

SEEKERS OF THE GRAY
SOLDIERS OF 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 gates are being cast wide in anticipation of the coming this week of the slender gray army of old men and their gayer allies, the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. And the sponsors forward to the gathering are being made in the most elaborate manner.

The reunion will begin Monday afternoon, and the closing ball Thursday night will be the biggest, the busiest, the gladiest, the tenderest occasion of the city's history. Everything is in readiness. Leading business men of Chattanooga, giving over their own interests to the cause of their employes, have set about to prepare for the veterans and the other visitors. The organization is complete and the organization is in all respects a great business institution with sufficient brain and capital to make a success of the undertaking.

John A. Patten, leading financier of Chattanooga who has been foremost in planning for the reunion, said today there no longer doubt existed that the occasion would be the greatest of its kind.

"All of Atlanta is looking forward to the Confederate reunion," said Patten, "and with confidence that the records for attendance and pleasure will be broken at Chattanooga."

Chattanooga, then, is waiting in readiness, already having opened its heart and hands.

No reunion organization ever worked harder than has the Chattanooga committee during the last three months. Camp Stewart, the unique quarters provided for the veterans, was by far the biggest job in the list and has been put in first class condition, ready for its thousands of guests.

In the camp a wonderfully attractive arrangement has been made for the entertainment and care of the soldiers. As a special attraction the camp and its surroundings is inspiring. Every provision has been made for comfort, even luxury.

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

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REPUBLICANS TO ATTEMPT CUT IN SOUTHERN VOTE

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

WASHINGTON, May 24.—A get-together convention of Republicans in the South to attempt a cut in the national vote.

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

Harmony in Republican ranks is the keynote of the National Committee and the post-convention conditions are to be made to the Progressive wing of the party.

Chairman Hines of the National Committee was authorized to appoint special committees on State representation in the party national convention.

There is to be established a public opinion committee to ascertain the views of the party members on the proposed cut in the Southern vote.

Press Bureau Planned. There is to be established a press bureau to handle the party's news during the campaign.

Representative Pray, Montana; Senator Hines, Oregon; Representative Jones, Virginia; Representative Hines, Tennessee; Representative Hines, Michigan; Representative Hines, Illinois; and the following members of the committee.

Senator Hines explained his plan for reducing the Southern vote by cutting out the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas.

Chairman Hines explained that the meeting had been called because the Southern vote is the mainstay of the party in the South.

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Cows Drink Dew and Put Water in Milk

Chicago Woman Tells Court Why She Is Accused of Thieving Fluid.

CHICAGO, May 24.—If you don't want water in your milk, don't let the cows get up early in the morning.

"That's so," said Judge J. J. Sullivan, yesterday, "I remember driving in the cows when I was a boy, and I can hear my father saying there is more water in the milk in the morning than there is in the afternoon."

"Your honor," she said, "the trouble is my cows get up too early in the morning. They don't get up until about 5 o'clock in the morning, but they get up at 4 o'clock in the afternoon."

"The commensurate program is being held by the School of Oratory at the institution. The number of students who have attended the past colloquium year is near the 600 mark.

Number of Students Past Session Near the Five Hundred Mark. Bishop Warden A. Chandler will preside at the commencement exercises.

Other Sunday exercises are a sacred concert at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and speakers by the Young Women's Christian Association.

Monday afternoon will be the class exercises. Grand concerts will be given on Monday and Tuesday.

The domestic science exhibit today from 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock in the afternoon will be viewed with more than 100,000 people.

After a week's camp on the banks of the Savannah River, the Atlanta City School of Oratory will return to Atlanta.

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General Program of the Confederate Reunion

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Man Slays Brother; Son Shoots Father

Two Dead and Four Wounded in Mississippi Gun Battle Over Trivial Quarrel.

MEMPHIS, MISS., May 24.—Martin Henry Sr. and Martin Henry Jr., Jr. are to-night under the care of physicians at the Gunter County prison, charged with murder as the result of a quarrel over a trivial matter.

The quarrel was over a trivial matter and resulted in the death of two men and the wounding of four others.

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Dozen Shots Fired At Fleeing Negro

Crowd Gathers Quickly at Police Station—Captured Black Identified as Purse Snatcher.

Nearly 1,000 people gathered in front of the police station Saturday afternoon when a fleeing negro was shot.

