

THE FANG IN LOVE. The eyes are the windows of the soul, according to a poetic theory which has become established as axiomatic. No fond youth reveling in love's young dream ever doubted it.

The prodigious growth and development of population and industry in the United States since 1870 marks an era of world expansion, and a most interesting study may be made of how American prosperity has benefited other countries in every line of endeavor.

Thermoradiotherapy is a term that ought to bring hope to invalids with a confidence in orotund words which they do not fully understand.

There is one pleasing thing to be deduced from a review of the figures showing the fire loss in the United States and Canada for the current year, and that is that, while not by any means small they have shown a tendency toward diminution since the beginning of the year.

"What is a herring? now constitutes a government problem at Washington," remarks the Boston Transcript, and it adds, "Why not try to reach the result by a process of elimination? To begin with, a herring is not a sardine."

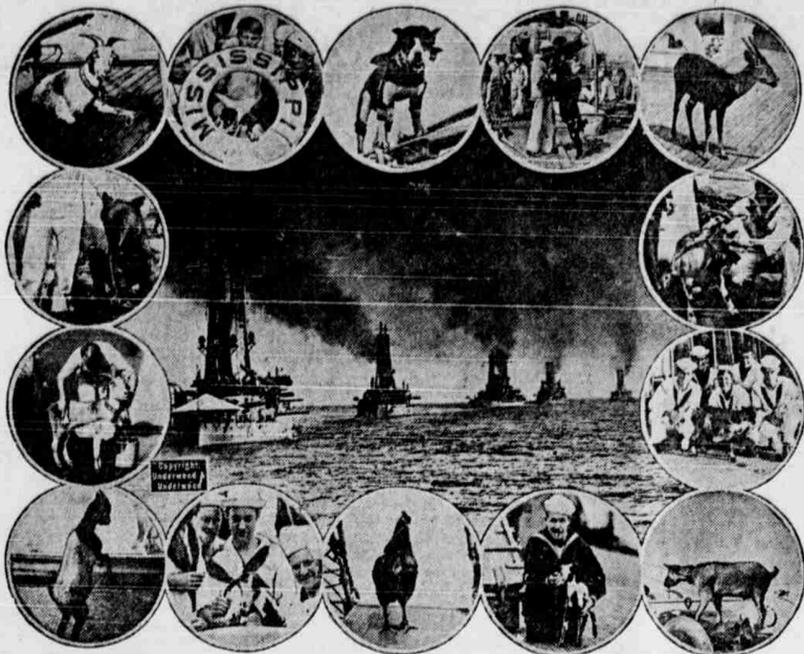
A supposed madman gave away \$600 in change and bills on Broadway the other day. Lots of people have scattered more than that along the great white way without having their mental condition questioned.

The Kansas City Young Women's Christian association has decided that a girl is no longer a young girl when she attains the age of 25 years.

The reason many persons walk in their sleep is because half of their minds is awake while the rest of it is asleep. Which strikes us that lots of people are sleep walkers and don't know it.

American dancing is all the rage in Paris. That means the Texas tommy, and turkey trot, and grizzly bear, and bunny hug, and the rest of 'em, probably. But how mild and tame Paris is becoming.

FAMOUS COLLECTION OF NAVAL MASCOTS



VISITORS to the great fleet that has been anchored in the Hudson had a chance to see the world's greatest collection of mascots, the pets of the sailor boys being most numerous and varied.

STOP SOUVENIR FAD

Hotels Employ Detectives to Recover Stolen Goods.

Mania of Collecting Mementos Not Practiced by Actors Any More Than by Others—Proves an Expensive Fad.

New York.—The concerted action of the house detectives of all the large hotels in America has removed the points from two formerly excellent stories, the first ascribed to an actress, who, when asked once if she had ever been in Kansas City, replied, "I can't just remember, but I will look among my towels and see."

Then he gets a list each day of new arrivals and of those who are preparing to leave. From these lists of occupied rooms the detective picks out the places where trouble might arise and into these he goes with his subdivided lists and a checking-up book.

Her trunks and bags, on their way downstairs, are carried to the basement floor and there the house detective, with the aid of a skeleton key, goes through them in search of lost hotel linen.

It is very gently removed and checked up on the housemaid's list, and the trunk is carefully repacked and relocked. Nothing is left to give warning that the search has been made.

