

TENTH YEAR.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1893.

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SLY WORK OF THUGS

Supt. Byrnes Writes About the Paraphernalia of Criminals.

EYEGASSES OF SWINDLERS

The Lying Photographs of Wall Street With a Word on Gimlets, Knives and Spools.

If I were to tell of all the new devices, the weapons, the paraphernalia, the tools of trade used by the criminals to-day it would necessitate my taking up several pages of a newspaper, for new things are coming to headquarters pretty much every day. There are many new swindles, many new devices for gaining money by trickery, and they will continue to increase just so long as men of brains loan their intelligence to crime for value received. I have before me on my desk an instrument that two of my ablest detectives recently brought from a Wall street office which I caused to be



HOLLOW SPOOLS OF COTTON.

raided. This is the latest game in the great mazes of the men of millions. Wall street hangers-on, the fringe of Wall street, as it were, are constantly devising new schemes to swindle the man or woman who has more money than brains. Fake mining schemes, bogus railroads and the like are resorted to to take in the golden dollar, but this latest game in Wall street is far in advance of these and is superior in one sense to the old bucket-shop methods.

You simply speculated on the prices for mining shares that a photograph squeaked out from a colossal brass funnel. Where the quotations came from before they got on the cylinders does not matter just now. The firm against which I received many complaints had a dozen cylinders and they were printed to supply the demand for quotations until closing time in the afternoon. They were loaded so that a dozen quotations were recorded in a minute. The fluctuations were recorded on a huge blackboard, and the photograph was stationed just in front of this blackboard.

An initial fee of twenty-five cents a transaction was demanded by the firm, and then followed the original commission of one-quarter of one per cent. The firm accepted anywhere from two dollars to two millions margins. Evidently the fellow who could overhear the firm talking quotations to the cylinders down in the cellar before ten o'clock would have a lead pipe cinch on the afternoon quotations, otherwise he might find it exceedingly difficult to keep up with the procession of figures the funnel squeaked out every instant. For instance, take Maple, one of the four mining shares quoted by the photographer. The photograph was loaded early in the morning to start Maple at three dollars and by easy stages got it up to four dollars and then dropped it to one dollar and a quarter. The fluctuations that came out of the funnel were about as wide apart as the most bloodthirsty gambler could wish.

Speaking of gambling, for this Wall street game was nothing more than crooked gambling, reminds me of a new fangled farm box which was recently seized in a gambling house I raided not long ago. It is what is known as a sure thing game. It was gotten up, I have learned, by an expert mechanic. The man who operated it, and who was taken in the raid, gave me a technical description of this new swindling device.

"The layout and box are just the same as any layout, so far as you can see," said he, "but when I tell you that the dealer can make these cards turn somewhat in the box if he wants to, you let it be a slay. Suppose you were playing the nine to lose, and the dealer



THEY MANIPULATE ONE THOUSAND TIMES.

sees by means of a small reflector that the nine will lose, he just makes that nine change places with the card under it, and instead of coming out first it comes out second and you lose. I tell you the dealer can make any card in the box win or lose, just as he pleases, and it's done in this way: The layout at the place in front of the box is hollowed out and when the cards have been shuffled and put in the box the dealer pushes the box close up against the layout, and this pushes a spring and the pin of the layout against the box falls back and stays back just as long as the box is held up against the spring.

"Now in the box there is a small highly polished mirror and it is so placed as to take in the card under the top card in the box and the dealer can see just what the card is. It keeps his hand on the left side of the box where he can reach a small spring which shoots a blade as thin as a sheet

of paper under the second card and raises it up just the thickness of the blade. Then he uses his knees, to which are attached fine cogwheels, and this manipulates a spring connected with a small clamp which comes out of the opening under the layout, and catches the second card and pulls it out of the end of the box, the end opening outward and into the opening under the layout, when the thin blade goes under the card. The left hand releases the spring in the box and the under card takes the place of the one withdrawn. When the spring is again pressed the thin knife flies out, and the card which was under the layout comes back into the box. This can all be done in three seconds, while the dealer is paying a bet or backing up his chip, or asking a player what his bet is.

"I've seen a good many tricks and saw, but this is the slickest one I ever saw. You can keep the cards and take the box in your hands and examine it, and you would never know it was not straight. Of course, the firm or individual making these boxes charge high for them, but what is two thousand dollars when you don't need any bank roll in the drawer and every dollar put down is sure money."