The negro was shot by a crowd of people who gathered in front of the police station.

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Living Wages for Girls in Arkansas

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

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 24.—Following quickly on an agreement by laundries and ten-cent stores to raise wages for women employees.

The agreement provides for a 10 per cent increase in wages for women employees.

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Atlanta Woman and Aide Given Year Each

Macon, Ga., May 24.—Frances Tetter and Brother-in-Law Sentenced for Macon Theft.

MACON, GA., May 24.—Frances Tetter, of Atlanta, and George Douglas, of Macon, were sentenced to one year each in the State Prison for the robbery of the State Farm for the robbery of the State Farm.

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Attempts Suicide in Crowded Cafe

Nashville Man, Unable to Curb Drink Habit, Gains Guests for Preventing Death.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 24.—Upon being served with a suspicious meal which he had ordered in "Pauze" cafe, the man, who was known as Harry Latham, gained guests for preventing death.

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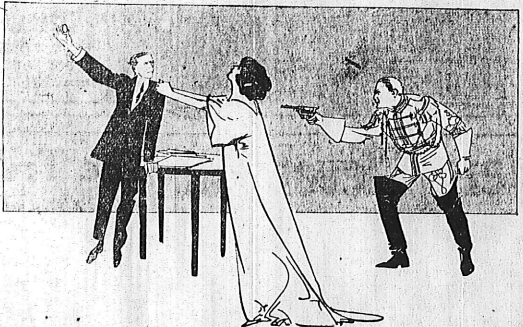
Terrance's Terrible Scrape

An Echo of the Baron's Strike. By Goodie Knight.

Copyright, 1911, by the Star Company. ... Terrance was about to marry an heiress...

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? Basil--I'm awfully hungry. Irene--All right, open the food safe...

Come--come dear, why don't you tell me! Irene--I--I--oh, what's the use, Basil? It--Basil--It's something serious, then?

all these years? Harold--You see my uniform--I am an officer of the Food Trust. Irene--An officer--the Food Trust?

An Amusing Travesty on the Cost of Living, from the Popular One-Act Play, "FOOD," Published by Permission.

I heard everything. (holding up egg)--And this is the price of honor! Irene--Basil! What are you going to do? Basil--Basil--Ah! (Gives a shrill cry...)

OUR DEBATING SOCIETY

(Conducted by Prof. Ora Torrie) (This week we will take up the affirmative side of the all-important question: "Resolved, That it is worse for a man to sell on a button than for a woman to drive a nail.")

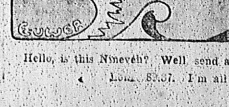
WHEN we state that it is worse for a man to sell on a button than for a woman to drive a nail, we have hit the nail on the head...



Wonders of the Universe

No. 2--The Telephone. THE telephone is the shortest audible distance between two alien bodies. It consists of a wire through which may be poured language...

At this juncture he will go into convulsions, but finally take a trip to the surgeon, have the thumb X-rayed, the needle-point extracted and go back home. "I got the button sewed on," he will exclaim, picking up the garment...



There Are Two Kinds of Charity

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



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

THE 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 coachman and the footman drive away. It begins to get dark, the sun is going down behind the tenement house roofs—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 scanty 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 establishment of learning

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

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. Rockefellers 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 men that take 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—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 enormous millionaires.

That kind of charity which appears in its millions and tens of millions is well advertised—ever and o'd 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.