She goes on her way, and is usually perplexed to account for the fact that the towels and pillow cases that she knows well she put into her trunk have disappeared.

And in the case of silverware the matter is almost as simple, though remedying these thefts requires taking into your confidence at least the man who pays the bill.

"You know that old story of the roller towels at all the theatrical hotels and boarding houses, so that actors couldn't steal them," he said. "Well, that does for the comic supplement, but it's not fair. The trunks we have to rifle to rescue the house-

Paris.—The increase of juvenile criminality is becoming a grave social and national danger in France. Some of the figures in the report just published on criminal justice for 1910 are positively terrifying.

linen belong to women that in nine cases out of ten could buy up our whole supply with one day's pin money. They don't take things because they need them."

40 WOOING IN A CHURCH

English Pastor Hits Twenty Couples With Chance Shot at One.

London.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer of Leeds admits the following incident in Midland chapel: The preacher was annoyed by the sound of whispering coming from the semi-darkness under one of the galleries. At last he paused in his sermon and declared, "If the young couple making love under the gallery do not come to me in the vestry before service next Sunday morning I will name them to the church." It was a chance shot, but next Sunday he found 20 couples awaiting him in the vestry.

HEIR TO \$25,000,000 AT WORK

Colorado Man Continues Leather Carving Despite Big Share in California Estate.

Pueblo, Colo.—Although he has inherited one-eighth of an estate estimated at between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000, Alfred Burrows, thirty-five years old, a leather carver, is at work on his bench in a local saddlery shop as usual, and he intends to stay at his employment until he learns more definite news of the legacy.

CARRY FLAG NORTH

Survey Parties Travel Far in Fixing Boundary.

Americans and Canadians Set Up Monuments From Sea to Yukon—Find Mosquitoes Almost Unendurable—Take Plunge in Sea.

Skagway, Alaska.—Thomas Riggs, chief of the United States boundary survey party, which completed this year the marking of the line dividing Alaska and Canada, left here with his party for Seattle.

"We left Seattle April 29 with 26 men and 35 horses," said Mr. Riggs. "At Coffee creek on the Yukon river we picked up 42 more horses, which had wintered at the head of the White river, and May 25 we landed at Rampart house on the Porcupine river, 65 miles north of the arctic circle, where W. F. Reardon, one of our surveyors, had wintered with five men and had laid out a line of caches as far as the boundary crossing of Old Crow river, so the party could take the field without delay.

"J. D. Craig, chief of the Canadian party, with a similar outfit, had joined us at White Horse, I. T., and traveled with us to Rampart house, where subparties were sent out. The American and Canadian parties did not work from the same camps, but divided the work. The only exception was a party of six, headed by Mr. Craig and myself, who jointly projected the line. By using Old Crow river as a base supplies were carried by water within 25 miles of the arctic ocean.

"The first party, of which Mr. Craig and I were in charge, reached the arctic ocean about the middle of July, and the final monument was placed

with those of prisoners brought before the police courts that the proportions do not admit of any doubt as to the predominance of juvenile over adult criminality.

The maximum of criminality for men as well as women is to be found between the ages of 18 and 21, with this difference, that the feminine criminality is enormously smaller than the masculine. For men there are 301 accused for every 10,000 inhabitants of the same sex, which is a figure three times as great as for adults.

JUVENILES CROWD COURTS

Crimes of Minors in France Are Terrifying Nation—Increase is Alarming.

of the heirs of the large estate of Mrs. Arcadia B. de Baker, who died in Santa Monica, Cal., September 15. Burrows expects to make his home in California when the affairs of the estate are finally settled.

At present Burrows resides with his wife at 918 South Union avenue. The estate consists principally of valuable ranches near Los Angeles. Don Juan, the great-grandfather of Burrows, was the friend of a Spanish admiral and inherited the enormous estate by virtue of a grant from the king of Spain.

RELIC OF NAPOLEON FOUND

Goethe's "Werther," Which General Carried at All Times, Discovered in Samli Town in Russia.

Paris.—It is reported here that, at the town of Dorpala, in Russia, there has just been discovered a remarkable relic of Napoleon's Russian campaign in the form of a copy of Goethe's "Werther," which was Napoleon's personal property and accompanied him wherever he went.

Captures Eight-Foot Snake.

