

The Hold-Up Profession

The Chicago Tribune recently contained the following article:

Most persons who have never met a hold-up man while the latter is plying his vocation have a wrong conception of him. To most men he represents an angry, hungry beast preying on society. The conventional highwayman must be ugly and have broad shoulders and coarse, horridly. He must have a trusty weapon and maybe two, one as trusty as the other. He says, "Stop, throw up your hands!" as melodramatically as any Jack Sheppard or Claude Duval, and under no circumstances must his demand for money be denied. That is the good old idea of him. It is romantic, and no highwayman of that class could work to advantage without a set of footlights and freshly painted scenery, and perhaps an orchestra to dole out slow and creepy music.

But that is not the sort of highwayman that gets arrested. And as those who are taken into custody may be called fair examples of those who escape, it is easy to see that the hold-up man this winter, or any other winter for that matter, is neither a chivalrous Robin-Hood nor a heartless ruffian. More often he is the latter, but the general rule is that he is an experienced, thick-witted criminal, trying to make a living cheaply. Of course, Red Sullivan, the short man of the famous team of the long and short men, who terrorized the town four winters ago; Harry Featherstone, Kid Murphy, and a few others that sort the hierarchy of their profession, as it were, must not be considered fair examples of the hold-up man. They had more daring and more strength than the men who will work this winter. The successors to those criminals are ordinary stock, and once they are understood successful highway robberies will be less frequent.

Much of their strength is fictitious. The idea of an attack in the night carries fright with it to many men, and the appearance of the highwayman is exaggerated in ferocity by the previous impression of his kind. Those hold-up men who are known to the police now are, with a few exceptions, the cheapest sort of cheap criminals. They are born usually in a neighborhood where honesty is quoted at a considerably lower figure than the ability to get away from the police. They grow up on the streets, and then fall into the all night saloon habit. One saloon in the levee district is the harbor of most hold-up men who are, as the actors say, "at liberty." A night scene in this place is interesting. Boys just out of the reformatory at Pontiac, paroled convicts and some men freed from Joliet, the amateurs who are going into lives of crime because they imagine there is glory in them, and some men and boys who get into the place by mistake, are there to drink and talk crime and criminals. The police of the Harris street station let the place run because they believe in the concentration of the habitues. They never have to go far to look for the men they may happen to want. The police have "stool pigeons, who are hired spies, in the place and they watch it closely. Hold-up men in embryo are to be found there, and in a few other places of the sort. But they are sadly lacking in the qualities that appeal to the seeker after the picturesque in criminals. They are not the exceptions to the rule that hold-up men are cheap thugs. The exceptions are safe in jail.

The common variety go armed, of course, but the armament is as old-fashioned, usually, as the custom of mounting Quaker guns of wood. As soon as one of them is arrested his revolver is confiscated and a needle is not found in a haystack more seldom than is a good weapon found on a hold-up man. The guns are usually cheap bull-dog revolvers that might have cost a dollar and a quarter. If the industrious hold-up man paid more than two dollars for his weapon he was grossly swindled. Some of them carry sacks filled with lead and with these weapons made in the humble home of the operator must be classed the slingshot or bit of plugged leather which is more often than not constructed at home and to suit the individual taste of the man who is to wield it. Many times have hold-up men been arrested with revolvers which have not enjoyed the completeness that goes with a weapon which is fit for shooting purposes. Sometimes it is the cylinder that is missing. Sometimes there is no hammer, and often the trigger, that constant companion of a well-equipped revolver, has been missing. A handkerchief makes the best mask, but most hold-up men do not mask at all. They often forget to put on their disguise when they hear their victim approaching. Sometimes if they want to mask, they would have

to go all the way home for a handkerchief.

A dark alley is an essential part of a hold-up. The pedestrian walks past the mouth of the alley, and then the hold-up man gets out of the shadow with his request for money, payable at sight. It follows that if pedestrians do not walk close to the wall or building line, if they seek the curb stone, or, better still, the middle of the road, they are comparatively safe.