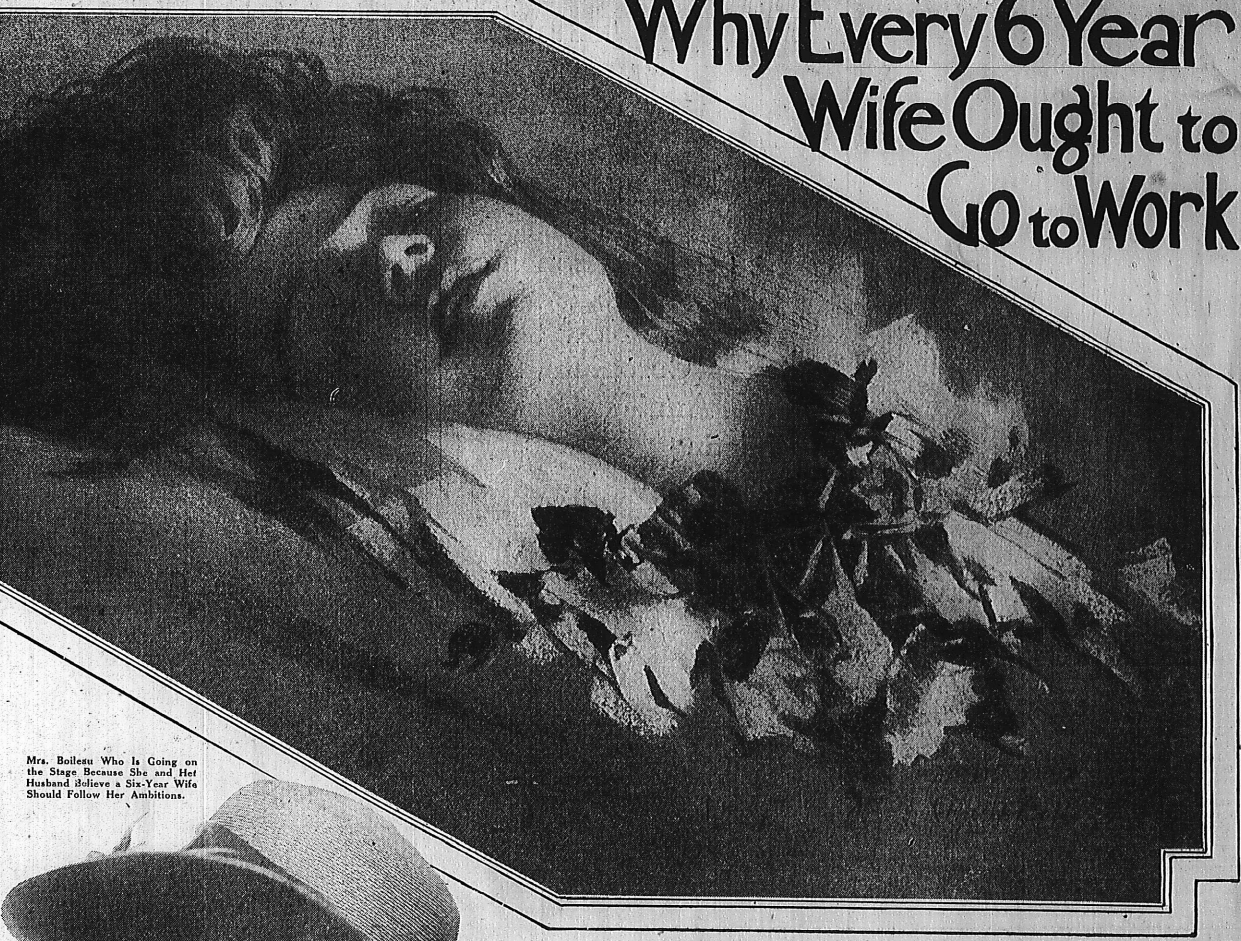
And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

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 penury 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, or education, or science—he glad AND GRATEFUL BUT DON'T FORGET THAT THE REAL CHARITY, THE REAL CONTRIBUTIONS, are given away by the poor widow themselves.

Why Every 6 Year Wife Ought to Go to Work



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

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," SAYS PHILIP BOILEAU

PHILIP 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 earning a living," is his discovery, "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 visp 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 unscrupulous men she may meet in her career may be her undoing.

Six years of apprenticeship as a wife are a necessary prolude to livelihood earning, 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 earning. 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-orderd studio at No. 11 West Thirtieth street in New York and the Summer home at Douglaston, Long Island.

"I don't think my home occupies my mind and time," she says. "Mr. Boileau is one of those men who is a natural housekeeper. He directs every thing as 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 divorces and few unhappy wives.'"

Mr. Boileau is happy in having married his ideal. For years he had 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 she 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 nephew of the late C. Fremont, who was called "The Father of the" he is prouder of his own pathfind-



Another Charming Boileau Picture for Which His Wife Was Model.

ing methods of thought and work than of the fact that he is the son of a Baron and himself entitled to be called "Vicome." For example, he says his pictures, by which he lives, are "rot," but that his music, with which he amuses himself, is admirable.

He rises at half past four every morning and goes barefoot all Summer to the scandal of his conventional neighbors at very proper Douglaston.