Washington Court House, O.—Two children saw the head of a huge snake protruding from a hole in the ground. Former Chief of Police McClellan grabbed the snake and dragged it from his hole. It was eight feet long, and escaped from a carnival company. The snake is now on exhibition at the mayor's office.

with the ceremony of breaking out flags of the two countries. Mac Pope of Baltimore, a big game hunter, took a moving picture of the scene. Afterward all of us took a plunge in the Arctic, but we did not remain in long. "The Arctic coast is entirely barren. Twelve miles back of the foot hills the mountains rise to an elevation of from 5,000 to 7,000 feet, but there is a pass six miles east of the line. The only fuel north of the summit of the arctic range is found in a few scattered clumps of willows and on the beach driftwood from the Mackenzie river. There is grass in plenty for horses along the streams and in patches on the tundra. I believe our horses were the first to travel to the Arctic coast. The Indians and Eskimos called them "big dogs."

"Storms, especially in winter, are severe. In the summer, when the wind is not blowing or is off shore, the mosquitoes and flies are almost unendurable. They attacked our horses, which dared not go out to graze. Game there was in plenty. The largest herd seen consisted of about 5,000 caribou. Herds of from 100 to 250 were frequently met. We also found sheep in the mountains. A. G. Maddren, representing the United States geological survey, made a reconnaissance north from Rampart house, and reports few indications of gold north of the Porcupine.

"Beginning with the monument on the Arctic coast as the initial one, the monuments were numbered and inspected from the Arctic to the Yukon, 115 being in this stretch. Next year the monuments will be numbered and inspected from the Yukon to the Mount St. Elias Alps, and the survey of the 141st meridian will have been completed."

Jeff went into the business so carefully that he had a lot of statistics showing the wealth in the country, and how much of it was out of banks and locked up in houses. It was my luck when Jeff got nailed for the robbery of Aaron Burr's old house on Staten Island to get his list of places, which promised well if worked. I was in that job, but, being new to the business, I was left on the outside to watch the house. I had their extra clothing to look after. In some way the constables of New Brighton got a tip on the movements of the gang and nailed them.

"Maybe I was not tickled when I found Jeff's books in his overcoat. It was a rich prize to me. I landed on the Bowery bigger than one of Bill Dooley's fighting cocks. I got under cover for a couple of weeks just as a matter of form. When I came out I got into the news that Jeff had gone down into history as the 'Red Robins.' There was not a bloomer in the gang that did not have a murder in his credit, and they would every one of them rather fight than eat. I was always a bit lively in any game, and I won my spurs by doing Jim Bradley with a pitcher in his sailors' boarding house in Cherry street when Jim was in his prime and nobody else dared go near him. I got the gang by giving up Jeff's book. As I had all the facts I was made the pilot. Then we started off on the tour that set Long Island crazy and made the name of 'Red Robins' feared as the devil by all good people.

Jeff not only had the names of persons living in each house, but he had plans of the houses, the easiest way to attack them and the obstacles that might be met with. In some instances he had gone so far as to give the number of dogs, and their breed as well. After studying over the book carefully I laid out a route which began at Riverhead and wound up in Jamaica. This would give us altogether about sixty places to visit—a very fair amount of work for the dull season. I arranged the program so that the homes to be robbed were widely scattered for the first week. After that they were all close together, the idea being that people, after hearing of the first robberies, would think that they were safe, as the lightning did not seem to strike twice in the same place.

"We had to get transportation from place to place. I had a rig of my own to start with that was fitted up as a farmer's wagon. It was large enough to hold the gang and such property as was worth taking away. This scheme did not work well, as the wagon became known by being seen in different

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, "Always Holds Good."

THE RED TRAIL OF THE "RED ROBINS."

HAVE before called attention to the passing of the old "gangs" in New York city. This has largely come about through the reclamation of those sections of the city which were their breeding places. Mulberry Bend is no more. The Bowery has lost its criminal character. The Gas House district is a Sunday school compared with what it used to be. Many sentimentalists deplore the passing of these old landmarks and lament the "good old order of things." But while crimes of violence still exist, and probably will continue to do so for some time to come, I think I am safe in saying that life in a great city is being made safer all the time.

