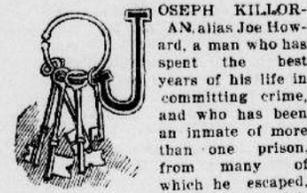


## A FAMOUS CROOK.

JOE HOWARD CAUGHT IN PHILADELPHIA.

His Long Career of Crime—A Man with a Record as a Bank Burglar, Pickpocket and All-Round Thief—His Escape from Ludlow Street Jail.



JOSEPH KILLORAN, alias Joe Howard, a man who has spent the best years of his life in committing crime, and who has been an inmate of more than one prison, from many of which he escaped, is again in a fair way to serve another term, this time for burglary. The other day E. W. Shearer of 215 Lombard street, who has charge of the old Dickerson mansion, at 211 Lombard street, Philadelphia, although unoccupied, is filled with priceless bric-a-brac and antiques, discovered that some one had entered the house by means of the kitchen door, the bolt having been forced open in a very professional manner. He notified the police and after securely nailing up the broken door left the house to their guardianship.

Shortly before 7 o'clock the next morning Shearer, in looking around the property, became convinced that somebody was inside the house. He called Policeman Casey, of the Third district, to the scene. Following on a preconcerted plan, Shearer entered the house by the front door, while Casey stood guard over the rear exits. He was there but a moment, however, when a man dropped from the second story window of the old dwelling, and tried to escape by jumping the intricate network of fences and running through a nearby court to the street.

But the fleeing burglar was soon overhauled by Casey. A desperate fight followed, in which the policeman came out victorious, and the prisoner was soon landed in the Third district station house, where he was recognized as the notorious "Joe Howard." He was at once committed to prison without bail by Magistrate Harrison for a further hearing.

A subsequent examination of the house showed that it had been pretty thoroughly ransacked, the handsome chandeliers and many valuable curios having been wantonly smashed. Several bundles of valuable books, a clock and a quantity of lead pipe were found done up to be carried off.

The last time Howard was arrested in Philadelphia was by William Henderson, the well-known local detective, then with the Pinkerton agency, on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1885, for the robbery of the First National bank at Coldwater, Mich., of \$10,000 on Aug. 1, 1883, and for a time the career of a man who, as a pickpocket, bank sneak thief and bank safe burglar has operated successfully in one of these three lines of thieving with nearly all of the great professional criminals was closed.

Joseph Killoran or Howard is a New Yorker by birth and comes from a good family. At the time of his parents' death Joe, with his brothers and sisters, inherited considerable property, but his share was spent in gambling and riotous living. Through gambling he became acquainted with professional thieves, and when his money was gone he joined a party of pickpockets. He was afterwards associated with George Bliss, alias Miles, alias White, the noted bank burglar, now serving sentence at Windsor, Vt., who was the partner of Mark Shilburn, probably the most expert bank burglar in the country.

Joe was finally convicted for the robbery of the Waterford, N. Y., bank, and was sentenced to Auburn prison. He escaped, in company with Jimmy Hope, who was concerned in the Manhattan bank robbery, and was next arrested



JOE KILLORAN.

in New York with George Miles, alias Bliss, for the Barre bank burglary in Vermont. The Auburn prison authorities, being informed of his arrest, claimed him as a prisoner who had escaped from them, and he was taken back to Auburn to serve out his term, which expired about three years ago. Miles was taken to Vermont and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Joe was concerned with Jimmy Hope, Worcester Sam, George Bliss and others in the robbery of the Beneficial Savings fund and the Kensington bank burglary in Philadelphia, which occurred on April 6, 1869, and which attracted wide attention on account of its magnitude. He was also concerned with Jimmy Hope, George Mason, Ike Marsh, alias "Big Ike," Tom Curley and Mike Welsh in the successful robbery of the First National bank at Wellsboro, Pa., on Sept. 17, 1874. Here the cashier's family was bound and gagged and the

cashier forced to open his own safe and stand by while the contents were taken out. Marsh, Welsh, Curley and Mason were arrested, while the others made their escape. Marsh was sentenced to seventeen years. The jury acquitted Welsh and disagreed as to Mason and Curley. With Jimmy Hope and two others Joe was concerned in the attempted robbery of the First National bank at Wilmington, Del., on Nov. 7, 1873. Four of the gang, including Hope and Joe, were arrested and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each, and were ordered to receive besides fifty lashes at the whipping post. After a few years' imprisonment all succeeded in making their escape.