He shaves himself and cuts his own hair. "I wouldn't let a barber touch me for a hundred dollars," is his declaration of independence, made before every barber pole in the city.

He likes a quiet life and wants to work in privacy. Therefore he has erected about his Summer home a ten feet high fence which the neighbors crudely term a "spite fence."

He is one of the best cooks in New York. When his day of painting is over he delights in preparing a meal for himself and wife and friends.

Mr. Boileau's views, expressed to this journal, follow. They will interest all husbands and the wives of those husbands.

"I 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 whirrs along and we must keep up with it. The life of the home has become easier for women. Its demands are alighter. 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, yes, 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 mountain, 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 individuality, not a mere "dear," "no dear," echo of your self. You will realize that she has talents probably as marked as your own and you will no more interfere with her exercise of those talents than you would permit her to suppress your Wall Street activities if you are a broker, or I my picture making 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, therefore, 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 adopted that career had she not married. Since, after five and a half years of marriage, she wishes to take up the work her marriage interrupted, I have no right to interfere. The woman one 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 lightest 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 fad. 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 living, which will degenerate into the desquamly 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 and another Italian. As 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 to allow it. That I expect and hope that in three months she will be content to give it up makes no difference to me. It is her own wish 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 thinks and will think me as interesting as any man she 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 either Lord Chesterfield or Napoleon. 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 fall short in it. He is not sure of himself. He is an old husband and unworthy his wife. He deserves to lose her.

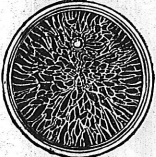
The necessary absences, when the wife who is on the stage travels with her company, are more matrimonial vacations for which every married pair are the better and more appreciative. Mrs. Boileau and I believe in them. From experience we are convinced that absence does actually make the heart grow fonder. 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 incomes is 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. It may strike his wife, with tongue or fist. He may be unfaithful to her. But repressing her nature and repressing her ambitions, crushing her talents and her hopes, is an extreme form of unkindness. Of that I resolved not to be guilty.

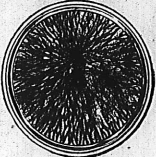
Whenever saying to me "Philip, do not wish you to draw any more pictures. I do not wish you to go out among other artists and publishers. I expect you to stay at home and amuse me." What should I think of her? That she will insist, I have no wish to appear insane in her eyes.

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. Provided 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 Brunette'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.



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 pioneering. 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 brunette is 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 high light progress the world has ever seen. It has been mostly engineered by the blondes—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 blondes; 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 again, abolish the blonde. When the period of conservatism and development needs to come to an end, Nature will produce the blonde in such quantities that they can't be suppressed. It's 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 roams. 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 a blonde. That of the cruel Scotch North. And the brunettes? The warmth and graciousness of much sunlight. Observe how the childish 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 decays, 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. I can cite to you as many authorities 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 omitted unto but to minister," the tendency to snub the blonde, as it were, turn her out of the race, is evident for at a recent poll-taking of the engaged girls it was found that 85 per cent of those who were soon to marry were brunettes and only 15 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 proofs 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 Otis, 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 overturned an empire, and who slew her lovers when she tired of them, was a Titian-haired blonde.

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

Those women who have been moving figures in the great murder trials in New York were, with one exception, blondes. Nan Patterson, sora a trouble-maker for men, and who was accused of murdering Caesar Young, was very fair. Lillian Greham attempted to kill W. E. 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 Blinck, Florence Schokne, blondes! I have no room on this page to name them all.

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



Miss Edna Goodrich, the Charming Actress, Whose Astonishing Assault Upon Blondes Is Given Here.

United States Army, said: "Pigmentation 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. McGee, 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 fires at the first-chill 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 sciences 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 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.

of Heloge. Remember the life-long wanderings of Evangeline in search of her lover, Isabella of Castile had eyes like a velvet chestnut.

These objections of mine to faults which I find in the blonde are largely, you say, those of sentiment. Well, then, here is one of science. 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-tinted 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

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, taps 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 "peels" 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 open and lets the contents run into a glass, and consumes it as though he were draughting down a glass of wine.