A black, soft hat of the sombrero order is a means of hold-up prevention that is often effective. The police patrol sergeant, the lieutenant, the captain, and the plain clothes men wear soft hats when not in uniform. So, if a citizen who is not on the police force can affect the regulation swagger, and can afford a soft hat, not many hold-up men will venture close enough to ask for his money without having to shout for it.

William Duchanan, a colored hold-up man, who, on account of the dexterity with which he used to operate, is now reposing in a penitentiary cell made a favorite stamping ground of Washington park. Other lights that are less by many candle power also affect the parks, because at night they are provided with so many obscure paths. The trees and the shrubbery make good alleys to escape, and it is never a safe plan to walk too close to the outlines of a park.

Confessions of hold-up men show that they are often as frightened as the men they are holding up. They have their revolver under the nose of the man from whom they are getting rich quick, and with the other hand they are going through the pockets. Some of them believe in tucking some pockets, others believe in others. Not one of them has time to go into their victim's shoes for money, and the ribbon of a hat is another safe hiding place. Threats to shoot are often idle, but the question of the hold-up man's sincerity is such a delicate one that it is best to believe that he will shoot if he says so, and then one is on the safe side. But if there is a policeman in sight it is always safe, the police say, to resist. No hold-up man will kill a policeman unless there is absolutely no other chance of escape. Everybody familiar with the police department knows that when an outlaw has killed an officer that outlaw will fall dead just as soon as a policeman gets his revolver in his hand and the hold-up man within range; it is a way the police have of proving that they possess that which in other surroundings would be the "spirit of the corps."

The best authorities agree that while the energy and ability of the average hold-up man is greatly exaggerated it is always better before beginning a dark journey home at night to leave the watch in some safe place down town and to secrete money in the shoe or in an out of the way pocket. Then if the hold-up man is met all that can pass between the honest citizen and him is a greeting. As long as no money changes hands the hold-up industry has none of the best of the transaction.

Fought Till He Died.
Jefferson, Io., June 21.—One of the worst shooting affairs ever witnessed in this part of Iowa took place early today, resulting from an attempt to arrest Horace Shipman on a peace warrant.

For some breach of the peace, last evening, a warrant was sworn out for Shipman and placed in the hands of Marshal John Swearington for service. Dr. C. H. Crimmin, Shipman's family physician, went ahead of the marshal to attempt to have Shipman surrender peacefully. Shipman agreed to this, but when Swearington and Deputy Sheriff Fred Kendall appeared at the door he warned them not to come inside under penalty of death. Swearington, undaunted, started to pull his revolver, and Shipman fired a load of shot, striking the marshal in the lower part of the face and killing him instantly. Dr. Crimmin and the deputy beat a retreat, leaving the body of the marshal upon the porch. Sheriff Anderson went to the scene of the shooting, deputizing a dozen citizens to assist him. Hundreds of persons gathered near Shipman's home, and for three hours watched the battle. Five hundred shots were poured into the large two-story house, Shipman replying from windows, cellarway and doors. The fire company was called out and James May volunteered to stick a hose in the cellar and drown Shipman out. A little later Shipman appeared at a window, and fifty shots were fired at him. It then became quiet inside, and Shipman's body was found on the door full of bullets.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

An Awkward Hitch

"Let's tie up here and take a little siesta for an hour or two," said the eminent French aeronaut.

"Very good," agreed his companion, "but what are we to tie to?"

They were in midair, you see, and the plain all about looked like barren stretches of undulating mist.

"Here," said M. Santos. "Here is the twisted tail of a cyclone! I think we can tie to this."

So they tied up and had a high ball and they leaned back and enjoyed a comfortable nap.

Suddenly they awoke. They were being yanked through the air at the rate of fifty miles a minute. It was awful.

"Why-what's cut loose?" cried the companion.

"I'm afraid," M. Santos mournfully remarked, "that by a strange mistake I tied the balloon to the tip of the tail of your hat." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As His Child Saw Him

A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few evenings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise. He was at home with one little daughter, while his wife and another of the children were downtown. Darkness was coming on, and the little girl was anxiously watching for her mother's return. Her nervousness grew apparent in the father's attempt at reassurance. At length the little one burst into tears, saying:

"I just can't help it! I need mamma and I must have her!"