Early in the eighties Joe turned his attention to bank sneak thief work. About noon on Aug. 1, 1883, three men entered the First National bank at Coldwater, Mich. Joe engaged the attention of the cashier, while a second man engaged the paying teller. Then Ed Quinn, the noted professional thief of Chicago, entered the bank, sneaked along the counter, and succeeded in getting into the vault without being observed. He took \$10,000 worth of bonds, when, through some act of carelessness on his part, he attracted the attention of the cashier, who rushed to seize him. He was warned off by Quinn, who drew a large pistol and threatened to kill the cashier in case he attempted to detain him. In this way he backed out of the bank, where a wagon was in waiting for the whole party. In this they were driven rapidly away. Quinn was arrested in Chicago two years later and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Joe was caught about the same time and pleaded guilty to having assisted in the robbery and was sentenced to five years in the Michigan state prison on July 26, 1885.

It was in 1892 that Killoran and his



CHARLEY ALLEN.

gang turned their attention to robbing postoffices. The way they went about it was this: Howard, who might be taken for a highly respectable and benevolent personage, would enter the postoffice with a bunch of keys and a large tin box. Then in the most polite manner possible he would thus address the postmaster or assistant: "Excuse me, sir, but have you got a key that will fit this box? None of these will."

The unsuspecting official would at once deliver up his bunch of keys. Then, apparently just in the ordinary course of events, another man would enter to purchase stamps—one of Joe's pals, of course. His methods of buying would be very slow, allowing time to let Killoran make impressions of all the keys. Then the pal would go out, and Killoran would politely return the keys, regretting that none of them would open the box, but thanking him just the same and hoping he could do something for him some day.

After that it was smooth sailing. Duplicates of the keys were easily made, and then some dark night a descent would be made upon the postoffice, usually with a reward of several hundred dollars. Often it went up into the thousands, the largest being in Scranton, Pa., Hoboken, N. J., and Springfield, Ill., the proceeds of which were \$50,000.

But the run of luck couldn't last long, for secret service men were after them and on May 31, 1895, Inspectors Holden and Jacobs, of Philadelphia, arrested Killoran and his two principal pals, Charley Allen and Harry Russell, in New York city. They were locked up in the Ludlow street jail and lawyers then began a series of legal battles in their behalf. On July 3 the three crooks broke jail and there was good ground for believing that they were aided in their escape by one or more of the prison authorities. It was declared that while they were in the reception room playing cards with other prisoners several women visitors were allowed to look in, and it was said that they supplied them with revolvers. At all events they dashed out by the guards, who showed feeble resistance when they caught sight of their weapons. Several prison officials were discharged and a reward of \$1,000 offered for the fugitives, but they were not caught, and this is Killoran's first appearance behind bars since.

**Superstitious English Fishermen.**  
English herring fishermen are, many of them, remarkably superstitious. For instance, on some fishing boats whistling is forbidden and neither milk nor burnt bread is allowed on board. Furthermore, not even the name of that unlucky animal the hare may be mentioned, and a common method of punishing an enemy is to throw a dead hare into his boat. Some of the fishermen believe in luck attending an odd-numbered crew.

**Too Full for Utterance.**  
"When I proposed she could not say a word in reply," said Spikes to his friend Spokes. "Her heart was too full for utterance, I suppose." "No; it was her mouth which was too full. I proposed at the dinner table."—Stray Stories.

## SALUTING THE FLAG.

CEREMONY FINALLY ESTABLISHED IN THE ARMY.

It Was Devised by Capt. William R. Hamilton of Milwaukee—Profound Greeting for "Old Glory"—A Singular Custom in the Navy.



