











# SLEEPER OF THE GRAY GATEWAYS FOR REUNION ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

## Chattanooga Makes Great Preparations for Reception of Veterans. Beautiful Sponsors to Figure Prominently in Festivities at Gathering.

CHATTANOOGA, May 24.—Chattanooga's gates are flung open in anticipation of the coming tide of the slender gray army of the State and their gay allies, the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. All the preparations for this year's reunion are being made with a view to making the gathering the most successful and enjoyable in the history of the city.

The reunion will begin Monday afternoon and will continue through Thursday night will be the biggest, the brightest, the grandest, the tenderest occasion of the city's history. Everything is in readiness. Leading business men of Chattanooga, giving over their own residences to the hands of their employees, have set about to prepare for the veterans and their relatives. The occasion would be a result is complete and perfect. It was effected by men who have made a success of life in business and in the community.

John A. Patton, leading business man of Chattanooga who has been foremost in planning for the reunion, says that the occasion would be the greatest of his kind. "All of Chattanooga is looking forward to the reunion with keen anticipation," he said, "and with confidence that the records for attendance and pleasure will be broken at Chattanooga."

Chattanooga, then, is waiting in readiness to receive the veterans and their relatives. The reunion organization ever worked harder than has Chattanooga in the past. Committees during the last three months, Camp Stewart, the unique institution provided for the veterans, was by far the biggest job on the list, and has been put in first class condition, ready for the thousands of veterans and their relatives.

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# New Thrill for Peachtree Through 'Mouche' Has Reached Atlanta Everybody's Just Crazy About It

MONDAY, MAY 20—AFTERNOON, 4:00—Young meeting of Confederate Veterans' Association, Chattanooga Auditorium.

TUESDAY, MAY 21—MORNING, 10:00—Business meeting of United States Cavalry, Chattanooga Auditorium. 11:00—Business meeting of Confederate Veterans' Association, Chattanooga Auditorium.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22—MORNING, 10:00—Business meeting of United States Cavalry, Chattanooga Auditorium. 11:00—Business meeting of Confederate Veterans' Association, Chattanooga Auditorium.

THURSDAY, MAY 23—MORNING, 10:00—Business meeting of United States Cavalry, Chattanooga Auditorium. 11:00—Business meeting of Confederate Veterans' Association, Chattanooga Auditorium.

FRIDAY, MAY 24—MORNING, 10:00—Business meeting of United States Cavalry, Chattanooga Auditorium. 11:00—Business meeting of Confederate Veterans' Association, Chattanooga Auditorium.

SATURDAY, MAY 25—MORNING, 10:00—Business meeting of United States Cavalry, Chattanooga Auditorium. 11:00—Business meeting of Confederate Veterans' Association, Chattanooga Auditorium.

# REPUBLICANS TO ATTEMPT CUT IN SOUTHERN VOTE

Get-together Convention for Party Reorganization Authorized by Executive Committee.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—A get-together convention by Republicans in the South, to be held next year, Southern representation in party conventions and congressional campaigns will be cut in this year.

Harmony in Republican ranks is now the keynote of the National Committee and the past convention. Conditions are to be made to the progressive wing of the party.

Chairman Hillis of the National Committee was authorized to appoint special committees on state representation in the party national convention on the power of the National Committee to restrict representation.

There is to be established a public opinion survey in Washington, between the National Committee and the Southern States, to determine the basis for the election of members of Congress.

Representative Pray, Missouri, said that the Southern States should be given a fair representation in the party national convention.

# Cows Drink Dew and Put Water in Milk

Chicago Woman Tells Court Why She is Accused of Telling 'Lying' Fluid.

CHICAGO, May 21.—If you don't want water in your milk, don't let the cows get up early in the morning. Mrs. John O'Connor, who has a dairy, was held in court for the second time on the charge of having too much water in the milk to suit the health department.

"Your honor," she said, "the trouble is my cows get up too early in the morning. Now, you know, there's water on the grass then. And there's water on the ground. I remember driving in May, so they drink lots of water."

The executive committee of the Republican National Committee decided today to meet within 60 days after the closing of the present session of Congress to outline plans for the national convention.

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# BREATHING THE END OF THE BEST YEAR

Number of Students Past Season Near the Five Hundred Mark. Bishop to Deliver Address.

GAINESVILLE, May 21.—Breathless and breathless in entering the commencement occasion, the college exercises to occur Tuesday morning when the delivery of diplomas will be made. The number of students who have attended Breau the past collegiate year is near the 500 mark.

The commencement program, presided over by the school of Oratory, will be given at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The year class, that is, holding a reunion.

After a week's camp on the banks of the Chattahoochee, the students will return to the city, the university of Georgia campus, 2000, 10-day broke camp, returning to Athens.

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Miss Iam Onthejob Creates Sensation as She Stroils With Young Moons on Hose.

Here's the 'mouche,' the newest fad in stockings. It's a decorative, as it appears on the first Atlanta girl to adopt the fashion.

Man Slay Brother; Son Shoots Father. Two Dead and Four Wounded in a Mississippi Gun Battle.

MEMPHIS, Miss., May 24.—Morton H. H. and his brother, John H. H., are to-night under the charge of the sheriff, charged with murder, after a fight over a girl.

Dozen Shots Fired at Fleeing Negro. Crowd Gathers Outside of Police Station. Captured Black Identified as Purse Snatcher.

Nearly 100 people gathered in front of the police station in front of the extreme north of the city. Robert Gibson grabbed a pocket book from Lee Taylor, an old woman, living at 21 Hilliard street, located in the act, but he never kept on his way, running three blocks on Butler street before being caught.

# Living Wages for Girls in Arkansas

Laundries and Ten-Cent Stores Agree to Raise Pay of Women Employees.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 21.—Following a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce and the laundries to raise wages of women employees and provide better sanitary conditions, it was announced that an agreement had been reached.

# Boy Hurt by Auto; Chauffeur Is Held

Rickless Driving Charged to J. M. Hooks, Negro, Who Ran Down Child.

John Fredrick, 8-year-old boy of 37 S. Preston, a decorator, hit at 23 Western street, was run down by J. M. Hooks, a negro chauffeur for Alton Hotel, and crewed in collision and leg Street Saturday afternoon.

# Attempts Suicide in Crowded Cafe

Nashville Man, Unable to Curb Habit, Goes to Jail for Preventing Death.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 24.—Upon being served with a summons which he had ordered in Paulsboro, Tenn., and crowded there, he was taken to the police station, where he was held in a cell.

# Rush for Seats for Society Folks' Play

Production by Players' Club of Operatic Social Event.

An enthusiastic rush was made for seats for the production of 'The Merry Widow' by the Players' Club of Operatic Social Event.

# Guard Against Moths!

## STODDARDIZE

SAFEGUARD your Winter Clothes by having them STODDARDIZED before you put them away for the summer!

Stoddard's Dry Cleaning is the most reliable and most economical method of cleaning your clothes.

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Terrance's Terrible Scrape

An Echo of the Baron's Stripes... By Goode Knight. O those terrible days when...

...day--isn't that rather-- IRENE--But you're making a hundred thousand-- IRENE--Oh, how did you ever get this occurred last--think heaven the children all dream to death...

She Sold Her Soul for an Egg

Scene--Home of Young Millionaire and His Wife. Time--Fifty Years from Now--Dinner Hour



"So this egg is the price of honor!" IRENE--Half an hour early? HAH! I'm awfully hungry. IRENE--All right, open the food safe, will you, dear? What brings you home so early today, dear? IRENE--I'm on the jury. We just finished a case, a very hot one, too. A man was being tried for killing a hen...

Come--come dear, why don't you tell me? IRENE--I--oh, what's the use, Basil? It-- IRENE--It's something serious, then? IRENE--Yes. (An excruciation from the doctor.) We--we might as well admit it, Basil, the doctor says I've got to eat--another egg. IRENE--Great heaven! IRENE (turning to him, weeping)--I can't help it, Basil; you know it isn't my fault. IRENE--But--won't a trip to Europe do a change of scene? Anything-- (Irene sinks in chair.) Why, it's only two years ago you had an egg--a whole one. I had to mortgage this house to get it for you. Surely you can't need another--so soon? IRENE--I know it's terrible, but--I must have it, Basil-- IRENE--Oh, how did you ever get this occurred last--think heaven the children all dream to death...

