

tions now owning these public services have debauched governors and mayors, legislators, aldermen and officials by means of bribery, thereby fostering administrative venality and dishonesty. It remains to be seen whether there will be any advantage to the people in transferring the control of these public services from the bribers to the bribed, that is to say, from the corporations to the authorities. Too often municipal, State and even Federal departments here, as well as abroad, are run more with the object of furnishing fat offices to political friends and adherents than with any regard to the public weal. Indeed, there are few even of the wealthiest corporations that could afford to manage the business with such an utter disregard of the profit and loss account as many government departments are administered, added to which it must not be forgotten that every fresh acquisition by the municipality of a public service previously owned by a corporation means the increase of the places at its disposal, the corresponding growth in the number of its paid adherents and supporters and the consequent difficulty of dislodging the political party in office.

In Europe many of the governments in their endeavors to tack to the windward of socialism have inaugurated the policy of state ownership of the railroads. Italy last week enacted a law taking over all the railroads of the kingdom. In France some are owned by the government and others by private companies the characters of which, however, vest the actual ownership of the roads in the state. In Germany nearly the whole of the railroads belong either to the imperial or to the state governments. The same thing is the case in Holland and in most of the other smaller countries of Europe. In Austria about half the railroads are owned by the state and half by companies, and a similar condition of affairs prevails in Russia and in Belgium. And nearly everywhere it is found that the service of the railroads owned by corporations is superior to those belonging to the state, while the fares of the latter are in no sense inferior to those of the companies. In Germany, where less than 1,000 miles of the 55,000 miles of railroad are privately owned, no comparison is possible. But the absence of competition, and the preference manifested on all occasions by the state management for military necessities, at the expense of passenger and merchandise traffic, renders it a matter of doubt as to whether the people would not be better off if the railroads had remained in private hands.

In England, where there are so many lines of railroads running more or less parallel to one another, a healthy competition is produced by means of which the people benefit both in the excellence of service and in the cheapness of fares and rates, advantages which would disappear along with the competition were the state to acquire possession of the railroads, and the same thing would occur in this country were the federal government to control the railroads. For it is difficult to see how the public ownership of railroads could be vested in any other hands than those of the national government if taken from the corporations, since it would be obviously impossible for a single State to assume possession of a road, such as, for instance, the New-York Central or the Pennsylvania system, which extends far beyond its borders, sometimes over several other States.

In England and in France the governments have assumed possession of the telephone services, which are more efficient now and not any cheaper than formerly. France, Italy and Austria have converted the tobacco trade into government monopolies; Russia has done the same with liquor, and England has under discussion at the present moment Joseph Chamberlain's project for old age pensions and insurance of the working classes, based on the lines of laws of this kind that are already in existence in Germany, and that owe their origin there to the late Prince Bismarck and Emperor William. Indeed, nowhere has that particular form of socialism consisting in state ownership of public services and of natural monopolies made such headway as in Germany. That it has not, however, arrested the growth of socialism is best shown by the fact that there are, according to the latest electoral returns, no fewer than 3,000,000 socialist voters in the dominions of the Kaiser.

NEW A. O. H. BUILDING.

To Be Erected at 5th-ave. and 116th-st.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians has made provision for the erection of a fine new building on land at the northeast corner of 5th-ave. and 116th-st., at an estimated cost of \$2,000,000. Plans for the structure have been perfected by H. Van Buren Magonigle, of No. 1 West 88th-st.

Intended not only as the home of the Hibernians, but in a sense as a monument to the endeavors of the Irish race, an effort has been made to incorporate in the architecture of the building features appropriate to such a memorial. Externally it will be an attractive structure four stories high. Its facade will be either of granite or limestone, with terra cotta trimmings. The corner at the junction of 5th-ave. and 116th-st. will be a swell bay front from the street level to the roof, and there will be balconies adorning the third and fourth stories. The main entrance, opening on West 116th-st., will consist of large triple doors, sheltered by a marquee. The plot on which the building is to stand has a frontage of 30.11 feet in 5th-ave. and a depth of 85 feet. It has been owned by the order for many years.

The main entrance will be trimmed with Connemara marble, and the interior decorations, which will be in colored faience of Celtic motifs, will be appropriate and in keeping with the general appearance of the structure. They will include the old Irish seals of the four provinces of Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught.