HE sentiment that a soldier feels toward that combination of cloths and colors that symbolize the dignity and grandeur of his nation is more than proverbial—it is historic, and many a brave man has cheerfully fallen in the mad battle swirl to save that torn and faded cloth called the flag. And still the homage of the soldier, while almost beyond understanding in the heat of the battle, has not always been as is now. Time was when the flag received no special recognition from the soldier other than the firing of the sunset and the sunrise guns. But now this is all changed, and thanks to Capt. William R. Hamilton, of the Seventh artillery, United States army, who is a Milwaukee boy, the flag, instead of dropping from the staff as though shot away, comes down with a graceful dignity and is treated with military reverence.

At the time for lowering the flag, usually called retreat by the soldiers, the garrison of an army post is paraded near the flag, the trumpets play retreat and as the last note dies away, the deep boom of the retreat guns wakes the echoes, the flag halyards are cast loose, and as the band plays the "Star Spangled Banner," the great garrison flag is pulled slowly down the staff, its white and red stripes flutter-



CAPT. WILLIAM R. HAMILTON.

ing in the air, it seems, in time with the music. When the flag reaches the ground, it is caught by a detail of the waiting guard and carefully folded and escorted to the guard house, where it is kept safely through the night. And all through the ceremony the garrison under arms stand rigidly at the highest form of salute—the present, and those not under arms stand reverently uncovered. While many regimental commanders had devised one way or another for the honor of the flag, it was not until recently that the army regulations laid down a law on the subject. While the patriotic societies and the principles that they have fathered and encouraged deserve some credit for the feeling that has ended in so high a form of respect being paid the flag, it is to Capt. Hamilton that the credit of the regulation is due.

Nor is this closing ceremony of the soldier's day the only token of the soldier's respect that the old flag receives from him. When the regimental colors are not in use in the field, they stand in a rack in front of the commanding officer's quarters, in the care of a sentry, and every civilian passing is required to raise his hat to them—the soldiers do not need to be required to do that. When the colors are being carried to and from the drill field the sentries by whose posts they pass present arms, and every man who passes them raises his hat or salutes.

A great many regiments of the army follow a very pretty and dignified custom that was instituted in the Fourth infantry of the Wisconsin guard when Gen. Charles King was its colonel. At the close of regimental parade, the officers marched off the field and stood in a group a little off the parade ground, while the color sergeant marched straight to the front across the parade and wheeling around stood facing the regiment, while the sergeant-major, breaking the regiment into columns in review to the colors, each company saluting the flag as it would a general. These little ceremonies instill in the soldiers a great deal of that spirit that carried our flag over the ridge at Mission Ridge, that broke down and swept away Pickett's brave division, that won for Thomas the proud name of the Rock of Chickamauga.

The navy is not a bit behind the army in its honor to the flag and its

association with foreign ports and foreign ships makes it even more familiar with the ceremony of respect than is the army. When a squadron of warships is at anchor, the retreat is sounded on the flagship, and as the flag at the staff on the quarterdeck is lowered, every man, jack and officer, rises to his feet and, facing the flag, raises his hat and so stands until the flag is down. At sea much the same ceremony is followed.

## "THE FOX OF THE DEEP."

How Semmes Gave Wilkes the Slip in 1863.

The chase after Admiral Cervera by the fleets of Sampson and Schley recalls the chase after the Alabama in 1863, when she had struck Galveston and destroyed the Hatteras. Commodore H. H. Bell, who was commanding off Galveston, saw the Hatteras sink, and sent a dispatch boat to Farragut. Then he sent the Brooklyn after Semmes, but she proved too slow, as also did a vessel he sent after the Alabama. The navy department sent the Vanderbilt with all speed to Porto Rico. The Keystone State skirted the southern coast of Cuba and reported that the Alabama had put in at Cienfuegos. The department promptly ordered the Vanderbilt to round Cape Maysi and skirt the southern coast. Capt. Wilkes met the Vanderbilt midway between Cienfuegos and Santiago. Then Wilkes sent the Vanderbilt to find the Keystone State. Then somebody told him that the Alabama was at Porto Rico. The Vanderbilt found the Keystone State at Cienfuegos, and the two stopped at Key West for coal, and finally reached Porto Rico, where they found Capt. Wilkes furious. He had learned that the Alabama had put in at Martinique, discharged her prisoners and, after filling up with coal, had peacefully sailed away for Azores. Cervera may be cunning, but he is no sense compared



with Semmes, who was the "fox of the deep" in his day.

