

CAPTURES DESERTERS FROM ARMY AND NAVY

Strange Occupation of Young Philadelphia Woman.

HER DETECTIVE CAREER MOST SUCCESSFUL

Nearly 2,000 Ex-Soldiers and Sailors Placed in Prison Through Her Efforts—Takes Up Work Through Necessity—Some of Her Interesting Experiences.

Philadelphia—While Uncle Sam is not a particularly hard task-master, he is very strict in some respects. One of his rigid rules is that those enlisting under his banners in the army or navy must serve the full term of their enlistment. Many there are, however, who tire of the service before the end of their term and desert. With these, if they are ever captured, little mercy is shown and they invariably end their terms in a military prison.

In apprehending these deserters Uncle Sam has his troubles, but in pretty little Edith King, a Philadelphia girl detective, he has found a useful ally. It seems remarkable that this frail young woman of 25 should have been the means of placing almost 2,000 ex-soldiers and sailors in ignominious confinement, yet such is the case.

Girl Detective Is Crafty. For the past five or six years now Miss King has made a specialty of ferreting out these deserters. She is not at all the Amazon type of woman that one would imagine, and it is alone by her wit, beauty and invention that she has been so successful.

It is her boast that the majority are so far from suspecting her instrumentality that they write her the friendliest sort of letters from their prison cells.

It is certainly an unusual vocation that fate has shaped for a pretty girl in this workaday twentieth century. She piles it attired sometimes as a woman of fashion, sometimes in rags, most frequently probably in the tawdry flimsy affected by a certain class. She gets them by filtration, woman's strongest weapon in the unequal fight against mankind. Why does she do it? Because—most potent of all arguments—"a woman must live."

She is a pretty girl, this Edith King. At least one would think her so if one could overcome one's natural repulsion to her business. She is about 25 now, with an almost Greek profile, and the sort of mouth Burne Jones likes to paint. She is graceful, has golden hair and hazel eyes, a delicately modeled nose, and not a great deal of color. She is rather quiet as to manner, not at all of the half-fellow-well-met type that one would expect; but rather of that sort of reserve that does not suggest secretiveness and rather inspires confidence by not seeming to force it.

She has the air of listening with all her heart and soul, and it is this fat-

ter she says as to her choice of a profession. It was a case of "had to." According to her own account of herself she comes of a Baltimore family. Her mother was a Miss Harford, whose father at one time owned most of Harford county, Maryland, and who was at her father's death regarded as a great heiress. She married and was soon widowed. Knowing nothing about the management of property, it was not many years before, through one bad investment after another, she was penniless. Her daughter, Edith King, was sent as a child to the convent of Notre Dame, and when she left there with no practical education, but many accomplishments, she found herself face to face with the problem of earning her own living and taking care of her mother.

Beginning of Her Career. Mother and daughter came to Philadelphia, and after a weary search for work Edith finally found employment in a small candy shop. It meant standing all day long, and it wore the girl out. Her feet were so swollen she could scarcely stand, and her back felt ready to break in two. A customer noticed the girl's exhaustion and after talking to her a bit volunteered to try and find her some easier work. A day or two later she came back full of the detective idea. But Miss King told her it was out of the question. Finally, however, she promised to go and call on Mr. Miller, a special detective and her present employer.

She didn't do it, though, she talked it over with her mother, and her mother agreed with her, that she couldn't possibly do it. But the friendly customer was very much annoyed at her. And eventually, since Miss King would not call on Mr. Miller, Mr. Miller called on Miss King—and talked so convincingly that she promised most reluctantly to try it. The next day she reported to him for duty—and it was, according to her own testimony, "a day of horrors."

Her First Assignment. Her first assignment was to find two deserters from the United States army. She was told that they were believed to be employed in a certain factory in Philadelphia, and she was instructed to apply for a job in this same factory and to shadow the men and try, if possible, to gain their confidence. Believing firmly in the moral effect of clothes, she put on her Sunday best before applying for work—with the result that the foreman looked at her in amazement and asked her what she thought she could do in

special way she is tracking some one of whose whereabouts she has some knowledge.