The decoration of the large meeting room or ballroom on the fourth floor will be a blending of green and gold. Tablets inscribed with the names of the four counties will form a part of the scheme of decoration in the main entrance and retiring rooms, and on the gallery level of this floor will be the council room of the order, the library and classrooms, for as soon as the building is ready for occupancy classes in art and literature, stenography, bookkeeping and other commercial studies will be opened and maintained permanently.

The third floor will be given over to lodgerooms, the second to offices and lodgerooms and the first to stores. In the basement there will be a restaurant and bowling alley, while the roof will be devoted to the exception of space utilized for the janitor's house to a roof garden.

Work on the building is expected to begin about June 1.

TURKEY FARMER'S SECRETS.

The turkey farmer pointed to a small man wherein a petroleum engine chug-chugged vigorously. "In that mill," he said, "the feed for my two thousand turkeys is ground. The whole secret of successful turkey raising lies in abundant feeding. It keeps six months a day, and each turkey gets as much as he can hold. Carrots bulged and crushed barley and milk are very good fatteners, and the birds stuff themselves with them. Then, the last thing before going to roost, they eat the oatmeal porridge and buttermilk they can find room for."

"Cocks cost more than hens on the market, because they are harder to raise. If they get together they fight and kill one another, and they eat. A cock three hours before killing is made to swallow a half pint of vinegar. This vinegar makes the flesh fine and tender; without it he would be coarse and tough."

"A turkey farm like mine pays easily from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year."—Boston Cultivator.

FEATHERED FURY.

A more vicious enemy than an angry ostrich could be hard to find, for that four hundred pounds of sinew and temper backs a kick that can split an inch board with one blow of the powerful front toe, tipped with a nail like the end of a stein's horn. The keepers now and then get a sharp blow for all their care, and a keeper who thought of a short cut across the farm through the breeding yards had to go to the hospital for repairs.—Sunset Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BANK BURGLAR.

REALISTIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DARING DEEDS OF EVIL. BY NOTORIOUS "CROOK."

Boston, April 28 (Special).—"From Bonifacio to Bank Burglar" is the title of a 500-page book that has just been written by George M. White, alias George Bliss, one of the notorious bank robbers of Civil War days and the years following. White is now seventy years old and is living quietly in Westminster, Vt., without means and depending upon his relatives for a living, unless he realizes some profit from his book. The police of a hundred cities know him as George Bliss or George Miles, and they have his criminal career carefully tucked away in their archives, with his photograph in their rogues' galleries.

In the narrative of his life, published by the Truax Printing Company, of Bellows Falls, Vt., White tells what purports to be the inside history of many famous robberies, including the looting of the Ocean National Bank of New-York, which is given in detail; the attempted robbery of the Corn Exchange Bank, in Philadelphia, and the robbery of \$20,000 from the United States Treasury, in Washington, through the connivance of a New-England Congressman.

A most suggestive feature of White's strange story is covered in describing the dealings that White had in conjunction with his "pal," Max Shimburn, with the police and other public officials. High police officials demanded their share of loot and got it in exchange for allowing the robbers their liberty. They received, White says, thousands of dollars from him and his gang. He was often under arrest and his prison terms have been something like twenty years. One particular incident illustrates his method of overcoming the scruples of public officials.

The Walpole, N. H., bank was robbed in Civil War times and nearly all the money and securities it contained were taken. White was arrested and the jury disagreed. He was committed for a second trial, and his bail fixed at \$40,000. He escaped from jail, and several years later entered into negotiations with the New-Hampshire authorities to drop the case. The deal, he says, was successful. White says that for \$2,000, which he paid a New-Hampshire official who went to consult him in New-York, the indictment was handed to him, and he was henceforth free from punishment.

White declares that he was driven to crime by false accusations. He claims that he had no part in the Walpole burglary beyond driving Shimburn and George Cummings, whom he did not know, from Stoneham, Mass., where he then kept a hotel, to Keene, N. H. One of these men, he says, represented himself as a Secret Service officer and displayed a badge. The two detectives came to Boston, having discovered that White had driven them to the scene of the crime. The detectives arrested White and took him to New-Hampshire. Cummings was released, and Shimburn, after giving up all claim to \$5,000 found on him when arrested.