## HAS BLOOMED 1,000 YEARS.

A thousand years have come and gone since the first roses reddened on this great tree of Hildensheim. Its existence can be traced back to the days when Charlemagne was king. The ancient cathedral at Hildensheim, near Brunswick, is half hidden in rose-blooming season by the myriad blossoms of the old tree, which twines about the stone buttresses and envelops them with grace. Antiquarians and flower lovers alike have visited the famous tree for generations, but it has at last been attacked by insects, which threaten its destruction.



## BUSH OF HILDENSHEIM.

American Lumber in Germany. American pine and hard woods are constantly gaining importance. There is a large field in Germany for Georgia pines for finishing and for hard woods for flooring. No country is building more extensively than Germany, and only a few people, comparatively, use carpet. Hard wood floors and rugs is the rule in the best houses. In all the larger cities of the German empire, on every side and everywhere new blocks of buildings and new houses are being constructed.

Some men drop all their money trying to pick up more.

## A 10-YEAR-OLD WIFE.

A LITTLE GIRL CONSIGNED TO A HELL UPON EARTH.

This Is Not in India, but in Free, Sunny California—Her Father Sanctified the Unusual Tie—A Remarkable Case of May and December.



JUST 10 years of age, and a wife. A child no larger than the little girl who stands by your knees in the quiet evening hours at home, yet to her and another have been spoken, in some form, the old words, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

And this is not the story of some tiny Hindu bride, nor of baby wifehood in a Central African tribe. Its scene is laid right in the golden commonwealth, and its characters all are Californian. It is there that the majesty of the law was invoked to bind in such wedlock as should be sacred a stalwart man and a child who must have prattled her answers to the question of the marriage service if she made answer at all.

Less than two weeks ago her name was Mary Alice Adams; today she is Mrs. James F. Hitchcock. But, whether as a miss or as madam, her age is but 10 years, and babyhood with her is a thing of the near yesterdays.

The little girl who was Mary Alice Adams lived in the village of Woody, in Kern county. It is a mountain village consisting of a store where one may buy a spool of thread, a rifle or a pound of tea; a postoffice and a dwelling or two. It is well off the beaten paths of civilization, and some, at least, of the residents of that vicinity have thoughts and notions of life which are not shared by people who reside where population is denser. Among these notions was the one that there need be no bar to the marriage of babes and sucklings, which was held by the father of Mary, as well as "Jim" Hitchcock, who now is her husband.

Hitchcock has been a resident of Woody and vicinity for a quarter of a century or more, and he is 38 years of age. Just how he courted the baby who now is his wife does not matter. Perhaps he presented her with a doll or made a poplar whistle for her. At any rate, he won her, as any man might have done by a judicious use of dolls and candy, for how could an untutored child know and weigh the cares, responsibilities and deeper meaning of wifehood?

This strangest of all courtships, this stultification of every intent of wedlock, took place under the eyes of Mr. Adams, the child's father, and it received his complete approval. He accompanied the strangely assorted pair when they rode down from the mountain home to Visalia in order to secure the marriage license.

Right here occurred a hitch in the proceedings, a hitch which should have been permanent, but was not. The clerk of Tulare county recognized the more than absurdity of such a marriage and refused to issue the license until he had secured legal advice. The district attorney rendered an opinion that the law would tolerate such a union—thereby setting at defiance the old theory that the law is based on common sense—and the license was issued.

"Any unmarried male of the age of 18 years or upwards, and any unmarried female of the age of 15 years or upwards, and not otherwise disqualified, are capable of consenting to and consummating marriage."

This section carries with it its positive and unquestionable negative, that



MRS. JAMES E. HITCHCOCK. Aged Ten Years.

children under the specified ages are not capable of contracting marriage. The "legal" advice under which the babyhood of Mary Alice Adams was given in wedlock utterly disregarded the law under which so outrageous a union would have been an impossibility.

After the delay connected with securing the license, things went smoothly for Hitchcock and his baby fiancée. They found a justice of the peace who considered the county clerk's authorization all-sufficient, and in undue season the words which would make of marriage a farce-tragedy were spoken; the man and the babe were judicially pronounced man and wife.