If any one is disposed to call attention to recent crimes in dispute of this statement I wish to put in evidence the record of the famous "Red Robins," who left a trail of robberies, beatings and murders around New York something like a generation ago. After reading "Left" Flannely's story I leave it to any student of criminology whether in this day of Bertillon measurements, the finger-print system and the portrait parlor, such a gang of acknowledged murderers could go so long undetected and unpunished.

"LEFT" FLANNELLY'S STORY.

"In the days when I was a kid," said Left Flannely, "the Bowery was a stream of life and joy, and there were more Indians to the square inch than ever ran loose on the plains. Among the old shiners who used to sparkle and overflow with such wisdom as delights the heart of a crook was Jeff Henry, who was born and died in State prison.

"Jeff was a dandy and no mistake. His mother was just a shade the best confidence woman that ever lifted a yaller ticker. She was doing a stretch of five years when Jeff saw the light of day. His early education was picked up in the books during the off hours in the penitentiary. Well, you'd be astonished to hear the old cove's talk. There never was a book sharp who could give Jeff any points when it came to shooting off genuine chunks of learning.

"I was a young fellow then, and I guess it was the cheerfulness of Jeff that led me away from the job that I had as an apprentice to a butcher, and started me on the road lifting other people's coin and jewels. I never was sorry that I met Jeff, even though his advice never brought me anything but trouble.

"I heard Jeff say one time, talking to Sam Perrin, as he sat on a billiard table in Sheeny Backus' joint, that he had in his day tried his hand at every line of crooked work from lifting bank vaults to tapping tills, and he found that of all the tricks that he ever worked he picked up the most money in country jobs in localities where the people were simple-minded and hid all their money in different places around the house.

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parts of the island, so it had to be given up. We relled after that upon the farmers' own rigs, which we picked up as the occasion required. "The 'Red Robins' consisted of Mike Feeney, Jim Wilkes, Zip Ireland, Slesher Kelly, Nigger Foster and Joe McGinnis. There was no reason for having so many in the gang, for the game was dead easy, but our numbers gave us a chance to work tricks in different parts of the island on the same night. This drove the people and police into a frenzy, and they did not know which way to turn. The work at Riverhead was very hot, and I was surprised at the large amount of money that these old miser farmers had stowed away. The first six houses that we called at turned up \$15,000 in cash and quite a wad of bonds. It took about two months to get down to Babylon, and from there over to Oyster Bay, where there was a rich mine among the old retired fishermen and oystermen.

"The last place we struck was the home of August Struble, in Oyster Bay. He lived with his wife and an idiotic daughter. The general impression about him was that he had a big boodle stowed away somewhere on the premises. Jeff had marked his name with a double cross. That meant that he was away up in money matters. We started for Oyster Bay on a Saturday night, but got there a bit too early. There were lights burning in Struble's house. We did not know who might be there. We stopped in the rear of a shanty, and Zip Ireland picked up a piece of an axe handle and an old cap. He had lost his own hat on the ride to the place and put the cap on his head.

"When the lights went out in the Struble house we went to it in single file. On the way we met a negro who had left the place by the back door. He did not see any of us and disappeared down the road. We listened for a moment at the door and heard the old man talking with his wife. The door was unlocked and I stepped into the place.

"Is that you, Rube?" said Struble. "I replied that I was Rube. Then going to the bedside of the old man I flashed a lantern in his face. He was terribly frightened, and so was his wife, but when it came down to getting him to give up the hiding place of his gold he would not budge. I hit him over the head and gave him a couple of twisters in the ribs, but he wouldn't tell a thing. The old woman was just as ugly as he was. They both said they would die first. They got a bit of rough treatment, but it was no use. While we were at work the idiot girl came out of a room and gave up the who's business. She took us to where old Struble's money was hidden and turned up a rich prize. After we got everything in sight we took the old man's team and lit out. We made the idiot girl come with us and then lost her in the woods."

abused for many years, and it was only natural that the woman should turn on a strike some time. The first suspicious circumstance was the absence of the horses and wagon from the barn. Sarah was afraid of horses, and she would not go near the barn. "While I was trying to settle Sarah's connection with the case and her disappearance she turned up unexpectedly, footsore and weary after a tramp of many miles. The neighbors were all anxious to talk with her, but I got her alone as soon as I could, and she told me in her simple way the story of the visit of several men to the house in the night, and all about her giving away the hiding places of the old man's money to save his life.