OUR DEBATING SOCIETY Wonders of the Universe

Conducted by Prof. Orr Torrie. No. 2--The Telephone. The telephone is the shortest audible distance between two alien bodies. It consists of a wire through which may be transmitted any kind of sound...



...Hello, is this Nivelet? Well, send a whaler to Lat. 44.33. I'm all right.



# There Are Two Kinds of Charity

(Copyright, 1913, by American-Journal-Examiner.)



ROBERT CARTER

There Is the Charity of the Heart, There Is the Charity OF THE POCKETBOOK.

It Is the Charity of the Heart That Keeps Our Civilization Going, AND GROWING.

**T**HE greatest of these is charity." In this world the most beautiful thing is CHARITY which gives without hope of reward or return, simply for the love of giving, and for the love of other human beings.

All charity is beautiful, necessary—that which comes from abundant wealth spasmodically sympathetic, and that which comes from the very heart of the poor, helping each other.

If anything can make the eye in the needle wider for the Croesus it is the charity which marks the close of his life, when his money has been accumulated.

And if there is anything that gives us hope for the future of the human race, confidence in the innate goodness of human beings, it is the wonderful endless charity that poor people show to each other, and that the world never hears of.

It is because there is so much charity NEVER HEARD OF that we write to-day of the two kinds of charity and illustrate them in this picture.

The woman is put out of her home. Furniture is on the sidewalk, the children are bewildered and frightened—and HUMILIATED; humiliation is saddest to the poor.

Help comes at once. Poor people passing the door give their pennies. The rich woman driving by sends a footman to help, as she looks out sympathetically, afraid that what she has seen is going to spoil her pleasure for the evening.

The woman, the children and the footman drive away. It begins to get dark; the sun is going down behind the tenement house roof—the sun sets earlier on the tenement streets than it does on the wide park or the beautiful country.

In the darkness REAL CHARITY COMES OUT

## FROM THE TENEMENT HOUSES NEAR BY.

The mother whose rooms are too crowded already with sooty furniture and plentiful children comes down with her husband and a neighbor. The woman put on the street by a rich man IS PUT BACK UNDER A ROOF BY A POOR MAN.

The dinner that is none too big for four is made to do for six or eight.

The poor woman and the children that have been rescued from the streets are put in the place of honor. THEY ARE MADE TO FEEL LIKE WELCOME GUESTS, NOT LIKE OBJECTS OF CHARITY, NOT LIKE BEGGARS.

And that IS THE REAL CHARITY THAT MAKES LIFE POSSIBLE, KEEPING THE POOR AND FRIENDLESS FROM UTTER DESPAIR IN THIS HARD WORLD.

We would not have any man underestimate the charity of the powerful man, rich man.

In all the history of the world, we sincerely believe, there is no more hopeful sign than the recent tendency of those that are very successful in life to give back to the people the money that they have accumulated in their days of work.

Human beings are not yet advanced sufficiently in government to look after their own interests, thoroughly.

The public money is used without stint to BUILD JAILS, but our foolish ideas will not allow us to use that same money TO BUILD LIBRARIES. ALTHOUGH WE KNOW THE LIBRARY IS THE ENEMY OF THE JAIL, AS KNOWLEDGE IS THE ENEMY OF IGNORANCE AND CRIME.

It was real charity and nobility of character that impelled Andrew Carnegie, poor and without education in his youth, to give back to the people in public libraries and in his splendid establishments of learning

at Washington the millions that he piled up as a successful man.

When old John D. Rockefeller, grief-stricken at the loss of a grandchild, devoted a large sum of money to scientific investigation of children's diseases and their cure, he did a great deal for millions of children and mothers that will live here after his death. The thought was kindly. It should be appreciated to the full.

J. Pierpont Morgan took millions of his money and gave them to establish a lying-in hospital for poor women—an establishment so perfect in its detail, its scientific care of health, THAT THE RICHEST WOMAN CAN NOT HAVE IN HER OWN HOME SUCH CARE AS MORGAN GIVES TO THE POOREST WOMAN IN HIS HOSPITAL. The world must recognize in that a beautiful charity, and be glad that the modern spirit impelled Mr. Morgan to do so much for those that need his help.

It would be better if we had reached the point where we had no John D. Rockefeller and no Morgans, on the one hand making millions by control of legislation, and on the other hand giving millions in charity back to those from whom they have taken tens of millions.

But until we learn enough to spend our public money for hospitals and libraries and institutions of learning, we must be grateful that in the brain of the powerful man that takes the hundreds of millions from us there is the particular kind of charity that impels them to give a few millions back.

There are the two great kinds of charity—the charity of power, of the full purse, which gives freely and easily. That kind of charity is needed—it is the prelude to common sense on the part of the people, the forerunner of real government, free from charity, which will enable the people to do for themselves those things which they now receive as gifts from the hands of the voracious millionaires.

That kind of charity which appears in its millions and of millions is well advertised—ever and y

MUST hear about it. We ask you to think often of the second kind of charity. The charity from a hand hard on the palm and grimy with labor on the back, that takes from its pocket a small sum—and almost apologetically gives it to the woman poorer than the giver.

That charity is practiced daily on every block of every city in this country—and in every other country. It is the charity that sends one poor mother to help another when a child arrives unexpectedly in the world.

It is the charity that brings friends when a child is sick and money is lacking for the doctor and for good food.

It is the charity YOU MAY BE SURE THAT GOES MOST SWIFTLY AND DIRECTLY TO BE RECORDED BEFORE ETERNAL JUSTICE IN THE BOOK WHERE THE NOBLEST ACTS OF MEN ARE WRITTEN DOWN.

Long ago the story was told. In the temple at Jerusalem the rich gave freely, and all the world knew it.

That big giving was good charity. But the other kind, still better, was there, when the poor widow, with torn clothes and a thin hand, gave her mite.

And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury.

And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

And he said, Of a truth I say unto you that the poor widow hath cast in more than they all.

For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penny hath cast in all the living that she had.

That is the charity of which we wish to remind you to-day. When you hear that this man has given his millions or that man his tens of millions for charity, of education, or science—be glad AND GRATEFUL; BUT DON'T FORGET THAT THE REAL CHARITY; THE REAL ALLOCATIONS, are given by the poor—two to themselves.

# Why Every 6 Year Wife Ought to Go to Work



PHILIP BOILEAU

**P**HILIP BOILEAU, the celebrated portrait painter, and creator of "The Boileau Girl," has solved a domestic problem in an original way, and in so doing has made a rule for the government of the home and the management of wives. He has lost his wife, yet kept her.

No single woman should go out into the fray which is called a "living," but every woman who has been married for six years should have that right. Mr. Boileau's reason for this belief is purely his own. All life, he says, is the pursuit of an ideal. It is human to chase the will of the "chip of what we believe is perfect." Art, business, marriage, all conform to this truth. When a girl wedd she marries her ideal, or as nearly her ideal as she can find. If he is a fairly decent fellow, in Mr. Boileau's opinion, he can hold loyalty to that ideal. And what happens? The wife has acquired her unit of measurement, by which she estimates other men. Her husband, Mr. Boileau says, is the standard by which she measures all other men, and it is his own fault if he fails to keep that standard in the family. Guided by the standard it is safe for the wife to go forth and conquer the world, or that portion of it which she wishes to subdue. There is then no temptation in the society of other men.

But, on the other hand, argues Mr. Boileau, the unmarried woman has not found her ideal. At least she has not lived side by side with him for years. Therefore is she without a standard of measurement, and association with unacquainted men she may meet in her career may be her undoing.

Six years of acquaintance as a wife are a necessary prelude to livelihood earnings, to his mind. The husband and wife have then adjusted their natures and tastes to each other. The standard is fixed. In other words, matrimony is a preparatory school for livelihood earnings. If the wife is a good student she may safely be graduated into the world after six years.