He always wore glasses when about the gambling house. On the glasses, cards which the bribed attendant handed him were a series of dots and dashes so small that detection was absolutely impossible. But to the swindler these signs were like the tick of the telegraph key to the telegrapher and as easily read although not discernible by the naked eye. The glasses worn by the swindler were magnifying glasses. So it can be readily seen that the minute dots and dashes on the back of the card enabled the rascal to know exactly what cards his opponents held, and hence his success.

But enough as to gambling. There have been quite a number of new weapons used by criminals brought me recently, but the most dangerous of all is the gimlet knife. It is a weapon so dangerous that its manufacture is forbidden by law. This is the smallest fighting knife used by people on this earth and one of the most deadly. In length the knife is hardly longer than a long gimlet, so that it can readily be concealed inside the waistband of the trousers. The handle is not set on parallel with the blade, as in an ordinary knife, but at right angles like that of a gimlet, hence the name. The handle is grasped with the blade between the second and third fingers, the upper part of the blade being drawn down to a shank so as to prevent cutting the fingers while the knife is so held. The blade when in position represents merely an extension



TALKING QUOTATIONS TO THE CYLINDER.

sion of the axis of the arm and is not held at right angles to the arm as the villain in the play holds his knife. The blade is made of the best steel, is double edged for two-thirds of its length and is as keen as a razor. It is not dagger-pointed, but has a stronger formation of a rounding point. The blade is short but long enough to inflict a fatal wound, and so strong and keen that it will divide a rib under a powerful blow or cut through any garment like so much paper. The peculiar position of the handle leaves nothing for an adversary's grasp at except the blade, so that it is impossible for the wielder of the knife to be disarmed; the more so as the handle curves in at the end, giving the fingers a better hold upon it.

There has also been added to our collection of deadly weapons the regulation weapon used by all high binders.

A plain steel bar about an inch in diameter, with a wooden handle covered with cloth so that the fingers can secure a firm grip upon it. Such is the weapon. Its like is never found in the possession of any class of criminals except the high binders.

In a recent raid on a "fence" I secured a lot of very innocent-looking imported spools of thread. The place raided was a jewelry store and the thread seemed rather out of place, especially as there were a number of spools lying around. I made an examination of the spools and discovered jeweled treasures in the core of each. This is the latest scheme of smuggling gems, secreting them in stolen thread.

Before closing I might mention the fact that the New York municipal authorities have decided to stop supplying liquid ink eradicators to the city departments hereafter. A certain well-known eradicator was on the city's stationery list and had been supplied freely to the departments, but it was suggested that it was throwing temptation in the way of the city's employees who might use the eradicator to change their books or accounts without the risk of detection and thus cover up fraud. The mayor thought the suggestion was very timely, and hereafter only steel erasers will be allowed, for their use can readily be detected at any time.

THOMAS BYRNES, Superintendent of New York Police.

Black Flowers. When one thinks of it, black flowers are detestable, says the New York Times. Fancy nature producing a black flower! As well a black sun or black grass. Yet the incorporation of fashionable morning smocks without a word these monstrosities, and a daisy, a rose or a bunch of violets that is in a bud number and without even the semblance of a soul is daintily and acceptably worn.

NEWS OF NEW YORK

What Tammany Men Will Attempt to Do in Congress.

YOUNG McCLELLAN'S DECISION

Shepard Blair and His Dilemma-Louis Morris and Suitors-To Transplant a Menagerie.

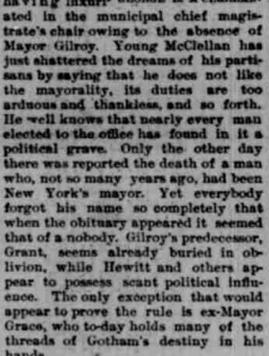
There is as yet no evidence of the "incubination" to Tammany so generally charged.



W. DOUGLAS COCHRAN, from the administration in return for anti-sliver support. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Cochran ever tried anything so silly, not to mention the fact that anything like intrigue is quite beyond Cochran. He is an orator, a gentleman and a democrat. Anybody who expects, therefore, a highly time in the house through abstract tactics inaugurated by Mr. Cochran, of New York, will be disappointed. Never, perhaps, did a congressional delegation go to Washington from this city more thoroughly determined to help the administration. Tammany's policy, it can be stated on the authority of Mayor Gilroy, is to repeal the silver law, to fight for tariff for revenue only, and to secure the offices for good democrats.

New York's Mayoralty.