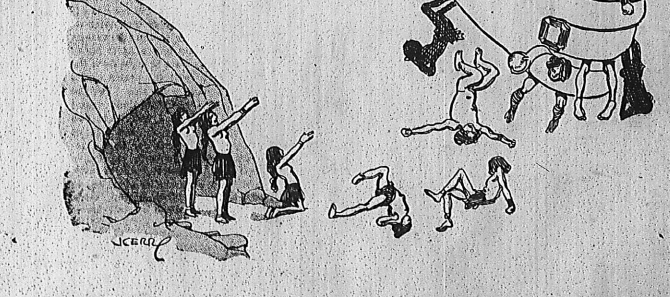
An egg is only fit in an Italian's estimation when it has been placed in cold water and removed just as the water begins to boil. He then breaks it, pours it on a plate and proceeds to sop it up with bread.

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 knives them in half, removes the contents into a glass, after which he adds a plentiful supply of pepper, butter and salt. He then mixes the egg fine, mixing them well with the spices, and eats them with his toast.



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



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

WHY CRIME 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 and 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 Langdon 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 robbers it is quite different. Like the pirates who used to infest the seas, these desperadoes can accomplish nothing without first killing 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 attempted was really an amazingly unprofitable 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, profited nothing. And today in the field of train robbery I shall prove to the readers of this page that here, again, the rule holds true: CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

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

This "Black Bart"—Charles Boles was his right name—was so romantic a character as any swashbuckling pirate of the story books. He was a real education man and had once had a prosperous business. Just how he happened to turn highwayman and train robber was 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 the only one 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 jute bag wrapped around his body like an Indian's blanket. He wore tall conical hats, such as clowns in the circus wear, completed a costume more outlandish 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 from the halted stage coach, "Black Bart" staged 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 jute bags or pieces of tent canvas he built a screen about five feet high between two trees or two tall rocks. The outside of this ambush he carefully masked with branches of trees and chunks of sod.

Behind the ambush he stuck in the ground a half dozen sticks and on each stick he hung an old smock or such as every cowboy and miter in those days wore.

These hats showed above the ambush just as they would be seen by the real men underneath them. Below each hat "Black Bart" stuck a piece of broomstick painted black to give the appearance 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 on the stage coach at the first sign of resistance.

climb to the top of a tree or a neighboring cliff and watch for its 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 its occupants were heavily armed, he would quickly dismantle his dummy ambush and lay it on one side to wait for a more favorable opportunity.

But if every thing looked all right, "Black Bart" clambered down and took up his position at the bend in the road where he could not see from the coach until it was almost upon him. He carried the shotgun, which he afterward said was loaded, and behind him appeared the hate of his six dummy "confederates" with their menacing "rifle barrels."

"Hands up!" 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 grotesque figure in the road—nag quite sure whether to laugh or to cry.

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 desperadoes 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 crowd from restlessly covering their eyes.

From under his duster he produced a neat canvas bag. With this in one hand he stepped forward and gently but firmly relieved his victims of watches, pocketbooks, snuff 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 slipped it away into his jute bag, which by this time was bulging with plunder.

"Now open," said "Black Bart," motioning his victims back to their places on the coach, "and if you value your lives and limbs, do not touch the stage, the stage and will fire at the first head we see looking around."

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 rhyms.

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 \$5,000 in gold and diamonds:

"To wait for coming morrow,
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat.
And overlasting sorrow,
That comes with 'WILL'—it is on.
My condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in that stage,
Let me have it in my name,
"BLACK BART."

When railroads began to take the place of stage routes, "Black Bart" proved to his satisfaction that the method 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 at dusk in some lonely spot by the frantic 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 the eccentric garb of the highwayman, and frequently other train robbers.

At the point of his shotgun the robber forced the engine and train to stop. He uncoupled the engine and ran 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. Kidding his



Sophie Lyons—the "Queen of the Burglars."

head significantly in the direction of the "liffemen," 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's boy came walking down a mountain trail toward the train.

The boy had been hunting and carried a rifle. He was innocent of any intention of interfering with "Black Bart"—in fact, he had no 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 sombreroes off the "heads" of "Black Bart's" dummies. They laid bare for the first time his clever ruse—the rifle which he had hidden in the folds of his coat.

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 shots at the fleeing robber. But none of them took effect and "Black Bart" soon disappeared in the woods high up the mountain side.

Detectives 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 San Francisco laundry.