Mr. Boileau has the courage of his theory. The beautiful Miss Emily Gilbert, whom he married six years ago, after she had been for a brief time his model, has changed her mind about being wholly satisfied with domestic life. When she was married she said: "Although I was preparing to go upon the stage, I am happy to be only a wife and a housekeeper." But she has grown restless in the well-ordered studio at No. 11 West Thirtieth street in New York and the Summer home at Douglaston, Long Island.

"There isn't enough in my home to occupy my mind at times," she says. "Mr. Boileau is one of those men who is a natural housekeeper. He directs every thing in an easily and smoothly as though he waved a wand and said 'Presto,' and it is done. We have no children and what could I do? Naturally, I thought of the preparation and encouragement I had received at the dramatic school. I asked him what he thought of my going on the stage and to my delight he answered: 'If you wish, Emily, certainly.' If all husbands were so kind and broad-minded as mine there would be few divorcees and few unhappy wives."

Mr. Boileau is happy in having married his ideal. For years he has been winning fame by the Boileau girls he drew; tender, sweet, sympathetic, the essence of delicate femininity. He met Miss Emily Gilbert and realized that ideal. She has had a strong influence upon his work in the six years since their marriage.

Philip Boileau is one of the most picturesque of modern illustrators. The highest of his "Promenades" who was called "The Pathfinder," he is prouder of his own pathfind-

Mrs. Boileau Who is Going on the Stage Because She, and Her Husband Believe a Six-Year Wife Should Follow Her Ambitions.



Another Charming Boileau Picture for Which His Wife Was Model.

Mr. Boileau's Favorite Painting for Which His Wife Posed.

## Artist Boileau, Painter of Beautiful Girls, Tells Why He Will Gladly Do His Own House-keeping While His Wife Conquers the Stage

"I Am a New Husband, and Proud of It," PHILIP BOILEAU SAYS

**I**t will surprise many, especially, I suppose, my commuter neighbors, that I have given my aid and consent to my lovely young wife's going on the stage. Those who know me intimately simply say: "Boileau has a reason for everything he does," which is quite true. My reason for permitting a beautiful girl to go out of her home and into the fray we call "earning a living" is, I assert, a good one. Also it is a progressive one. The world whirls along and we must keep up with it. The life of the home has become easier for women. Its demands are slighter. It is a far less exacting existence than it was fifty, even ten, years ago. The multiplication of machinery and the change in the husband's point of view have made it so. A woman's life used to be crowded. Now she has elbow room and breathing space.

I am a new husband and am glad of it, very proud of it. The new husband is one farthest removed from the cave man. He is a thinking creature who applies the rules of reason to the conduct of his home, and I have the authority of the wise Emperor of Rome for believing that reason will solve all our problems as easily as lightning strikes the highest point of a steeple, obeying the law of gravitation, rolls down hill.

Apply the rule of reason to the conduct of your home and the result is, what? That you regard your wife as an individual with a right to her own home, not a mere "yes, dear," "no, dear," echo of your self. You will realize that she has talents probably as varied as your own and you will no more interfere with her exercise of those talents than you would permit her to express your Wall Street activities if you are a broker, or if my picture hangs since I am a painter. Having a sense of justice, which the old husband has not, when Mrs. Boileau told me she would like to go upon the stage I consented.

The new husband is different. There is something of fatherhood in him, especially if, as in my case, he has married a woman only half his age. He will no more restrain his wife's bent than he would a child's unless

that bent were a wicked one. When I fell in love with Miss Emily Gilbert she was a student in a dramatic school and expected to go on the stage. She would have married that career had she not adored. Since, after two and a half years of marriage, she wishes to take up the work her marriage interrupted, I have no right to interfere. The woman who has married has rights even a husband is bound to respect.

The new husband realizes that housekeeping has become so simplified that household management even of the highest order does not absorb all a woman's energy nor time. The best housekeeper has a margin of time left from these duties and she should be allowed to use it in the development of her individual talent.

I don't like to hear this personal expression called a feud. It is something much more dignified. Unless there are children, marriage is no more an absorbing occupation for a woman than for a man. It is merely a more or less happy by-product of the individual will degenerate into the irksomely commonplace unless each has a personality and talents which the other respects. Mrs. Boileau and I have no children. If there were children they would make the situation more complex, the problem less easily solved.

After our marriage Mrs. Boileau sought this personal expression, as I encouraged her to do, though in different channels. She took up the study of languages. One year it was French, another Italian. A third year she studied drawing. A fourth she made an extended tour of Europe. This year she desires to go on the stage and I am very willing she should. I expect and hope that in three months she will be content to give it up unless no difference. If she finds, instead, that she wishes to make a life career of it, I shall not interpose the slightest objection.

I have no fear of the temptations of the stage for her. Once, yes, once, perhaps, for every girl these temptations exist. But I hope, and believe, that my wife, who will think that any girl who will think me so interesting as my own has met or will meet. I believe I approach as nearly her ideal as

does any man who lives, and I am not jealous of other Lord Chatterfields or Napoleons. They are dead. Most seriously I assert that the man who is afraid of granting his wife the liberty for pursuing a career that he himself demands, fears not his wife, but himself. He has made himself the measuring rule of her life. He is the yardstick by which she measures other men. If he fears this comparison with other men it is because he knows he will not all share it. He is not sure of himself. He is an old husband and unworthy his wife. He deserves to lose her.

The necessary absences, when the wife who is out the stage travels with her company, are more matrimonial vacations, for which every married pair are the better and more appreciative. Mrs. Boileau and I believe in them. From experience we are convinced that absence does actually make the tears grow fonder. We must stand at a distance from an ideal or renew our perspective of it.

I have told Mrs. Boileau to apply the world's test to her ambitions. If she makes much money on the stage that will be a sign that it is her vocation. The weekly or monthly income in the world's yardstick and a fairly reliable one.

There is only one offense for which a woman is justified in hating her husband. That is, cruelty. Cruelty has many forms. A man may strike his wife, with tongue or fist. He may be unfaithful to her. But repressing her nature and suppressing her ambitions, crushing her talents and her hopes, is an extreme form of unkindness. Of that I resolved not to be guilty.

Encourage her, saying to me "Philip, I do not wish you to draw any more pictures. I do not wish you to go out among other artists and publishers. I expect you to stay at home and amuse me." What should I think of her? That she was insane. I have no wish to appear insane in her eyes.

Every man who refuses, except for the children's sake, to allow his wife to measure herself and her talents against the world, once she has had the experience of marriage, is a tyrant. From the marriage has been a happy one, as has ours, and the wife has been a good pupil of life and conditions, as has mine.



# Why Blondes Must Be Abolished



The "Roving Blue Eye." The Inside (Retina) of a Blonde's Eye, Showing the Faint Light Lines with Which It is Marked. The Lightness is Due to Its Pigmentation.



The "Home-Loving Brown Eye." The Retina of a Brunette's Eye is Remarkably Different from That of the Blonde, Being Covered with Heavy, Dark Markings.



Miss Edna Goodrich, the Charming Arrestee, Whose Astonishing Assault Upon Blondes is Given Here.

## A Disturbing Element in the Modern World, Says Edna Goodrich (Mrs. Nat Goodwin No. 4), and Civilization Ought to Do Away with Them So We Can All Be Happy Brunettes

By Edna Goodrich

There are no more real frontiers left in the world; no more need of peace. What the world needs is peace and quiet to develop what it has. Therefore the blonde ought to be abolished. Civilization has no more need of him—and necessarily her; it has outgrown the blonde.

That is why the blonde ought to be abolished.

All through history the blonde has made it his chief business to leap into the lime light and die. The blonde is the creator and the destroyer of empires. He wears himself out building them and is destroyed in pulling them down. Meanwhile the simple brunettes engaged in producing bread and butter. We owe all our big things—good and bad—to the blonde; all our conservatism and backwardness to the brunette. Making bread and butter is a much more useful occupation than leaping into the limelight and dying.

What is the use of creating empires only to pull them down? Conservatism is what gives us opportunity to develop what we have.

We are at the end of the greatest age of blight progress the world has ever seen. It has been moored by the brunettes—and what is the result? Discontent, unrest in every part of the world. What the world needs is a long conservative resting spell to fill in the gaps left by the brunettes; a thoughtful, conservative period. Only the brunettes can give this to the world.