Source of Clues. This knowledge comes in a variety of ways, but most frequently in the shape of an anonymous letter to her chief, who is known as a man who runs down deserters. These letters come from all sorts of sources. For instance, a mother-in-law informs on her daughter's husband, whom she describes as a good-for-nothing loafer. She tells where he is living and describes his habits minutely, telling just where he is to be found at a given time.

Mothers have been known to betray their sons, because they wished them returned and made to serve their terms that they might be free. Wives have not infrequently furnished information on which their husbands were arrested, because they would not work when work was offered to them and the women were tired of supporting them. Most frequently of all, perhaps, sweethearts become jealous and in a moment of an-

To Miss King's embarrassment, there were a couple of marines there who recognized her, and wondered what she was doing in a place of that sort. Her "lady fren" noticed that they were eying her, and asked her if she knew "them guys." She said she did, but they were "awful shy," and she'd better go over and talk to them first. "Kind of prepare them," and then she'd introduce them. So she went over and prepared them, told them just what was forward, and enlisted them in her service. Then she took them over and introduced them, and they bought drinks. She confined herself to lemonade, much to her "lady fren's" disgust, who concluded that she was not a real sport.

For three nights she kept up this lemonade orgy, and her man never showed up. Then she went back to Philadelphia, and a few days later landed her prisoner. She got herself up as a messenger and went to his home and said she'd forgotten the name of the man she was looking for,



ger reveal the abiding place of the men only to repent bitterly and weep hysterically when the arrest follows.

Then there is the professional deserter—the deserter for revenue only, who enlists with the intention of deserting at the first opportunity, even though he has to make it himself, and trusts to his own cleverness not to get caught—and who almost immediately reenlists somewhere else and again deserts. Every time he enlists he is furnished with a uniform and outfit worth \$27 and almost as soon as it is given him he plans to desert and sell it. One man, Robert Macculum, gave the authorities a great deal of trouble in this way, enlisting and deserting; enlisting and deserting first in the army, then in the navy, under, of course, a variety of aliases. He had 11 such desertions to his account before he was finally rounded up.

Deserter Captured Through Dream. It was Miss King who did it, and, curiously enough, she lays his ultimate capture to a dream. She says that always she has had very vivid dreams, seeing very plainly certain persons and localities, certain houses, streets and numbers. Of late years while she has not dreamed these dreams so often, they have made up in vividness what they lacked in frequency. While she was hunting this man one night she dreamed that she was singing and dancing in the street when from one of the houses came the man she was looking for. She decided to see if there was something in it, and the next day found the neighborhood of her dream.

She got one of the young men in Miller's employ to help her out. He played an accordion, and she took a tambourine, and in the guise of street musicians they repaired to the neighborhood in question in the early evening. After awhile her companion passed his hat and got about \$30 from the crowd that had collected, but no sign of their deserter. Some one suggested: "Give us one more," and the pseudo musicians agreed. Just as they finished a house door opened and out came their man. Miss King let her dancing feet lead her aimlessly in that direction, her partner following, and in a few minutes handcuffs had done the rest.

Experience in Chinatown. She tells, too, of an experience in New York's Chinatown, when she was after a couple of deserters from the revenue steamer Franklin. Matters were simplified by the arrest of one at the entrance of Brooklyn just as she arrived on the scene. She took her cue from that, and dressing for the part went over to Chinatown and rapped on a certain door. A shrill woman's voice answered from within, asking who was there and what was wanted. A hesitating answer came to the effect that Harry Eldridgen had just been arrested on Brooklyn bridge, and she was his girl and had a message for his partner.

Her interrogator opened the door a little and peered through. She saw a slouchy young person with untidy hair, a battered old sailor hat set well down over one eye, a sailor waist and soiled, and sagging uniformly over her skirt around the front and gaping widely behind. She concluded that this looked like the right sort, and invited her in, saying that Preston was not there, but perhaps she could tell where to find him. Then she volunteered to lead the girl to a certain resort of the "navvies," and even, in a burst of generosity, to introduce her to some of her own "gentlemen frens." She took her into a room full of smoke and bad language and half-drunken men.

and could they help her out. He lived somewhere about there, and he was looking for work, and such and such a firm had sent her up to tell him to come down and they'd give him a job. The man's sister said she guessed it was Hen they wanted. And his mother said: "My son is out looking for work now; but he'll be back by noon, and you can see him then." But he didn't come back. He went to New York in irons instead.