Never, perhaps, were the fatalities incident to New York city's mayoralty more sharply brought out than in young George B. McClellan's assertion that he does not want to be mayor. The young man entering into the amenities of the presidency of the board of aldermen, after having luxuriated in the municipal chief magistrate's chair owing to the absence of Mayor Gilroy. Young McClellan has just shattered the dreams of his partisans by saying that he does not like the mayoralty, its duties are too arduous and thankless, and so forth. He well knows that nearly every man elected to the office has found in it a political grave. Only the other day was reported the death of a man who, not so many years ago, had been New York's mayor. Yet everybody forgot his name so completely that when the obituary appeared it seemed that of a nobody. Gilroy's predecessor, Grant, seems already buried in oblivion, while Hewitt and others appear to possess scant political influence. The only exception that would appear to prove the rule is ex-Mayor Grace, who to-day holds many of the threads of Gotham's destiny in his hands.



Therefore all the talk and plans so plentiful of late upon the part of the friends and adherents of McClellan are rendered nugatory by his own action just taken.

A Youthful Millionaire.

If young Elliott F. Shepard is really to be put into Uncle Sam's navy, as reported the other day, many friends of the Shepard family will be intensely astonished. Certainly there is nothing in the life and surroundings of this millionaire in his teens to warrant any such statement, and a near friend of the family says Elliott will not be made a sailor, and no one ever thought of doing so. The young man pursues his studies in a dispirited way now, owing to the holidays, but this autumn there will be work cut out for him. His education is planned on an elaborate scale. Languages, music, mathematics and art are all to be mastered, or rather studied, by his heir to a great name. His pleasures are horseback riding, boating and sports. His health is a trifle delicate and his personal appearance would not command much attention were it not for a quiet, gentlemanly manner beyond his years and a pleasant, deft way of saying clever things. The boy promises to grow into a clever man, with all his father's good, generous qualities, but without his headstrong will and rugged obstinacy. Young Shepard is surprised well educated, for very few of New York's upper ten are educated in the sense that poorer people understand the term. The wealthy and socially prominent New Yorkers spend too much money in educating their children to achieve satisfactory results, but fortunately for young Elliott he has the benefit of George W. Vanderbilt's counsel and supervision. Mr. Vanderbilt has nothing of the pedagogue or pedant about him and his easy way of winning a heavy dumb-bell and handling an intricate affair as if both were mere feathers, would fire the emulation of youth. Alas! there is one man to whom Elliott F. Shepard will become a United States naval officer.

A Society Swell.

Frederick Gebhard is just now the object of a peculiar conspiracy to snare him. The swall has been stated on the highest authority that he is to be married to Miss Lulu Morris. But there are other suitors for the young lady's hand, and Mr. Gebhard is not the only one who has a chance.



MISS LULU MORRIS, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MR. GEBHARD.

some paragraph raking up the past appears and is sent, mailed, to friends of Gebhard. The dirty trick is more annoying because the perpetrator of it is careful to preserve anonymity. As a matter of fact there exists a great misapprehension in the public mind regarding Mr. Gebhard. A man of great physical strength, he is very gentle. Well educated and aristocratic, he never puts on airs and is affable with everybody. He is a temperate, quiet, goal-humored fellow now, whatever he may have been, and possessed of great shrewdness. Whenever he invests his own money the result is highly advantageous to himself and his family, and, considering his means, he is not an extravagant spender. Perhaps time alone can tell how true is the report that Gebhard will accept a public office—that is, not necessarily seek public office, but help along such political reforms as are needed. As an actor Gebhard, with his strong, agreeable voice and splendid address, would be a success.

To Transplant a Menagerie.

The board of aldermen of New York cannot seriously mean to buy out the Zoological gardens of Philadelphia. Some city fathers think it can be done, and across that it would be a splendid thing, since the city of Philadelphia owns one of the finest menageries in existence. One New York alderman makes the surprising assertion that Philadelphia's "Zoo" does not pay, and that it is proposed to introduce beer and music into it. But as Philadelphia, he adds, is too moral a place to permit that, New York should buy out the garden's inmates and take them to Central Park. This unique project, he says, is quite feasible. A special train would cost very little, and New York could send over its experienced keepers and transfer the animals in no time. It would certainly be one of the oddest train loads of messengers that ever journeyed between the two cities. It is highly unlikely, however, that the scheme will be carried out. From a purely superficial acquaintance with Philadelphia, I should judge that that historic city would never consent to the bargain.

Philadelphia on Sunday.