Every blonde is an obstruction to this necessary period of harmonizing. Therefore I say, abolish the blonde. When the period of conservatism and development needs to be suppressed to an end, Nature will produce the blonde in such quantities that they can't be suppressed. It is a way Nature has. But for a little time let us have peace.

The age of conservatism, of woman, of the brunette is dawning.

It was the blonde Teuton who burst upon the dark-skinned Romans and taught them to wear trousers. That is, it taught men to wear them. But it never taught women nor the established churches. Women and the churches are conservative, permanent, unchangeable.

History shows us that every light-haired race has been marauders, invaders, robbers on a heroic scale. Every dark-haired race has been thinkers, developers. The bee is a brunette; the wasp a blonde.

The "roving blue eye" has passed into a proverb. The home-loving brown eye into another. Both reflect the wisdom of the

race. The "roving blue eye" does not mean, as so many think, that the eye itself roams its owner's rooms. Always has roamed, always will. The time is over for roaming. We want people who will stay at home and develop what we have. We want a world of brunettes.

We are accustomed to associate darkness with evil, light with good. Our legends of the Round Table and of the Paladins picture ideal heroes and heroines as blondes, tyrants of both sexes, scoundrels and adventuresses as brunettes. Our mistake lies in false logic—we have reasoned from an effect, overlooking the cause.

What caused the blondes? Generations of blonde. That of the cruel Scythians North. And the brunettes? The warmth and graciousness of much sunlight. Observe how the oldish old theory reverses itself in the light of correct reasoning.

All of the light in the blondes is external; within they are filled with the dark broodings, the deceits, the subtleties and the devious promptings which centuries of chill damps and an over-proportion of sunless days bred into them. They are not to blame, but it is so.

It would be superfluous for me to say that the blonde must go for she is going. Slowly but surely she is disappearing from the face of the earth. You can see to you as many brunettes as you like. My favorite is Professor Otis Mason, the head of the Department of Anthropology at the St. Louis Exposition, who said:

"Blondes are vanishing from America, because Americans have a strong liking for the dark eyes and hair represented by the American Indian. By a process of natural selection they are abolishing the blonde."

In Wellesley College, whose motto is, "Not to be mislabeled until to be mislabeled," the tendency to snub the blonde, as it were, turns her out of the race, is evident for at a recent poll-taking of the engaged girls it was found that 87 per cent of those who were soon to marry were brunettes and only 13 per cent blondes.

Another evidence is that a man known as "The chorus king," who has employed fifteen thousand women for the stage, now insists upon employing only brunettes, because audiences prefer them. Here we have proof of popular taste from opposite extremes of society.

Never have I for a moment been tempted to transform myself into a blonde. Never have I wanted to be a blonde. When I was a school girl I learned that there are more light-eyed men and women

"The blonde throughout the ages has been the remorseless, inveterate man catcher. From the days of the cave dwellers until now she has snatched away the mates and lovers of the gentle brunettes."

than dark ones in prison, and I have long known that there are more blondes than brunettes in homes for the imbecile and feeble-minded.

I did not need the assurance of a brunette scientist that blondes are more delicate. All the victims of tuberculosis I have known were blondes. Being delicate, they are the first victims of any epidemic. Their chances for long life are poor indeed.

Blondes have less intellectual as well as physical vigor than brunettes. A blonde's emotions are shallow. Her affections are not deep.

Even in the matter of character I prefer to be what I am, a brunette. A brunette is sturdy of character, as of feeling; strong in mind and body. It is a mark of the long-delayed intelligence on the stage that the villainess is no longer played by a brunette. Elita Proctor Olla, the greatest villainess, probably, on the American stage, gives her wicked women fair or red hair.

Let your eyes sweep the dark pages of history made dark by women. Cleopatra, who overruled an empire, and who slew her lovers when she tired of them, was a Titan-haired blonde.

Helen of Troy, for whom a city was sacked, was a blonde. So was La Pompadour, who ruled behind a throne. Gaby Deslys, who kicked one over with her stiletto, is a blonde.

These women who have been moving figures in the great murder trials in New York were, with one exception, blondes. Nan Patterson, scorn a trouble-maker for men, and who was accused of murdering Caesar Young, was very fair. William Grehan attempted to kill W. B. D. Stokes. Another blonde, Florence Burns, who received a Scotch verdict for the slaying of Walter Brooks, and who is now in State's Prison, was a golden blonde. The women who go to the all-night cafes and to whom the know-it-alls point as "the woman for whom Blank deserted his family and then shot himself," blondes all of them. Beulah Blin-ford, Florence Schenk, blondes! I have not room on this page to name them all.

The most faithful sweethearts in history were dark-eyed women. Think of the coquette

of Helopis. Remember the life-long wanderings of Evangelina in search of her lover. Isabella of Castile had eyes like a velvet chameleon.

These objections of mine to faults which I find in the blonde are largely, you see, those of sentiment. Well, then, here is one of sobriety. A brunette was the first woman.

Without doubt Eve was a brown-eyed woman with black hair. I know the painters have enjoyed bestowing upon her a flood of sun-drenched hair; but science shows that when the countries whence the blondes came, Norway and Sweden and Denmark, were still covered by a film of ice brunettes were living and loving, were wives and mothers and sufficed and would still suffice without the fair-haired intruder.

Major Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon in the

United States Army, said: "Firmamentation is a defense against light" and "Black is like a reducer in electricity, reducing a high tension of light which is unendurable to a low tension which is endurable."

Professor W. G. McCree, the anthropologist, said: "The blonde is the result of culture, the brunette of vigor."

Otherwise phrased, the truth is that the blonde is an artificial type, the brunette a natural one. There is between them the difference between the orchid and the rose.

J. C. Cummins, secretary for one of the great life insurance companies, has discovered that there is a greater risk in insuring the life of a blonde than of a brunette. He has said that the mortality is considerably greater among blondes. The death rate is higher. The blonde dies in hot weather or under stress of disease as fits at the first-cold Autumn day, or East Side babies of New York on a mid-August day.

So the blondes are going. They ought, for the good of civilization, to go faster. How can that be managed? Well, this is a scientific age. The new science of eugenics is gaining support everywhere. Why not direct the forces of eugenics against the disturbing blondes who remain? Then, after eugenics commissions have educated people to believe it undesirable for blonde children to be brought into the world, the tendency will be to failure on the part of blondes to secure wives or husbands.

It is a pity that there should be so many "old maids" in the world, but it is better that they should all be blondes and that not a single physically and mentally eligible brunette be left unwedded.

The German like the Italian demands his eggs as near the liquid state as possible. He breaks his eggs in an unsightly cup and scoops the liquid out as though it were soup.

The American is about the only one that prefers his eggs boiled hard. When they are served up to him, he halves them in half, removes the contents into a glass, after which he adds a plentiful supply of pepper, butter and salt. He then mimes the eggs fine, mixing them well with the spices, and eats them with his fork.

### Telling Nationality by Boiled Eggs

SHERLOCK HOLMES might have figured this out, but he did not.

The average Englishman will always demand his eggs boiled just three minutes, then he places it in an egg cup just large enough to comfortably have the egg fit in, tops the top of the shell and removes the broken shell with his fingers. The egg is eaten a spoonful at a time.

A Frenchman, much like the Englishman, likes his eggs of three minutes, exactly. He then "spoils" them, places them in a glass, stirs and mixes well together with salt, pepper and butter. He makes a practice of dipping bread into the mixture and eating it along with the eggs.

A Spaniard wouldn't think of letting his eggs boil more than one minute. He then breaks it and lets the contents run into a glass, and consumes it as though he were draughting down a glass of wine.

An egg is only fit in an Italian's estimation when it has been placed in cold water and removed just as the water begins to boil. He then breaks it, pours it on a plate and proceeds to sop it up with bread.

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"Cleopatra was a blonde. She had red hair and green eyes. She loved to watch men suffering. She is the type."