That night James E. Hitchcock and wife were registered at the Pleasant View lodging-house in Visalia. The child bride's father occupied another room in the same house. Paternal

sanction went as far as it could go.

On the next day the trio returned to their home in Woody, there to find, perhaps in "the wild, free air of the mountains" some justification of a proceeding so utterly abhorrent, not only to the law, but also to every sentiment of civilized mankind.

To the credit of their neighbors and of the people of that part of the valley generally, it should find their approval in the wild, free mountain air, if they find it anywhere, for the wind of popular feeling blows but coldly upon them. There is a vast amount of public indignation, but it is a law-abiding kind and contents itself with murmurs and looks of disapproval.

Adams attempts to offer some sort of a plea of justification. He and the mother of the child wife are divorced, and he claims that the woman is of bad character and would influence Mary to lead an evil life as she became older. It was for this reason, he says, that he consented to her marriage with Hitchcock. Probably a better reason for withdrawing the little girl from all communication with her mother, and a poorer reason for hastening her into an abnormal conjugal union, could not well be conceived.

But an ocean of popular indignation does not in the least help the case of Mrs. Mary Alice Hitchcock, who at the age of 10 years has exchanged a doll for a husband. Nor can any amount of passive sympathy benefit her. What is needed is such active interference as shall remove this untutored child from the unthinkable horrible condition in which she still is placed. If her mother is bad and her father a fool, all the greater is the duty of society to see that she is the victim of neither.

Hitchcock, the husband, is a miner and a backwoodsman, and he has the backwoods virtues and defects. He is hospitable and generous, coarse-fibered



JAMES HITCHCOCK.

and ignorant. He is precisely on that plane of intelligence where the idea of wedding a girl who is barely more than a babe would fail to appear revolting to him, as it must be to a thoroughly civilized man.

So stands the case today. The law, as it is interpreted in Tulare county, has issued its fiat and under it this little mountain girl, skirted to the knees and with the look of babyhood in her unknitting eyes, has been given into the conjugal care and custody of 38 years of brawn and muscle. He and she—the man and his baby wife—are living together now up there in the hills of Kern county. She is as fit to be a wife as is the 10-year-old child you love, and not a whit more so. She should be out of doors, playing on the hillsides and growing strong and large in the sunshine, and she is keeping house for her "husband." She should be crooning to her doll in infancy's sweet promise of future maternity, and—

God help her—she is a "wife." She should know a mother's love and a father's care, and the one has deserted her, while the other has consigned her to a hell of inconceivable horror.

JOHN JAMES ROONEY.

## Did the Man or the Bird Insult Her?

From the Butte Mine: Can the voice of an educated parrot be mistaken for that of a human voice? That was a question that Judge Ferrell had to decide in the Butte police court recently. The judge decided that under certain circumstances a parrot talking might be mistaken for a person talking, and Arthur Powers, who was accused of disturbance and calling Mrs. Nellie Thompson names that were not at all polite, was allowed to go free because the parrot was to blame. According to the testimony given during the hearing, Powers, who is a next-door neighbor of Mrs. Thompson, was making a good deal of noise the other night. Mrs. Thompson stood it as long as she could and then asked the Powers family to be still. The noise continued, however, and she again asked for peace. Instead of getting it a volley of oaths several yards long was fired at her out of one of the windows. She started back in amazement, and, thinking Powers was to blame, promptly had him arrested. His defence was that he had not said a word to Mrs. Thompson, but his parrot had, and of course he had no control over the voice of the bird. The green fellow, he said, had been educated by "Scotty" Orr, who had taught it many things it would be better for it not to know. When Mrs. Thompson called to him, the parrot began talking and he could not prevent it saying the things that insulted Mrs. Thompson. The bird was not in court, and it is probably a good thing that it was not.

## Long Odds.

That is rather a neat story which is told of a boy in a training stable. He was feeling a little out of sorts, and his master sent him to his own doctor. When he arrived at the house of the medicine man he observed a notice containing something about 12 to 2, but on the door of a rival establishment close by he saw 11 to 1; so, as he said, he took the longer odds.—Moonshine.