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 robbery, he was promptly arrested. His senseless panic at the sight of the farmer's boy and his rifle had proved his undoing.

"Black Bart" pleaded guilty. At his trial he amused the court by bragging how 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-

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

Although I was never a train robber myself, I was the 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 out another's advice as to the best means of breaking open some particularly refractory type of strong box.

Many bank 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 Marah and Charles, who were associated with Mark Shinnery 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 an "inside" job—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 an unusually large shipment of valuables would be made in his car from Buffalo to New York City. Bullard and Marah were to wait at Albany and when the train stopped at a desk at which he opened the door on the side of the car away from the station platform and admit them without detection.

Once inside the car the robbers would have a hole in the door through which they had a ladder. This hole was just large enough for a man to slip 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 entrance 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 them the contents of the safe they were to bind and gag him and make several cuts on his face and hands to indicate a hard struggle had made to protect his employer's property. He was also to chew a small piece of soap to produce foam on his lips and thus add reality to his apparent sufferings.

As the train slowed down at some station in the outskirts of New York City, Bullard and Marah would jump off and make their escape as best they could.

At the end of the route the messenger would be discovered lying helpless in the car. He would appear to be dead. When he had been revived he would tell a story of the robbery that had been carried out in the most desperate manner in view of deceiving the express company's detectives and the police. He was to lay particular stress on the fact that several robbers who had entered the car and attacked him—making them as little like the real Bullard and Marah 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 without 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 Marah fled to Canada. They were caught there and the greater part of what they had stolen was recovered. It was told 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. In account of his previous good record, the experience taught him a valuable lesson and he never committed another crime.

By an extraordinary chapter in the history of train robbing it is that includes the crimes of Oliver Curtis Perry. His career was not of long duration but it was marked by a diabolical ingenuity and a reckless disregard of his own life and the lives of others such as few men have ever shown. His crimes were all the more remarkable because they were not committed in some lonely spot in the West but in a thickly settled section of New York State.

He himself along to a steel ventilator shaft which stuck up fastening one of a long rope to it, he tied the other end to a window ledge. He gripped the rope tightly with his left hand and himself cautiously down the side of the car. It was an attempt at a diabolical ingenuity and nerve work, but it failed.

He was in mid-air by the arm of the ventilator and smashed the glass in the door of the car.

"Open that door or I'll kill you!" he shouted.

The astonished express messenger, reached for the door to stop the train, but before his hand reached it the door opened and Perry lay flat on the swaying roof of the

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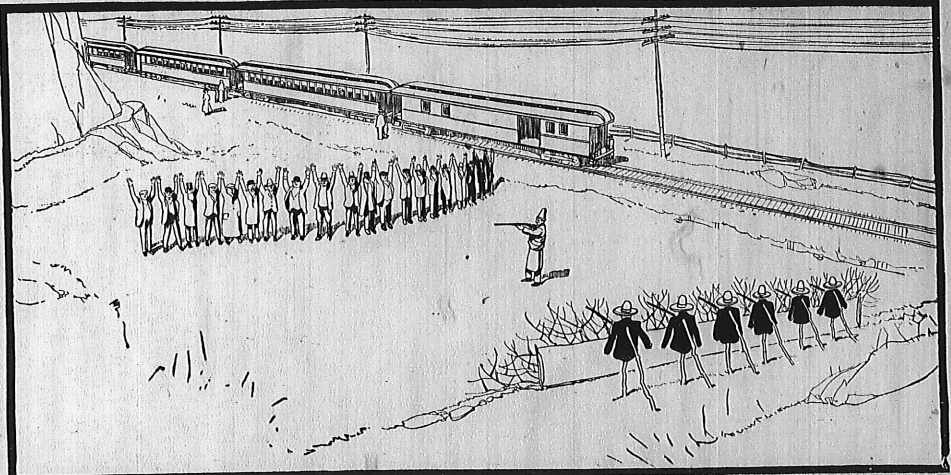
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DARING TRAIN ROBBERS Charles Boles, Who

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 had managed to cut a hole in the front door large enough to admit his body. Then he had wriggled like a snake up through the heap of merchandise and crawled along the narrow space which separated the top of the pile from the roof of the car.

There he lay flat on his stomach—his right hand outstretched and pointing a 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 tightened like a vise on the half-stunned messenger's throat, and when he had choked him into insensibility he cowardly 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.