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# WHY HE DOES NOT PAY

## No. 8 of a 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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THE bank robbers and other criminals whom I have been telling you about in these pages depended for the success of their crimes almost entirely upon their ingenuity. It was their brains against the combined brains of the banks and the police, and to carry out their dishonest ends they very rarely found it necessary to use violence.

It is quite true that most of these robbers were always heavily armed, but the weapons they carried were, as a rule, used only in the most desperate emergencies—when a well-aimed bullet was the only thing that could save their own lives and liberty. Men like Langford Moore and many other successful burglars whom I have known positively refused to have anything to do with crimes where it was necessary to harm their victims or even to threaten them with violence.

But with train robbery it is quite different. Like the pirates who used to infect the seas, these desperados can accomplish nothing without first filling their victims with the fear of serious injury or death. The automatic revolver, the repeating rifle and the dynamite bomb are essential parts of their equipment and on the slightest provocation they stand ready to shoot to kill. Indeed, the train robber, in his eagerness to get his plunder, often shoots down helpless men and women when there is really no necessity for bloodshed.

In my previous articles I have shown that the biggest bank robbery ever accomplished was really an unprovoked undertaking; that the great and "successful" burglars lived to learn the lesson that a life of crime is not really profitable; that even those who, when caught, have managed to escape from prison, profligate robbers. And today, in the field of train robbery I shall prove to the readers of this page that here, again, the rule holds true that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Of course, there have been men clever enough to hold up trains without resorting to violence, but they are exceptional. The famous "Black Bart," the lone highwayman, was such a man. He boasted that the shotgun he carried on his expeditions had never been loaded and never in all his long criminal career had he taken a life or injured a human being.

This "Black Bart"—Charles Boyle was his right name—was as romantic a character as any swashbuckling pirate of the story books. He was a handsome fellow and had once had a prosperous business. Just how he happened to turn highwayman and train robber is a secret which he would never divulge.

### A Lone Highwayman

"Black Bart" began his long career as a hold-up man in the days when the stage coaches used to carry large amounts of currency and gold dust over the mountain trails of the West. He was a man alone, but by a clever ruse which I will tell you about he led his victims to believe that he had several heavily armed accomplices to help him enforce his demands.

The vein of humor which showed itself in everything he did extended even to the way he dressed himself up for his robberies. He invariably wore a long linen duster with a jut bag, wrapped around his body like an Indian's blanket. Tall cone-shaped hats, such as cowboys in the iron west, completed a costume more ostentatious than any ever seen outside a fancy dress ball.

"Black Bart" chose the scene for each of his robberies with the greatest care. His favorite spot was a sharp curve at the foot of a long hill, where the road ran through a bit of forest or between high rocks.

A few yards from this point in the road, but close enough to be plainly seen by those halted stage coaches, he rigged the ingenious decoy by which he lured his victims into believing that he was not alone but had with him a considerable armed force.

With jut bags or pieces of tent canvas he built a screen about three feet high between two trees or two piles of rocks. The outside of this ambush he carefully masked with branches of trees and chunks of rock. Behind the ambush he struck in the ground a half dozen sticks and on each stick he hung an old sash or such as every cowboy and miner in those days wore.

These bits showed above the ambush just as they would be there had been real men underneath them. Below each "Black Bart" stuck a piece of broomstick painted black to give the semblance of rifle barrels.

It took a very real and a very formidable foe for all the world as if his men were crowding their rifles in hand ready to fire at the stage coach at the first sign of resistance.

When it came almost time for the coach to be due the lone highwayman would

climb to the top of a tree or a neighboring cliff and watch for his approach with the powerful field glasses he always carried. If there was any indication that the expected money bags were not on board or that the occupants were heavily armed, he would quickly dismantle his dummy ambush and lay it on one side to wait for a more favorable time.

But if every thing looked all right, "Black Bart" clambered down and took up the position at the bend in the road where he could not be seen from the coach until it was almost upon him. He carried the shotgun, which he afterward said was never loaded, and behind him appeared the hats of his six dummy "confederates" with their menacing "rifle barrels."

"Halt!" was shouted the highwayman, stepping out into the road directly in front of the advancing horses and leveling his shotgun at the driver's head.

The driver tugged on the reins, jammed the brake down hard and the heavy vehicle came to a hurried stop. Everybody looked in amazement at the strange figure on the road—no quite sure whether to laugh or to cry.

But any hopes that it might all be a joke were quickly dispelled by the business-like way the highwayman handled his gun and by the menacing look of his head in the direction of the sash-covered and rifle-barreled, which formed such a threatening background for his little drama.

"Don't shoot until I give the word, boys," he called over his shoulder to his supposed confederates—the scowrow imitation of a command which was so threatening in the bushes behind him.

### His Dummy Robbers

Whatever idea of resistance the driver or any one else on the stage might have had was immediately dropped at sight of the dummy desperados to whom "Black Bart" addressed this stern command.

"I'll have to trouble you to step out of that stage for a moment," says "Black Bart" with the courtesy for which he was famous.

As the men, women and children left the stage he ranged them in a long line by the roadside, directly in front of the ambushed rifleman, whose painted broomstick guns, significantly enough, kept the little group from crowding together.

From under his duster he produced a neat canvas bag. "With this in one hand and my repeating rifle in the other," he passed along the line and gently but firmly relieved his victims of watches, pocketbooks, scarf pins and everything else of value.

This operation over, he would make the driver open the mail bags and the strong box in which the valuable shipments were stored.

From their contents he selected all the money and gold dust and stowed it away in his sash pouch by this time was bulging with plunder.

"Now draw on," said "Black Bart," motioning the victims back to their places on the coach, "and if you value your lives don't stir a finger." He then turned and shot and will fire at the first head he sees looking around.

Anything would take them out of the range of those guns which were out of the frightened people on the coach. The driver would be the first to go away like a rabbit, and would roll off at a great pace—with never a person bold enough to look back at the scene of the robbery.

In addition to his other accomplishments, "Black Bart" was something of a poet and evidently took a good deal of pride in his verses. Quite frequently after robbing a stage coach, he would hand one of his victims a bit of paper on which were scrawled some of his rhymes.

Here is a "poem" which the driver of a Wells-Fargo stage received from "Black Bart" as a souvenir of the time when the highwayman robbed the strong box of \$4,000 in gold and diamonds:

"Here I lay me down to sleep,  
To wake no more, for the coming morn,  
Perhaps someone, perhaps a thief,  
And overstealing sorrow,  
You come that night, my life to end,  
My condition can't be worse,  
And if there's money in that stage,  
The money is in 'BLACK BART.'

When railroads began to take the place of stage routes "Black Bart" proved to his satisfaction that the methods by which he had robbed so many stages single-handed and without taking a life, were equally well adapted for holding up trains.

Time and again fast express trains on the western roads would be stopped just as they came lonely spots by the fringing waving of a red flag.

When the engineer jumped down to see what the trouble was he was confronted by "Black Bart," dressed as usual in his eccentric garb which distinguished him from every other train robber.

At the point of his shotgun the robber forced the engineer and trainmen to uncouple the engine and run it a few hundred feet down the track.

To his little passengers and trainmen were pouring out of the cars to learn the cause of the delay. "Black Bart" wasted few words on them. Nodding his



Sophie Lyons—the "Queen of the Burglars"

head significantly in the direction of the "riflemen," whose hats and "gun barrels" showed from the usual ambush at the side of the track, he said loud enough for all to hear:

"Don't fire unless I give the word, boys!"

The hint was quite sufficient. Convinced that they were at the mercy of a large band of desperate men, passengers, trainmen and express messengers quickly handed their valuables over to "Black Bart."

When he had secured all the plunder he could, he uttered his usual threat about not looking back on penalty of being shot at and allowed the train to move on.

### "Black Bart" Is Caught

After eluding the police and express companies for years, "Black Bart" finally lost his nerve in a way that seemed strange in view of the coolness he had displayed on so many previous occasions.

He had held up a Southern Pacific train in the usual way. As he was packing the last of the plunder into his bag a farmer in a heavy coat and a mountain trail toward the train.

The boy had been hunting and carried a rifle. He was innocent of any intention to interfere with "Black Bart"—in fact, had he had any idea that a train robber was going on he would promptly have taken to his heels.