White tried work as a clerk in a store in New-York after escaping from jail, but was recognized by a Vermontor who happened into the store, and had to leave it. Hunted as he was, and unable to do honest labor, he finally decided to look up some friends of Shimburn, whose address he had. He joined a gang which at once proceeded to prospect for a bank to loot. They failed in an attack upon the Wellsburg, W. Va., bank because it was so strongly built, evidently with a view to attacks by the guerrillas. Soon after, however, they robbed the Cadiz, Ohio, bank, of \$250,000. White escaped, while three were captured and sentenced to fourteen years in prison.

White then made his way to New-York with the stolen bonds from the Cadiz bank. "Billy" Matthews offered to negotiate some of them. White gave him six \$1,000 bonds, but while trying to dispose of them Matthews was seized by two detectives, who kept the bonds and released Matthews, requiring him to promise to produce White. White said that he would charge the bonds to profit and loss, but Matthews told him he'd have to see the cops and divide the cash loot with them.

Telling of the meeting with the sleuths, White says: "I understand," said one of the detectives, "we've got some bonds to sell you." "To sell me?" I echoed. "To sell me bonds?" "Yes," he smilingly replied. I understood him then, but I confess that I didn't like his peculiar grin that time, and in subsequent years this impression never changed. "Gentlemen," I said, "let's come down to business. What do you want for the six bonds?"

"Not a cent less than \$6,000," was what came from the detective.

"And you'll not get that much from me. I'll give you \$4,000 for the bonds and no more."

"There's no beating about the bush," said one of the party—the man who was associated with my arrest for the Walpole bank robbery. "We know where the bonds came from, and we also know that you are one of the six men in the Ohio job. Now let's come to the point, and it is this, pure and simple—we want your rakeoff. As a matter of fact, we're glad the Ohio fellows didn't get you. Do you understand?" After much sparring, which almost developed into a quarrel, one said: "Well, George says the share is only \$4,000, and it may be less than that, so I think we'd better accept his offer." At the close of the conference I paid the three each \$200 to keep them from informing on me for the Walpole bank break.

The looting of the Ocean National Bank is given in great detail by White. Before White began on this gigantic scheme, however, he began a systematic study of bank burglary. He bought combination locks from all the manufacturers and thoroughly dissected them until he became familiar with their mechanism. He finally invented a finely tempered little tool which enabled him to read combinations like an ordinary alphabet or telegraph message. This tool was of fine steel wire. All he had to do was to take the knob or dial off a lock, adjust the wire to the inside surface of the knob, and replace the dial. The lock in the mean time having been used by the bank people to open the safe or vault, he had only on his next visit to remove the knob, examine the marks left on the wire by the lock and he had the combination numbers. All that then remained was to figure out the proper order of the numbers in the combination, and he could unlock the vault. Another thing he accomplished by his close study was the acquisition of a faculty for learning the combination of a vault by watching the turning of a lock closely while standing ten feet away from it. With this faculty and his "little joker," as he called it, White was ready to go into bank looting on a big scale.

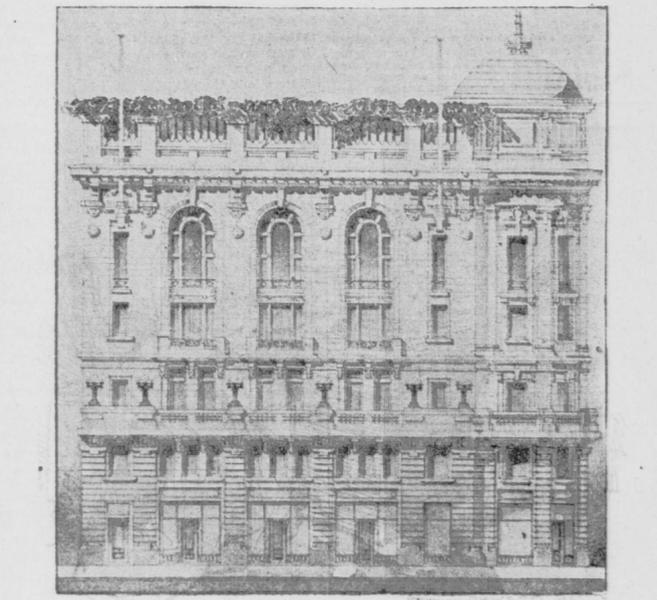
He became acquainted with a young clerk in the Ocean National Bank who had been "bucking the tiger" pretty hard at Morrissey's and was getting deeper and deeper into the mire every day. This clerk had been a tool in selling "crooked bonds," as stolen securities are termed, and had been successful with the deal. An attempt, however, to steal a box containing fully \$100,000 worth of United States government bonds by two "crooks," with the connivance of this clerk, failed through the bungling of one of them. Then White took up the clerk, intrusting to his care more "crooked bonds" for disposal. Finally he broached the subject of looting the bank vault. The clerk secured for him information regarding the locks and other safeguards,

giving White the combination as far as he could learn it.