Rifling 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 have been suicide. 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 baggage man in the car behind was not looking.

Gripping the platform rods in his powerful hands, he lowered himself like 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 because it was so unusual in this section of the country. The robber had left absolutely no clue to his identity, and the expressmen who hovered between life and death for several weeks as a result of the cruel beating Perry had given him, were unable to supply a very clear description. The mystery was made all the deeper by the surprising way the robber had snatched the train in order to make his escape.

Although large rewards were offered for the robber's capture, he never fully 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 previous success, he began to look about for an opportunity for another train robbery.

This time he selected Syracuse instead of Albany as the starting point for 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 waiting for the opportunity to board one of them.

With this end in view he dressed in his coat he carried a long coil of stout rope which, as you will see, was quite essential to the success of the plan he had in mind.

The chance he had been waiting for came at last. One day a fast passenger-bound train halted at the tower for an instant before it was allowed to climb unobserved onto the platform of the first car—an express train.

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

by the shots, the conductor, two brakemen and several passengers came hurrying to the rescue.

As they entered the car Perry jumped out of the door by which he had entered to take anything from the open safe where \$10,000 worth of cash and jewelry lay.

With two shots from his revolver Perry drove the engineer and fireman from an engine that stood on a nearby siding. Climbing up into the cab he pulled the throttle wide open and the locomotive leaped ahead at a 60-mile an hour clip.

Luckily the steam in the engine Perry had seized was low and after running three miles its power gave out completely. It came to a dead stop just in time to avoid a collision with an oncoming express train.

Perry leaped to the ground and started off across a field, reloading his revolver as he ran.

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 where he lay on the smooth roof there was nothing for his hands to grip.

But by the time he had braced himself against the roof for his feet to brace themselves against.

The thick smoke from the engine almost suffocated him—the hot cinders blinded his eyes and he was obliged to hold on so violently that he was in constant danger of being hurled off.

But by lying flat on his stomach, with his arms and legs outstretched, he managed to keep from slipping off the rocking car. After a few minutes he was gradually able to draw himself along inch by inch until one hand clutched a steel ventilator shaft which stuck up through the roof.

His hold on this made his position much more secure. Soon, as he became more accustomed to the motion of the train and the dense cloud of smoke and cinders which constantly enveloped him, he was able to do more than hold on.

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

For several minutes he waited patiently for the engine's headlight to reveal a long stretch of straight level track ahead. When at last it did, and the motion of the train became less violent, he gripped the rope tightly with his left hand, gave it two or three turns around a rivet 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 would have dared attempt. His hand was bleeding from the friction of the rope long before his feet touched the narrow moulding a third of the way down the side of the car, which gave his straining muscles their first respite.

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 half of the sliding door.

There stood the safe which he hoped to rattle. 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 free hand, Perry reached into his pocket and took out a big revolving "Emanating from New Jersey, he was about to put into execution a plan for an express car robbery as daring as those in which he had already figured.

Falling in these attempts at liberty he devised a fiendish way of putting out his eyes. He was really insane, he was about the Governor's sympathy and secure his pardon.

The apparatus he constructed for this purpose was a weird masterpiece of mechanical skill.

In two holes in a piece of board Perry inserted two long sharp nails. These were so placed that when the board lay across his forehead they were directly above the pupils of his eyes.

Above these nails was suspended a heavy dumbbell, which, when set free, would drive their steel points deep into the eyes. The release of the dumbbell was ingeniously arranged by attaching to it a spring on which a lighted candle was placed. When the candle burned beyond a certain point its heat decreased sufficiently to release the spring and let the dumbbell fall.

Perry had the apparatus in place one night after his keeper had left him. The

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 jute 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 sod.

Behind it he stuck in the ground half yard apart, and on each stick he hung a sombrero and an old hat.

These hats showed above the ambush just as they would have if there had been real 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 a dozen 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 some lonely spot by the frantic 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 a tall, cone-shaped hat such as clowns in the circus wear. At the point of his shotgun the robber forced the door open and the engine and train to stop.

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 desperado 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 his "companions" and allowed the train to move on.

Right here something unexpected happened—one of those chances which even the cleverest criminals cannot wholly guard against, and just such a one as I have often seen spoil the most carefully planned robbery. The robber, thinking necessary to bring the messengers and Brady to an end.