Strangely enough the sight of this lone boy with the rifle filled the train robber with the greatest alarm. Hurriedly throwing his bag of booty over his shoulder he started off in the opposite direction as fast as he could run.

The passengers and trainmen were dumfounded. Why should this robber run away when he had six armed men over them to protect him?

Just then a passing gust of wind blew two of the sash-covered of the "heads" of "Black Bart's" dummies. That led bare for the first time his clever ruse—the ruse which had kept him so long in the saddle of dollars from trains and stages single handed!

The express messenger was the first of the victims to come to his senses. Seizing the rifle from the astonished farmer's boy, he fired several shots at the fleeing robber. But none of them took effect and "Black Bart" soon disappeared in the woods high up the mountain side.

Believes who visited the scene of the robbery found that in his hurried flight, "Black Bart" had dropped the first clue to his identity: they had ever been able to find. It was a handkerchief, bearing in one corner the initial "B" and the mark of a shooting star.

A close watch was set in the vicinity of this laundry. When a few weeks later "Black Bart" left his lonely cabin in a wilderness of the Sierras and came to San Francisco to dispose of the proceeds of his latest robberies, he was promptly arrested. His senseless panoply at the sight of the farmer's boy and his rifle, had proved his undoing.

"Black Bart" pleaded guilty. At his trial he assumed the course of relating how, when he was on his way to San Francisco, frequently, on his visits to San Francisco, he had discussed his crimes with some of the very detectives who were searching for him.

After serving a long term in San Quentin prison, he reformed, and the last I

know of him he was living honestly. All the money his crimes brought him had been gambled away and he was penniless when he left prison and had to struggle hard to make a living. For this daring and unusually lucky desperado surely crime did not pay.

"Old Bill" Miner was another famous train robber who generally worked alone and who, like "Black Bart," never posed as a bad man and never took human life. He was one of the first train robbers to operate on the Pacific Coast and is said to have originated the expression, "Hands up!"

Only a few years ago he figured in a startling series of robberies along the Canadian Pacific Railway. The crimes followed each other in rapid succession—hardly a week passed that this bold man did not hold up some fast train and make his escape with large sums in currency and gold dust.

The reward of \$15,000 which the Canadian Government offered for his capture seemed to have no terrors for Miner. One May evening, when the search for him was at its height, he stopped a fast train near Purrer, British Columbia, on almost the exact spot of one of his previous robberies.

At the point of his revolver, Miner forced the engineer to uncouple the combination mail and express car from the rest of the train and take it a mile or so down the track. As Miner knew, a heavy shipment of gold dust had been made on this train and he expected to make a rich haul.

But to his surprise, when he came to rifle the car, he found not one of the express company's strong boxes. The only thing of value the car contained was a small quantity of registered mail.

### Women Train Robbers

The frequent robberies had made the express messenger apprehensive for the safety of his treasure. Just before reaching the point where the train was to be broken up, Miner had had taken the boxes of gold dust out of the express car and secreted them in a vacant stateroom in a sleeping car at the rear of the train.

Disgusted at his failure to find the gold dust, where he had expected and fearing some trap if he attempted to search the rest of the train, Miner abandoned the robbery and fled.

Believes who were to be fooled by the quick wits of this same express messenger. As the train robber jumped on his horse and rode across the track he had taken the telegraph pole, cut a wire and with an emergency key, flashed the news of the robbery to the nearest garrison of the Canadian Mounted Constabulary.

As a result, several armed possees were soon hot on Miner's trail. They surrounded him five days later and after a desperate gun fight, succeeded in making him a prisoner. He is now in a Canadian prison, serving a life sentence—this was the hard reward of all his crimes.

An Ontario man says that I have had no inclination for this kind of crime and never assisted in holding up a train. The fact that it was a woman would not have prevented my doing this had I wished, for there have been many successful woman train robbers.

Ellis Place was one of these. She was the recognized leader of the desperado

band known as the "Wild Bunch," whose operations for years terrorized the railroads of the West.

"Let's shoot," was never a train robber myself. I was a friend of many men and women who were active in this branch of crime, and the incidents I am giving you here are as they related them to me.

There was always a more or less close connection between train robbers and bank burglars, because they both usually had to face the problem of getting into safes. They frequently sought one another's advice as to the best means of breaking open some particularly refractory type of strong box.

Bank and burglars eventually took up the robbing of trains to gratify their craving for excitement and many men who had been train robbers in their early careers later became bank burglars.

In the latter class were like Marsh and Charles Bullard, who were associated with Mark Shimbun and my husband in some of their most famous attacks on the banks. One of their first successful crimes was the robbery of an express car on the New York Central Railroad of \$150,000 in cash and government bonds.

This was a "hands up" suggested by Putnam Brown, the messenger in charge of the express car which was robbed, and carried out with his assistance. Here is the ingenious way it was arranged.

Brown was to notify the robbers the night when he was to make a shipment of valuables would be made in his car from Buffalo to New York City. Bullard and Marsh were waiting at Albany and when the train stopped at Brown would open the door on the side of the car away from the station platform and admit them without their being seen.

### Thieves' Clever Plan

Once inside the car the robbers would have a hole in the door through which they had entered. The hole was just large enough for a man to reach his arm through and slide back the bolt on the inside of the door.

The purpose of this was to create the impression that the robbers had gained access to the car through the messenger's knowledge or consent—by climbing up on the side of the car and sawing through the door.

As soon as Brown had handed over to the contents of the safe they were to bind and gag him and then to cut on his face and hands to indicate the hard struggle he had made to protect his employer's money. He was also to draw on a small piece of soap to produce foam on his lips and thus add reality to his apparent straggling.

As the train slowed down at some station in the outskirts of New York City, Bullard and Marsh would jump off and make their escape with the booty.

At the end of the route the messenger would be discovered lying helpless in the car—to all appearances as if he had been shot.

After he had been revived he would tell a story of the robbery that had been recently shared in every detail in his view to deceiving the express company's detectives and the police. He was to lay particular stress on his description of robbers who had entered the car and attacked him—making them a little like the Bullard and Marsh as anything well could be.

There was for various reasons a delay of several weeks before the messenger could be put into execution. When it finally was undertaken it went through with a hitch.

But Brown had, up to this time, been an honest man and this sudden plunge into crime began to trouble his conscience. His story of the robbery, at first entirely plausible, began to weaken under the persistent questioning of the detectives. Finally he gave so many conflicting versions of various points that he was placed under arrest for complicity in the crime.

Alarmed at the turn of affairs, Bullard and Marsh fled to Canada. They were caught there and the greater part of what they had stolen was recovered. It was only in a previous chapter how they broke out of the White Plains Jail—they were never recaptured.

Brown, the unfortunate messenger who had yielded to the temptation to get rich quick by stealing, was finally released on account of his previous good record. The experience taught him a valuable lesson and he never committed another crime.

A very extraordinary chapter in the history of train robbery is that which includes the crimes of Oliver Curtis Perry. His career is so full of interest and so full of a marked disregard of his own life and the lives of others such as few have ever shown. His crimes were all the more remarkable because they were not committed in some lonely region of the West, but in a thickly settled section of New York State.

I am thinking of the early Fall of a sturdy, well built and well dressed young man walked through the New York Central yards at Albany. Several of the railroad's watchmen saw him, but he was such an intelligent, clean-cut looking fellow, that he so easily got past them that they took him for an employee carrying his tools. It was strange of his being there at that hour.

At the station a limited express train stood ready to start on its trip westward.

The train consisted of an express or directly behind the engine, and back of that a baggage car and a long string of sleepers and day coaches.

The ablest young man approaching the station just as the train was pulling out, with the ease of an experienced railroad man grasped the railing on the platform of the express car on its platform and swung himself on board.

This young man who crouched in the shadows of the platform until the brightly lighted Albany yards had been left behind by Oliver Perry. Having made one poor success of burglary and served a year in prison, he was now about to try his hand at train robbery.

The express car, as I have said, was the first car in the train. Its front door—a solid panel of metal and wood—was securely locked.

The front half of the car was filled with a miscellaneous assortment of boxes, barrels and other freight, making one pile from the floor to within a few feet of the ceiling. In the rear half of the car were two safes and a desk at which the solitary express messenger was at work sorting way bills.