Speaking of Philadelphia reminds me that you could no more buy a drink of beer there on Sunday than you could fly. Not long ago a Philadelphia in vited some New Yorkers over to the Quaker City for a Sunday. When the guests had assembled it transpired that there was no liquor in the house. He and a New Yorker went out with a valise and for two hours it is the solemn truth that they vainly endeavored to purchase something drinkable other than Schuykill water. There are places it seems in Philadelphia where liquor is surreptitiously vendible, but there is a system of free masonry connected with them, not knowing which you are not sold to. "Speak easier" is the highly captivating Philadelphia name for these establishments. Well, after a vain hunt the Philadelphian and the New Yorker returned to the thirsty guests. The only thing to do was for all hands to take a train for New York, which they did, Philadelphia and all, and everybody could then get drink and a space.

What Philly Lacks as a Model It on Sunday.

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This Frog Weighed a Ton.

The labyrinthine, a huge creature resembling a toad or frog, and which lived in the early periods of our planet's history, has recently been found in a surprising state of preservation in the marl beds of Huelzelta, Hungary. All species of this gigantic frog are now extinct and are known to the naturalists only through the investigations of the geologists, who have often found parts or entire fossils of the monster in strata of the triassic portion of the mesozoic period. Southwick mentions in a three-line entry in his "Quilzard and Key" under the head "A Frog as Large as an Ox" and in Barrett's "Geological Epochs" it is considered in a chapter on "Huge Frog-Like Creatures of the Mesozoic Age." The specimen unearthed in the Hungarian marl bed is entire, with the exception of the left fore-arm and the lower jaw. The skull measures eighteen inches between the eye sockets and weighs exclusive of the missing under jaw, three hundred and twelve pounds. The bones which have been discovered up to date (and there is still hopes of finding the missing parts), with the adhering matrix, weigh eighteen hundred and sixty pounds, almost a ton—St. Louis Republic.

A Turk's Narrow Escape.

Schamphudin, the moliah, observed a dark figure prowling in his garden by moonlight. Thinking it was a robber he took his bow and arrow, shot at the object and quickly retired to bed. On the morrow great was his astonishment at finding that he had transfixed his own craftman, which his wife had hung out in the garden to dry. He knelt down to pray, stood up again, put his hands to his head, and then, folding them devoutly over his breast, he once more prostrated himself, kissed the ground, and cried out: "Praised be Allah and his prophet! How fortunate that I was not wearing the waftan at the time the deed was perpetrated, else the arrow would have pierced me through and I should now be a dead man!"—Phare de Bosphore.

A Fool Day.

"I can't see that wood, lady. I'm afraid I'll freeze to death." "What! Freeze to death this hot weather?" "I know it's hot, lady, but it'll be a cold day when I say that wood."

NOT TO BE MISTAKEN

How Francis Campbell Introduced Himself to Friends.

HIS OWN UNIQUE WHISTLE

Grand Rapids Society Was Quiet Last Week, and Functions Were Few and Far Between—Personals.

An amusing incident recently occurred in London, when Francis Campbell, who was riding on top of an omnibus, tripped Mr. and Mrs. H. Parker Robinson taking a morning walk. Mr. Campbell whistled a familiar Grand Rapids study air and was immediately recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.



J. FRANCIS CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell is in London, and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson went from London to Antwerp, and are now journeying up the Rhine. They will visit Switzerland and Paris, and will sail for home on September 19.

MATRIMONIAL.

Edison-Watson.

At 11 o'clock Wednesday morning, at the residence of the bride's grandparents, West Bridge street, Miss Charlotte Watson was married to John Edison. The Rev. William L. Davison of the Joy Memorial church performed the ceremony. The bride was dressed in white silk draped in lace, and carried bridal garbed in white. Among the maids in attendance were Maud and Effie Peters, Cora Phillips, Grace and Bessie Watson, Emma Searles, Louise Woodman and Miss Scott. The out of town guests were Charles Hines and family of Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney of Sparta, Mr. and Mrs. Myra Livingston of Plainfield, Mr. and Mrs. Edison left on the afternoon train for Chicago.

Beyer-Hirth.

At the German Lutheran church on North Division street the Rev. C. J. T. Prinke married Rosa Hirth and Adolph Beyer, Thursday night at 8 o'clock. Miss Lena B. Hirth, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and the Misses Ella Beyer, Bessie Boehm of Detroit, Tillie Peterson and Eleanor Vogt were bridesmaids. A brother of the groom, Paul Beyer, was best man, and Otto Bernhart, Herman Prange, Walter Biemann and Fred Arnold were groomsmen. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party were driven to the home of the bride's father, Anton Hirth of No. 108 ML Vernon street, where a collation was served. Mr. and Mrs. Beyer took the late train for Chicago.