The Ocean National occupied the first floor of the building on the southeast corner of Greenwich and Fulton sts. Fulton-st. at this point having quite a downward slope. At that time the Ocean National was one of the largest financial institutions in New-York, being a depository for United States funds. Its vault lock was a three-tumbler combination made by a Rochester firm, and at that time was considered absolutely "non-pickable" by one not in possession of the combination. To perfect his Ocean National arrangements White went to Rochester and bought of the same firm a lock which was almost an exact duplicate of the Ocean National's lock. Then he drilled the clerk for the exact combination within a fraction of a hair. The clerk later admitted White to the bank after hours and the matter was arranged. White procuring the lock, he went to open the vault after a little manipulation.

While waiting for favorable opportunities to complete the "job," White and Shimburn, who became White's partner, had two men constantly on watch for three months, these men making daily reports of the habits of people in the vicinity. They leased half of the basement of the bank building, this matter being attended to by Shimburn's brother-in-law, and then informed the "bank ring" of police "graffers" that they had a big job on and wanted protection. They drilled through the floor under the vault from the basement they had hired, working cautiously and irregularly, owing to constant interruption and the necessity of guarding against discovery. It was well into May when they were fully under way, and they decided upon Saturday night, May 23, for the grand coup.

"At 5 o'clock in the afternoon," says White, "Shimburn and I were in the office with the doors locked, shutters closed and blankets up, waiting for the janitor to finish his work in the bank and retire to his quarters. The bank floor was cut up through between the dead wall at the Fulton-st. end of the building and the front of the president's desk.



NEW HOME OF ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS. It is to be erected at the northeast corner of 5th-ave. and 116th-st., H. Van Buren Magonigle, architect.

While one did the cutting the other kept his ear glued to a joint in the window shutter. With a string in hand, one end tied to the other's wrist. After the ceiling was cut we were confronted by a space filled with rubble set in cement fourteen inches thick. This delayed us a couple of weeks before we could begin work again, and it was not until June 27 that we were finally ready, with nearly all the tunnelling done. Having cut through the floor to the president's office, the next move was to see if the combination had been changed. No, the door opened and we were inside the vault, with the loot before us. I had arranged with a confederate to have a package of \$200,000 worth of government bonds, which were to be taken to my room for use in an emergency. Then we went to work on the cash and other securities.

"I had to work the combination by the light of a cigar, and some of the tools were pretty heavy, the hydraulic jack alone weighing 125 pounds. At last we were down to business, going to the various boxes and sorting their contents. We found much jewelry, but didn't take any. That was not our 'graff,' and besides we felt that we would have a lot with the money and bonds. As we inspected them we placed the boxes at the far end of the vault, and then turned our attention to the teller's safe. Every thing negotiable in the receiving teller's safe was put in a satchel with the other loot and then let down into the basement office. The paying teller's safe was harder work, and we finally had to stop from sheer exhaustion. The satchel then contained about \$1,500,000, and we decided to quit with this. Watching our opportunity, we slipped down to the underground, we decided to call the fire department to our assistance. I slipped across the street to the lookout, and told him to watch for a signal to turn on a fire alarm. As we went down we went to work preparing an explosive charge. We waited for the fire engines, and just as an engine turned the corner, we sprung the electric fuse, and the charge exploded, blowing a hole in the floor. We made short work of the contents, which we crammed into the teller's trunk, kept there until the fire department had left. \$200,000 in gold notes on the floor, keeping a promise to the clerk, who did not want the bank forced into insolvency and wanted this left so the bank could keep its credit. Clearing House obligations the next morning.