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"Then I made a thorough search of the place. I found in the corner of the room a torn cap and a piece of an axe handle which were covered with blood. As soon as the girl saw them she said that they belonged to Rube Thompson. Several of the neighbors corroborated her. I sent for Rube. When I showed him the cap and axe he seemed to change color and to shake like a leaf. I charged him with taking part in the crime, and, as many another innocent has done before him, he lied in the effort to explain away the presence of his cap and club in the house. He denied being near the house at all, although I had positive evidence of his being there from several witnesses. I arrested Rube and sent him to the Queens county jail. He was indicted for the robbery two days later.

"I believed that Rube was in the plot as much as ever I believed anything, but he maintained his innocence, and I was able to prove it afterward. I tried in every way possible to get a confession from Rube as to who his confederates were, without success. I looked then in other directions for information.

"When old Struble's senses returned I learned that every piece of paper money that he had in his possession, amounting to about \$28,000, had been marked by him with a red cross on the margin. There was no reason for his doing it, and it was only one of the miser's eccentricities, but it turned out to be a very valuable factor in the discovery of the criminals and the release of an innocent man.

"I sent a notice to all banks, in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Philadelphia, requesting them to look out for any bills that were deposited with a red cross on them. In three or four days I got word from the old Bleeker Street bank to the effect that money of that description had been received there. I learned from the cashier that the money had been deposited by Lena Chadwick, whose address was 19 James street, a notorious sailors' boarding house.

"I investigated Lena, and learned that she had sold her interest in the Boarding house and liquor store attachment to Left Flannely, the leader of the 'Red Robins,' two days after the robbery of Struble, and he had given her \$1,500 in cash. She had deposited just this sum in the bank. Every bill of the bank had the red mark. I brought Struble over and identified every one of the bills as his money. He had handled the money so often that he could tell every wrinkle in the bills.

"Flannely took charge of the joint that he had bought, and I became a frequenter of it as an old sailor fresh from India, with plenty of boodle. There was a lot of crooked work going on. I picked out Jim Wilkes, Slesher Kelly, Nigger Foster, Joe McGinnis and Zip Ireland as belonging to the 'Red Robins' gang. On different occasions, when I was out on a racket with these worthless and blowing in my wealth, I noticed that each one of them changed a bill which had a red cross on it.

"I managed by getting money changed also to get possession of bills with the red sign of guilt on them. I was satisfied that I had enough evidence to land them. In order that there might not be any trouble or shooting, I arranged it so that each one of the gang could be picked up by the police when I was with him alone. In this way we got the whole gang in jail without it being known by their friends that they had been arrested.

"Old Struble identified each of the bills I had secured as evidence. The silly girl recognized each of the men as being in the party which had carried her home. I learned that on the night of the robbery the gang had stopped in the rear of Rube's cabin, and picked up his cap and the axe handle. This cleared Rube, and each of the 'Red Robins' was sent away for twenty years."

Triumph for Swiss Artillerists. All European military records for carrying artillery to the greatest height in the mountains have just been beaten by a company of Swiss officers and men from Fort Saravatan, under the command of Captain Hans-wirth and Lieutenants Gunper, Perrenoud, and Frick. The officers and soldiers, in full uniform, with their Maxims and "mitrailleuses," ascended to the summit of the Dent du Midi, 10,635 feet in altitude, a difficult climb even when unencumbered. The last portion of the climb, when the men were obliged to cut footholds in the ice, was especially dangerous, but there was no accident, and artillery practice, which included attacking a mountain pass occupied by the enemy, was successfully carried out. When the roll call was sounded in the evening at Champéry, not a single man, in spite of great fatigue, was missing. These Alpine maneuvers prove that in time of war Swiss soldiers can "command" the highest Alpine passes and mountains with light artillery.

How Could She Tell? A prominent society woman recently advertised for a cook and a waitress, "German or Scandinavian slaters preferred." Shortly before the time for the arrival of the applicants, a well-dressed young colored girl appeared.

"I came in answer to the advertisement, ma'am," she said. "I'd like to do chamber-work or waiting."

"I advertised for Germans or Scandinavians," replied the mistress.

"Yes, I know, ma'am," said the colored girl, "but you didn't say whether white or black, ma'am."

Harper's Bazar