Doornan-Tullis.

At the home of the bride's parents the Rev. and Mrs. A. K. Tullis of Lewiston, Ill., Philip R. Doornan of Grand Rapids was married on Thursday afternoon, August 10, to Miss Harriet Tullis.

Miss Saunders' Party.

On Friday night Miss Belle Saunders gave a picnic supper and dancing party complimentary to Miss Pewey of Adams, N. Y., and Miss Boltwood of Hartford, Conn. The guests were Miss Pewey and Miss Holtwood, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Holtwood, Mr. and Mrs. George Holtwood, Mr. and Mrs. Huntley Russell, the Misses Clara and Bettie Orth, Miss Kate Utterwick, Miss Barbara Miller, Dr. S. E. Dodson and Messrs. Fred Sherman, James Sheridan, William George and Frank Finlander.

In Honor of a Birthday.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. C. L. Boynton of No. 35 Bradford street gave a tea in honor of her husband's 25th birthday. After supper was served Mr. and Mrs. Boynton accompanied their guests to Keele's lake. The company consisted of the Misses Bertha Patten, Lizzie Nesbitt, Della Owen, Gertrude Boynton, Claude Barthez, Will Nesbitt, Warren Boynton, Bert Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Youngblood.

Miss Mason's Grove Party.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Grace Massek of No. 281 North Louis street gave a grove party at Highland park to a circle of her young women friends. Those present were: The Misses Grace Massek, Pearl and Tona Loveland, Maude Haliday, Lottie McComber, Mamie Daniels, Leolia Haynes, Rose Searrel, Ellen Wilson, Alice and Emma Louisa, Ella Falas and Carrie Neilson.

Outing Party.

Miss Flora Cromwell, principal of the Jefferson avenue school, gave an outing party to Rockford Friday afternoon in honor of her sister, Miss Letta Cromwell of Duluth, and a school friend from South Bend, Ind. About a dozen young women were invited, and they were chaperoned by Mrs. C. A. Cromwell.

Alfred Hunt's Party.

On Wednesday night, at the residence of his father, E. H. Hunt, of Madison avenue, Alfred Hunt gave a party in honor of Morton Smith, who is soon to return to West Point. Those present were the Messrs. Morton, Smith, Tom Bradford, Harry Worden, Wood, Ben and guest, Ben Bateman, Paschal B. Garvey, Ed Avery, Bernie Hattelstein and George Hollister.

Bessie Devoendorf's Party.

Wednesday afternoon Bert Devoendorf gave a garden party at the home of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Devoendorf of No. 16 Campbell place.

SPRING & COMPANY

The cramped condition in financial circles brings a wail from numerous manufacturers who want money worse than their goods. "Can you handle so many of such a line at half our jobbing price? Answer quick." A few such opportunities as this has placed means within our reach to greatly benefit our patrons.



Wash Dress Goods Stock.

We never thought for a moment that such prices would be reached this year. 35c Gingham.....18c 17c and 20c Gingham.....12 1/2c 36-inch fine Percales.....12 1/2c

A Snap Shot at Laces, etc.

Point d'Iland in beige and ecru at just half price. Black Bourdon Lace in all widths and superb variety. Shopping Bags, the newest and most desirable styles greatly reduced in price.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

150 dozen plain white, hemstitched and corded, at 5c each. 200 dozen white embroidered at 10c. 300 dozen plain white, hemstitched, also embroidered, at 19c. We consider them the best value ever offered here. These are but a few from an exceedingly large and varied stock of which the prices are proportionately low.

Underwear.

Take what's left from our last week's great Underwear Sale at same prices; also the balance of our Embroidered Robes at 75c worth easily three times this price. One lot Ladies' Combination Suits, low neck and sleeveless at 33c, worth 50c.

A Stupendous Shave.

195 Calico Wrappers at.....82c each 153 Black Embroidered Fichues.....12 1/2c each 200 Light Duck Suits.....\$3.87 each 97 Lawn Wrappers.....\$1.62 each 291 Stylish Black Capes.....\$3.00 each 517 Colored Capes at.....\$3.00 each

A hundred or two Dress Remnants displayed on our Dress Goods Counter, comprising all lengths, qualities and styles, from every loom in the world, almost, are too rich to be missed. Mothers, there are many lengths just right for the big or little girl's stylish dress, and scores that will make charming and durable school dresses. You can own any of them at just about half what others have paid for same a little while ago.

Our Silk Department offers a choice variety of Silk Remnants in desirable for waists, at prices much below regular values.

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