The first person he met, as he 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.

That was what proved a fatal mistake. He, Brady not taken the darkey's watch, he and Browning might have gone on looking the train unmolested and made their escape just as they had so many times before.

But that watch was the negro's dearest possession—he had been saving money for a year to get it, and it was the first he had ever had. Frightened as he was, he began to turn over in his head plans for recovering his precious property.

Suddenly he remembered that J. J. Bogard, the Sheriff of Tehama county, was a passenger on the train. He was a frequent traveller on this train, and the porter had seen him board a rear sleeper at San Francisco on this trip.

Porter's idea was to recover his watch, thought the darkey, Sheriff Bogard was the man. He had a reputation all over the Pacific Coast for bravery, and no porter had ever seen him single-handedly subdue a party of cowboys who were "shootin' up a train."

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Two Famous "Hold-Up" Men

A few minutes later the whistle of a fast overland train sounded in the distance. 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—a Wells-Fargo express car.

"Hurry up here," said Browning, shouting his revolver into the fireman's face, "or we'll shoot you and the one behind it. The fireman, with trembling hands, obeyed.

Still covered by the robbers' guns, the engineer and fireman were marched back to the engine and ordered to pull the three cars several miles down the track.

When they had already started, the engineer and fireman were again taken out of the engine and made to accompany the robbers to the engine.

But Paige, the express messenger, had suspected what the trouble was and had slipped the door and barricaded the windows as well as he could with packages of freight.

The robbers pounded on the door and commanded him to open it but he refused and announced that he would shoot the first man who attempted to enter.

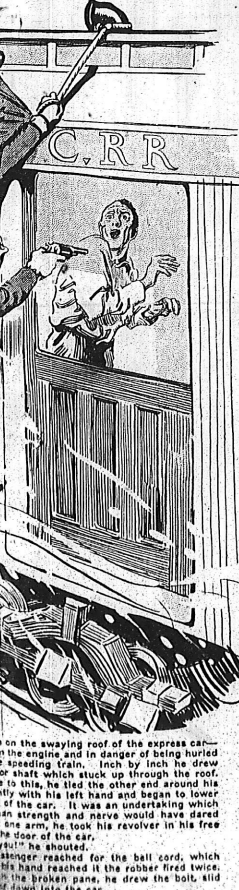
"Tell him that if he doesn't open that door we're going to shoot you full of lead," said one of the bandits, and he emphasized his words by firing a bullet so close to the engineer's head that it struck him in the visor of his cap.

The engineer was in terror of his life, shaking it every time he uttered a plea to the profane threats of the robbers.

"Think of my wife and babies, Paige," said one of the men, and let them men to before they kill me."

The express messenger was between two

Express Car Robbery



in his stomach on the swaying roof of the express car—he smothered the engine, and in danger of being hurled from the motion of the speeding train. Inch by inch he drew the steel ventilator shaft which stuck up through the roof of a long rope to this, he tied the other end around his waist and began to lower himself down the side of the car. It was an undertaking which a man of almost superhuman strength and nerve would have dared attempt. His hand was bleeding from the friction of the glass in the door of the car, which gave his straining muscles their first respite.

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 half of the sliding door.

There stood the safe which he hoped to rattle. 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 free hand, Perry reached into his pocket and took out a big revolving "Emanating from New Jersey, he was about to put into execution a plan for an express car robbery as daring as those in which he had already figured.

Falling in these attempts at liberty he devised a fiendish way of putting out his eyes. He was really insane, he was about the Governor's sympathy and secure his pardon.

The apparatus he constructed for this purpose was a weird masterpiece of mechanical skill.

In two holes in a piece of board Perry inserted two long sharp nails. These were so placed that when the board lay across his forehead they were directly above the pupils of his eyes.

Above these nails was suspended a heavy dumbbell, which, when set free, would drive their steel points deep into the eyes. The release of the dumbbell was ingeniously arranged by attaching to it a spring on which a lighted candle was placed. When the candle burned beyond a certain point its heat decreased sufficiently to release the spring and let the dumbbell fall.

Perry had the apparatus in place one night after his keeper had left him. The

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 jute 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 sod.

Behind it he stuck in the ground half yard apart, and on each stick he hung a sombrero and an old hat.

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

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