The "fake" fire alarm kept people busy, and no attention was paid to the bank, so that the robbers got away with their second lot. Shimburn standing guard over the trunk while White tabulates the proceeds of the two hauls as follows: Cash, \$125,000; United States government bonds, \$1,475,000; miscellaneous negotiable securities, \$100,000; miscellaneous United States securities, \$850,000, besides \$200,000 left behind. The robbers took the \$850,000 in negotiable securities one night to the steps of the Franklin Street Police Station and left them there, the police returning them to the bank. The negotiable securities were all sold. White says that twenty-five \$1,000 bonds were offered to a Boston banker at 20 per cent discount, the broker given a \$100,000 advance, but the banker's general health may be a predisposing cause, but some who are apparently in the best of health

are susceptible. Alcoholic indulgence is in many cases a contributing factor, but it is by no means the exclusive reason. The optic nerves, for its pupillo-muscular fibers, and the stronger the tobacco-tolerance, and the stronger the tobacco-tolerance, that is, the higher the percentage of nicotine in the greater will be the percentage of nicotine in the person's system. It has been recorded in which quite a number of cases have been recorded in which small quantities of tobacco, even so little as half a cigarette a week, has been sufficient to cause decided amblyopia.—Boston Budget.

AT ATLANTIC CITY.

Tammany Leaders Join the Big Crows—Van Wyck to Build.

Atlantic City, April 29 (Special).—Although the Lenten season has closed, the crowds still remain. Many took their departure immediately at the close of Easter Sunday, but in their places others have come. There were at least one hundred and fifty more hotels open this spring than last year, and yet there were not enough to accommodate the visiting public without crowding many of them. It was almost equal to the crush that usually is seen in the resort in August. Among the New-Yorkers who spent Easter here was ex-Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck, who was at the Hotel Dunlop. In speaking of Atlantic City and its outlook he said: "Atlantic City will be the greatest and finest resort in the world. It will be a combination of Ostend and Brighton. In summer it will be as attractive as Ostend, and it will surpass Brighton as a winter and Easter resort." Mr. Van Wyck wants to have a house here that will be open all the year. His present plan is to build either in the cottage section, near the Boardwalk, in the upper part of the island, or else go down to the select district of Chelsea. He will keep a couple of servants in the house and have it open all the time. Mr. Van Wyck was not the only Tammany man here. In his personal party at the Dunlop were his close and intimate friends, Judge Henry Steinert and Harry W. Walker, Aqueduct Commissioner, Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany chieftain, was at the Hotel Brighton in company with his wife, Ex-Senator Thomas Dunn and a party were at the Hotel. With him were John T. Oakley, Commissioner of Gas and Electricity; H. J. Goldsmith, lawyer and partner of Timothy D. Sullivan; Henry Derlinger, secretary of the Civil Service Board; Alderman John Haggerty, John P. McCormick, Thomas McNulty, of the Sheriff's office; Judge Daniel F. Finn, Charles J. O'Donoghue, Judge Daniel F. Finn, Charles J. O'Donoghue,

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Hotel du Palais Paris, 28, Cour de la Reine. Heated throughout; rooms from 4 frs; with board 10 frs. CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE. It has always been a puzzle to us to decide which American paper really gets closest to the people. On the strength of the following paragraph we were at first inclined to back "The Atlanta (Ga.) Journal": "A new game has just been invented in North Georgia. It takes a young man, a girl and an apple. The young man tosses the apple in the air. If it comes down he kisses the girl. If it stays up he doesn't. After the apple wears out new apples may be substituted. There is no time limit to the game." But after reading "no Rockville (Ind.) Clipper": "We used to see Charles Cannon go east through here of Sundays headed for the schoolhouse, but we never saw him stirring with the late returned Jesse Collins, the 4th. We think maybe she has quit Charlie." So far the present "The Clipper" has our vote.—London Chronicle.

BEES POISON SOME FLOWERS. At the Kennebec Conservatory I was looking over the show of plants and flowers when I asked Superintendent Olin if he ever had trouble with bees in his glass houses. "No," he replied. "I have a great deal of trouble with bees. They do me a lot of damage."

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then into another in which, by sprinkling the pollen of the first flower, they destroy the second. For example, a pink bloom into which a pollen covered bee had flown would close over night and the only remedy, as Mr. Olin remarked, was to keep a sharp lookout for the bees and get ahead of them by picking the flowers before the winged pests got a chance at them.—Lawson Journal.