"Do you do this way when your mamma is here and I'm away?" asked the father.

"No, of course not," replied the little one. "Cause then there's some grown-up person about the house." — Los Angeles Herald.

A Royal Joshua.

"I'll take something about the stars an' the moon this time," she said, bluntly, as the librarian reached the desk. "That's good," answered the young woman in charge who evidently knew the girl, "but isn't that rather a change for you? You know," she continued, smiling kindly, "it's a big jump from Bertha M. Clay to the stars, but I'm glad you're going to take it."

"Oh, I don't care a rap for the stars," answered the borrower, with refreshing frankness. "I've got a new fellow, an' he knows all about the Dipper, an' O'Bryan an' all the rest of 'em, an' I'm just tired of not knowin' what he's talkin' about. So I'm goin' to see if I can catch on by readin' a book about 'em. He's got \$18 a week," she continued, proudly, "an' I can't afford to lose him." — New York Sun.

"Which do you like better—money or nobility?"

"Well, I love a dollar, but I worship a sovereign!" — July Smart Set.

R. I. Goldberg, the tailor at Hershberg's, will make your clothes look like new. Try him.

How to Win Her

He sat with his head bowed and a sad, far-away look in his eyes.

"What's the matter, old man?" his friend asked.

He sighed, pulled a little slip of paper from his pocket and answered: "I saw this 'ad.' in one of those weekly papers they print down in Maine. Read it."

It was as follows:

Full directions furnished in plain, sealed envelope. Ten thousand dollars reward for a single failure. Send 50 cents, silver or stamps. Address —

"Well, did you send for the formula?"

"Yes. Here's the answer: 'Get a million dollars and let her look at it.'"

Then he emitted another sad sigh and his head dropped forward again. — Chicago Record-Herald.

Statue to R. P. Bland

Lebanon, Mo., June 17.—A bronze statue erected to the memory of Richard Park Bland, who served in congress almost continuously from 1872 until 1899, was unveiled here today with impressive ceremonies. An immense crowd gathered to hear the addresses by William J. Bryan, William J. Stone and others.

The wife—Oh, George, I've lost my bathing suit! What shall I do?

The husband—Don't say anything about it, and it won't be missed. — July Smart Set.

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Stroller

To His Worship the Mayor of the Honorable City Council:

The Stroller is your friend. He is ready and willing at all times to hold the mace—is willing to fight in your administration.

Too many people look light on the duties of a city officer. They think that if a man wants to make a boulevard street fronting his own property do it with impunity. The case. He can do it. A large bump of impudence to have but the Stroller when he is a member of council.

For an alderman to suppose his own holdings a case of the dear people require an astute politician winning ways. If he has any and is shy the other make a mess of his efforts to advance his own street from the till.

The Stroller is pleased to mediate through which is common to all Dawson's streets. He is to be grateful in manner and he is grateful gentlemen, for your distention.

For the benefit of Third Avenue have hauled rock and gravel. Stroller's street until it appears of one long success. prospect holes with here and there of considerable magnitude has been reached in many of the lower strata is being reached for with good prospect being found.

To ruin one street in better is perfectly right and when winter comes with more of snow they will like anyhow.

Gentlemen, the Stroller sought for the treatment of street, and after you get roughly prospected you may be cares, come up and grovel if you see fit. The Stroller will leave his street to do with it as you please. If you want it, hammer it out, hit, batter, or lay it on the table next meeting. Put it in a hole! Do anything you please.

And now, gentlemen, after a session of confidence in your body the Stroller begins the loan of your street on Sunday afternoon for taking a party of his about for a drive.

The Stroller joined the river on Sunday and there was no similarity in recalled to his mind recent another Sunday excursion a number of years ago to St. Augustine, a distance of miles in which was included a mile ride on a St. John river boat, there being 50 railroad on one side of the river and on the other. The latter new and boasted but one local passenger coaches and two fat cars.

As has always been the custom in this country the white people and the rear coaches which were rode forward. This was all right until the

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