The train was about forty miles west of Albany when, above the clatter of the wheels, the messenger thought he heard a voice.

"Hands up!" was what he thought he said—but how absurd!

He was not a nervous man, and, feeling sure that he was all alone in the car, he thought his imagination and the noise of the train must have deceived him. Without even raising his head he went on with his work.

But again the voice sounded. This time it was unmistakable, and to the original command there was something else added. "Hands up," it said, "or I'll whop your head off!"

Looking up, the astonished messenger saw Perry's ugly face leering at him from the top of the pile of boxes.

There he lay flat on his stomach on the swaying roof of half supported by the smoke from the engine and in danger as death at every motion of the speeding train. He himself along to a steel ventilator shaft which stuck up fastening one end of a long rope to it. He tied the other end of the rope to his chest, and then he himself cautiously down the side of the car. It was an only a man of almost superhuman strength and nerve who could have done this. Hanging in mid-air by the arms and hand and smashed the glass in the door of the car.

When that door opened he stepped out. He had reached the door and was about to step out. He had reached the door and was about to step out. He had reached the door and was about to step out.

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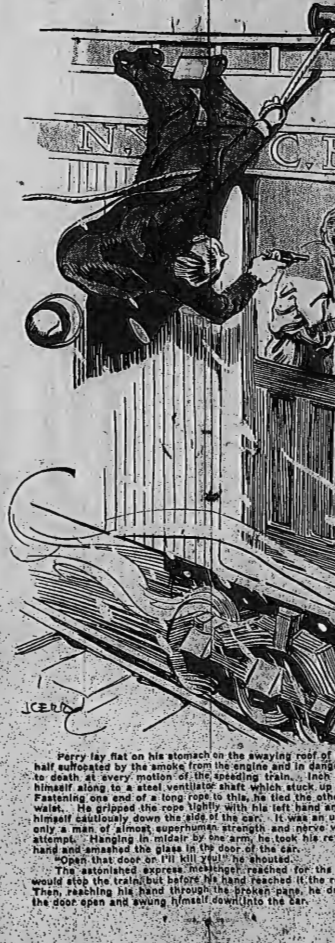
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the top of the pile of boxes. He had managed to get down large enough to crawl through the hole. He had managed to get down large enough to crawl through the hole. He had managed to get down large enough to crawl through the hole.

There he lay flat on his stomach on the swaying roof of half supported by the smoke from the engine and in danger as death at every motion of the speeding train. He himself along to a steel ventilator shaft which stuck up fastening one end of a long rope to it. He tied the other end of the rope to his chest, and then he himself cautiously down the side of the car. It was an only a man of almost superhuman strength and nerve who could have done this. Hanging in mid-air by the arms and hand and smashed the glass in the door of the car.

When that door opened he stepped out. He had reached the door and was about to step out. He had reached the door and was about to step out. He had reached the door and was about to step out.

Oliver Perry's Darling Express Car





# DARING "GARA IN ROBBERIES—Charles Boles Who

## Always Worked Alone, but Dressed Up "Dummy" Robbers with Wooden Guns and Planted Them Along the Track; Oliver Perry's Express Car Robberies; Other Remarkable Cases

the top of the pile of express packages. While the train sped along the robber managed to cut a hole in the front door large enough to admit his body. There he had wriggled like a snake up through the hole, and crawled along the narrow space which separated the top of the pile from the foot of it.

There he lay flat on his stomach—his right hand outstretched and pointing a big revolver at the messenger's head. The messenger reached instinctively for his own revolver, which lay on the top of his desk. But the robber was too quick for him.

Springing like a panther from his lofty perch, he landed squarely on top of the expressman and bore him to the floor. Perry's hand lightened like a vise on the half-stunned messenger's throat, and when he had choked him into insensibility he covantly struck the helpless man several brutal blows with the butt of his revolver.

Next he tied his hands and feet and bound a handful of cotton waste over his mouth for a gag. Riffing the safes was an easy matter, for the door of one stood open and the other was not locked. He took from them \$5,000 in cash besides quite a quantity of jewelry.

How to get off the train was his next problem. At forty or fifty miles an hour jumping would be very audacious. But he must get off at once—he had no idea when the train would stop again, and at any minute he was liable to be discovered by some of the trainmen.

He stepped out on the platform, first making sure that the baggageman in the car behind was not looking. Gripping the platform rods in his powerful hands, he lowered himself at the risk of his life down between the moving cars. He drew a long knife and severed the hose through which the compressed air that operates the brakes is carried.

As Perry knew, the cutting of this hose would at once set the brakes on every car. The train slowed down with a series of grinding jerks. Before it came to a full stop Perry jumped off unobserved and disappeared in the darkness. This crime caused great excitement be-

cause it was so unusual in this section of the country. The robber had left absolutely no clue to his identity, and the express messenger, who hovered between life and death for several weeks as a result of the cutting of the hose, had not a word to say as to the identity of the man who had stopped the train in order to make his escape.

Although large rewards were offered for the robber's capture, Perry openly continued to live in Rochester, Syracuse and other cities where he was well known. He squandered the proceeds of his crime in riotous living, and within six months was as penniless as he had been before. Then, emboldened by his success, he began to look about for an opportunity for another train robbery.

This time he set for Syracuse instead of Albany as the starting point of his venture. Just east of the city was a signal tower where trains often made brief stops. For a week Perry haunted the vicinity of this tower every night, familiarizing himself with the movements of the trains and the habits of the conductors and firemen who were on duty.

Concealed underneath his coat he carried a long coil of stout rope, the cutting of which was essential to the success of the plan he had in mind. The chance he had been waiting for came one night. On a train which was bound for the city he saw an express car—just behind the engine.

As soon as the train started he climbed up to the top of the engine, and by bracing one foot against the tender of the engine, succeeded in raising himself up to the roof of the car.

### Perry's Daring Feat

By the time he reached the roof the train was going fifty miles an hour. The speed made his perch a perilous one, particularly as when he lay on his stomach there was nothing for his hands to grip or for his feet to brace themselves against.

The thick smoke from the engine almost sufficed to blind him, and he was gradually able to draw himself along inch by inch until one hand clutched a steel vertical shaft, which stuck up through the roof.

His hold on this made his position much more secure. Soon he became more accustomed to the motion of the train and the dense cloud of smoke and cinders no longer bothered him, he was able to do more than merely hold on.

He took from his pocket a black mask and tied it over the lower part of his face. From underneath this he pulled out the rope, fastened one end of it securely through the ventilator and tied the other end around his wrist.

For several minutes he waited patiently for the engine's headlight to reveal a long stretch of track level track ahead. When at last it did, and the motion of the train became less violent, he gripped the rope firmly with his left hand and began to turn around his wrist, and began to lower himself cautiously down the sloping roof and over the side of the car.

It was a hazardous undertaking, and one that only a man of almost superhuman strength and nerve could have attempted. His hand was bleeding from the friction of the rope long before his feet touched the narrow margin of a three-foot way down the side of the car, which gave his straining muscles their first rest.

For a moment he rested in this difficult position. Then he resumed his slow and painful descent until at last he could look right into the car through the glass in the upper part of the sliding door.

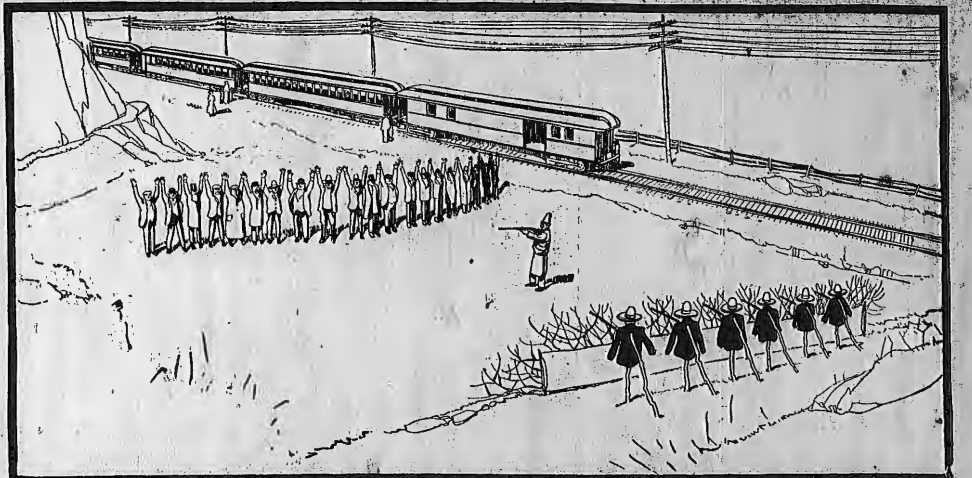
There stood the safe which he hoped to rifle. In front of it, with his back to the door, stood the express messenger busily engaged in checking off his list of valuable packages.