When Greek Meets Greek. The life insurance magnate smiled pensively. "I caught a burglar in my room last night," he said. "You did? Goodness!" "Yes. But only got four dollars out of the poor fellow."—Cleveland Leader.

Cures Blood, Skin Troubles, Cancer, Blood Poison—Greatest Blood Purifier Free. If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching, eruptions and lumps, scabby, pimply skin, bone pain, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) according to directions. Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop, the blood is made pure and rich, leaving the skin free from every eruption, and giving the rich glow of perfect health to the skin. At the same time, B. B. B. improves the digestion, cures dyspepsia, strengthens weak kidneys. Just the medicine for old people, as it gives them new, vigorous blood. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special free medical advice also sent in sealed letter. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases of impure blood and skin disease, and cures after all else fails.

Grumpy Pa. "How magnificently your daughter sweeps into a room!" "Yes, but she could sweep out a room that well, she'd be some use to her mother."—Cleveland Leader.

ANTELOPE'S SIGNAL CODE. White Patches of Hair Which Flash Warning When Danger Menaces.

Visitors to the circus and menagerie have noticed the two white patches on antelopes. These spots are a signal which can be read by the animals which have noses to smell. Even the animals whose sense smell has been lost can read the message which the antelope gives to warn his friends of danger, states the New York Herald.

The hairs on these patches are long, white and ordinarily point downward. Among the roots of the hair is a gland which secretes a strong musk. Underneath the skin at this point is a broad sheet of muscles which have the power to raise these hairs so that they stand out at all angles like the petals of a huge white chrysanthemum. When an antelope sees danger this muscle acts and the patch flashes out like snow. In the middle of each is a dark brown spot, the musk gland, which frees a great quantity of the musk, which can be detected down the wind for a long distance by another antelope. Even man can distinguish this danger signal for some yards.

The antelope has five different sets of glands, each giving forth a different kind of musk for use in its daily life as a means of getting or giving intelligence. The two in the middle of each rump patch has been explained, but the purpose of the others have not yet been fully accounted for.

ODD AND MOTLEY CRAFT. The Grand China Canal Is Navigated by a Great Variety of Boats.

"The Grand Canal in China," in the Technical World Magazine, describes the oldest and strangest artificial waterway in the world. "Almost twice the length of the Erie canal, or about 700 miles, the Grand canal of China is by far the longest artificial waterway in the world. It passes through one of the most thickly populated sections of the globe; and the variety of craft which navigate its waters is the most wonderful on earth. Large Chinese junks, with wide-spreading sails alternate with little canoes sculled by a man standing in the stern; barges laden with every kind of merchandise, drag their tedious journey past small slipper-shaped craft used as dispatch boats, which can go everywhere, so little water do they draw; there are boats w... paddle-wheels at the side turned by coolies who work within a half dozen or so on each vessel; boats owned by beggars, who sail through the canal from one town to another, anchoring in the channel while they go ashore to ply their mendicant trade; and boats filled with jaspers being transported to some colony of their kind."

Proposed French Exposition. The French government has proposed to the chamber of deputies to create a universal exposition in Paris in 1920, to commemorate the foundation of the French republic.

CHEAP WAY TO SHOW OFF

ostentation That Was a Makeshift to Lend an Appearance of Wealth.

