-ton coast schooner Arthur Clifford by the steamer Governor Dingley on Saturday, May 23, while on her way from Portland (Maine) to Boston, praises Quartermaster Albert Emery who was in charge of the rescuing boat for his promptness and heroism in picking up the captain and crew of the schooner who had been thrown in the water and were rescued in an exhausted condition.

Mr. Emery is a former St. John man. He is a son of the late Oliver Emery of this city and has been in the Eastern S. S. Company's employ about seven years. Mrs. C. H. Smyth of this city is a sister.

PRIMMONT YORK COUNTY  
MAN DIES IN A THEATRE

Frederick, N. B., May 29.--Walter McFarlane, one of the best known men in York county and head of McFarlane, Thompson & Co., dropped dead this evening while attending a picture show in the Arctic rink. He entered the building in his usual good health, and after watching the performance for a short time was seized with a fainting spell and fell from his seat to the floor. Several persons sitting near by sprang to his assistance, and were shocked to find him in a state of death. He was taken to the hospital, but died without uttering a word.

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