With his one free hand, Perry reached into his pocket and took out a big revolver. He slipped it into the pocket of the door with the butt of it as he shouted at the top of his voice:

"One that does 'I'll kill you." The startled messenger looked around, saw the masked robber and at once reached up to pull the emergency bell cord which would stop the train.

But Perry was ready for that very move. The big revolver, which he held in rapid succession before the messenger, was so close that he could grasp the cord and the expressman, bleeding from the forehead in the shoulder, fled to the forward end of the car.

As he disappeared from view, Perry pulled his hand through the opening where he had broken the glass, threw the bolt and slid the door open. In another second he had swung himself into the car, and stood there, revolver in hand, facing the plucky messenger.



## How "Black Bart," the Train Robber, Deceived His Victims With "Dummy" Riflemen

"Black Bart," the train robber, never used violence. The shotgun he carried was never loaded, and he never took a life or injured a human being. He always worked alone, but by an ingenious device he deceived his victims into believing that he had with him a number of armed men.

With just bags or pieces of tent canvas he built a screen about three feet high between two trees or two piles of rocks. The outside of this ambush he carefully masked with branches of trees and chunks of wood. Behind it he stuck in the ground half a dozen sticks, and on each stick hung a sash or a long coat.

These hats showed above the ambush just as they would have if there had been men underneath them. Below each hat "Black Bart" stuck a

piece of broomstick painted black to give the semblance of rifle barrels. It all looked very real and very formidable—for all the world as if six men were crouching there with rifles in hand, ready to fire at the first sign of resistance.

Time and again fast express trains on the western roads would be stopped just at dusk in lonely spots by the faint waving of a red flag. When the engineer jumped down to see what the trouble was he was confronted by "Black Bart," dressed in a long linen duster, and all that was shaped hat such as clove in the circus wear.

At the point of his shotgun the robber forced the engineer and fireman to uncouple the engine and run it a few hundred feet down the track. By this time the passengers and trainmen were

pouring out of the cars to learn the cause of the delay. "Black Bart" wasted few words on them. Nodding his head significantly in the direction of the "riflemen," whose hats and "gun barrels" showed from the ambush at the side of the track, he said loud enough for all to hear:

"Don't fire unless I give the word, boys!" The hint was quite sufficient. Convinced that they were at the mercy of a large band of desperate men, passengers, trainmen and express messengers quickly handed their valuables over to "Black Bart."

When he had secured all the plunder he uttered a threat about not looking back on penalty of being shot at by the "companion" and allowed the train to move on.

Right here something unexpected happened—one of those chances which will be the cleverest criminals cannot wholly guard against, and just such a one as I have often seen spoil the most carefully planned robberies. It proved the one thing necessary to bring the careers of Browning and Brady to an end.

The first person they met as they entered the sleeping car was a negro porter, his teeth chattering with fright. Browning shoved him down into a seat and took away his gold watch.

The negro was what proved a fatal mistake. H.C. Brady not taken the darkey's watch, and Browning might have gone on looking for the rest of the night. Browning had seen him look at a rear sleeper as they passed.

But that watch was the negro's dearest possession—he had been saving money for a year to get it, and this was the first time he had worn it. Frightened as he was, he was too slow to turn over his plans for recovering his precious property.

Suddenly he remembered that J. J. Brady, the Sheriff of Tahoma County, was a passenger on the train. He was a frequent traveler on this train, and the porter had seen him look at a rear sleeper at San Francisco on this trip.

If anybody could recover his watch, though, it was Sheriff Brady. Brady was the man. He had a reputation all over the Pacific Coast for bravery, and the porter had seen him look at a rear sleeper as they passed.

### The Price They Paid

Thoughts of his lost watch made the negro bold. When the robbers reached the middle of the car he slipped out of the front door and ran alongside the train to the very last car, where the Sheriff lay in his berth ignorant of the trouble ahead.

"Oh, Mr. Sheriff!" the excited darkey called, "the train is full of robbers, and they've stolen my new watch!" The Sheriff hastily dressed and, pistol in hand, rushed through the train and boldly faced the robbers. His first shot, placed Browning's heart, killing him instantly.

The next instant Brady fired, killing the Sheriff and seriously wounding the fireman. Without stopping to gather up any of the booty he backed out of the car, emptying his revolver promiscuously as he went, and injuring several passengers.

Brady escaped on the bicycle on which he rode to the scene of the robbery. The wheel Browning had used was found hidden in some underbrush nearby. With this evidence in hand the detectives identified the dead bandit as Browning and finally succeeded in running Brady to earth. He is now serving a life sentence in San Quentin prison.

These are only a few of the thrilling train-riding incidents I could tell you, but they are enough for my purpose—to show you that this variety of robbery is as profitable as any other crime.

For every train robber the final result is inevitably the same—death or imprisonment for a long term of years. And because of the bloody deeds he has to do to gain his ends the remorse which eventually overtakes him is even keener than for other criminals.

Most of the train robbers who are in the prison are the "shiners" and "burglars." Most Sunday Sophs and even the "Burglars" and "shiners" are not the "Burglars" and "shiners" who are in the prison.

males destroyed the sight of one eye instantly and Perry completed his looting blindly by rubbing the other eye with the bits of glass.

The best thing one can think of this unhappy man is that he was insane from boyhood. But whether he was or not the terrible assistance he is now dragging out at Mattawan is another powerful example of the fact that crime does not pay, and this way it could not afford to neglect telling his sad story.

And now I must tell you about some of the remarkable exploits of John Brady and Sanguin Browning—as desperate a pair of robbers as ever rifled an express car and shot helpless men in cold blooded back on his track trip.

Suddenly two men leaped out of the underbrush at the side of the track and stood directly in his path. To avoid running them down he brought his tricycle to a sudden stop.

As the men sprang upon him, dragged him to the ground and bound and gagged him so securely that he could neither move nor speak. After emptying his pockets of a little money and taking his red lantern and a box of railroad torpedoes, they demolished the tricycle by shooting it with their rifles.

These two men were Browning and Brady, and their attack on the track walker was the last step in a long series of daring crimes which finally brought one of them to a horrible death and sent the other to the State Prison.

### Two Famous "Hold-Up" Men

A few minutes later the whistle of a train finally came to a stop. As it drew near the spot where the helpless track walker lay the engineer was startled to see a red lantern waving across the track and to hear at the same instant the sharp report of two torpedoes—the customary signal that there was danger ahead.

As the train responded to the air brakes and slowed down the robbers—wearing black masks and carrying revolvers—climbed up on either side of the cab.

They made the astonished engineer and fireman hold their hands above their heads and walk back to the third car from the engine—Wells Fargo express car.

When the train stopped, Browning, showing his revolver into the fireman's face, and pointing to the coupling between the third and fourth cars, barked at the fireman, with trembling hands, obeyed.

Bill covered by the robbers' guns, the engineer and fireman held their hands above their heads and were again taken out of the engine and made to accompany the masked men back to the express car. But Paige, the driver, was not so easily duped. He saw that the robbers had suggested what the trouble was and had looked the door and barricaded the windows as well as he could with packages of freight.

When the robbers pounded on the door and demanded to be let in, he refused and announced that he would shoot the first man who attempted to enter.

Bill told them that he would shoot the first man who attempted to enter. The engineer and fireman were again taken out of the engine and made to accompany the masked men back to the express car.

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