The portly woman in the cross seat of an empty car was confiding in her thin friend in a voice which was heard above the rattle of the train, relates the New York Press. "I had just picked out the table I wanted—a trim little thing to fit in a corner of my parlor—when who should come in but that horrid Mrs. Shoddy. I wouldn't have her know for the world, that I was paying only \$3.50 for the table, so I turned to one marked \$18 before she saw me. "Buying a table?" she asked, with that deceitful smile of hers. "Yes," I said, coolly. "I have almost decided upon this one," I said, pointing out the expensive affair. "You should have seen her face. 'Isn't it rather expensive?' she said. 'Oh, no,' I said. 'You can't expect to get good things for nothing. Send me the table to my address, I said to the salesman. 'I'll pay for it on delivery.' Then I walked out. I waited outside until Mrs. Shoddy, who wouldn't have been back to the store, countermanded the order for the \$18 table, and took the one for \$3.50. I was sorry afterwards that I hadn't selected a table worth about \$100, just to spite that woman."

Facts and Proof. Hulet, Wyo., Dec. 4th (Special).—An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory, and this evidence founded on fact backs up every box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The evidence of people who know what they do. Mrs. Mary Taber, highly esteemed resident of Hulet, says: "I know Dodd's Kidney Pills are a valuable medicine because I have used them. I took seven boxes and they cured me of a severe attack of Kidney Trouble. They relieved me from the first dose, and when I had finished the last box I had no pain and my kidneys are now acting properly."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are now recognized all over the world as the greatest Kidney Remedy science has ever produced. They cure all forms of kidney trouble, such as Lumbago, Diabetes, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Bright's Disease, and all disorders arising from any form of Kidney Disease.

Time never hangs heavily on the hands of a woman who marries a man to reform him.—N. Y. Times.

I am sure, Pio's Cure for Consumption saved my little three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

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IN CONSTANT AGONY.

A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles.

W. L. Jackson, merchant of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in a buggy car was confiding in her thin friend in a voice which was heard above the rattle of the train, relates the New York Press. "I had just picked out the table I wanted—a trim little thing to fit in a corner of my parlor—when who should come in but that horrid Mrs. Shoddy. I wouldn't have her know for the world, that I was paying only \$3.50 for the table, so I turned to one marked \$18 before she saw me. "Buying a table?" she asked, with that deceitful smile of hers. "Yes," I said, coolly. "I have almost decided upon this one," I said, pointing out the expensive affair. "You should have seen her face. 'Isn't it rather expensive?' she said. 'Oh, no,' I said. 'You can't expect to get good things for nothing. Send me the table to my address, I said to the salesman. 'I'll pay for it on delivery.' Then I walked out. I waited outside until Mrs. Shoddy, who wouldn't have been back to the store, countermanded the order for the \$18 table, and took the one for \$3.50. I was sorry afterwards that I hadn't selected a table worth about \$100, just to spite that woman."

Mr. W. C. Schutz, Vice President and General Manager of the F. R. Rice Mercantile Cigar Co., of St. Louis, has returned with his family from an extended trip to Europe, and finds a decided increase in the sale of the Commercial Cigar, which, because of its uniform excellence, has taken first rank as a choice Havana Cigar. It is handled by all prominent dealers throughout the United States, and the business of the F. R. Rice Mercantile Cigar Co. now amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. Their 5c cigars called "365" and another "Agents" are rapidly becoming leaders of the world. Smokers should not forget these brands if they desire an especially fragrant and refreshing article.

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A FEW CUTTING REMARKS

The purpose of a saw is to cut. It should cut easily, cut cleanly, and cut with every movement. I prefer an Atkins Saw. Its blade is "Silver Steel," recognized the world over as the finest crutible steel ever made in ancient or modern times. It is hard, close-grained and tough. It holds a sharp cutting edge longer than any other saw. Its blade tapers perfectly from thick to thin, from handle to tip. This makes it perfect. When bent by a crooked thrust, it springs into shape without kinking. The Atkins Saw cuts—and does it best of any. We make all types and sizes of saws, but only one grade—the best. Atkins Saws, Corn Knives, Perfection Floor Scrapers, etc., are sold by all good hardware dealers. Catalogue on request.

E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc. Largest Saw Manufacturers in the World. Factory and Executive Office, Indianapolis, Indiana. BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Portland, Oregon, Seattle, San Francisco, Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto, Canada.

Accept no Substitute—Insist on the Atkins Brand. SOLD BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, BILIOUSNESS, etc., etc.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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