

List of hold-ups Perry confesses to:

December 4—Marvin Barnhart, 521 Surf street, assistant State's Attorney.

December 6—Esther Benson, 208 East Fifty-eighth street, delicatessen store.

December 6—C. Tabanton, 352 East Sixty-first street.

December 6—Man named Giaser, 366 East Forty-third street.

December 6—Man named Sherman, 306 East Fifty-fifth street.

December 7—Mrs. Louisa Peattie, 3406 Western avenue.

December 7—Borheid Christensen, 423 South Forty-eighth avenue.

December 11—Jewelry store of L. A. Horn, 1163 Clark street.

December 13—Jewelry store of William Mellish, 1307 East Sixty-third street.

December 26—William McDonough, 5226 Indiana avenue.

December 26—Jewelry store of C. H. Hammond, 224 East Thirty-first street.

December 28—Miller Baking Company, 2815 North Halsted street.

December 30—Jewelry store of Sam B. Belt, 203 1 West Thirty-fifth street.

January 1—John J. Sheehn, 3816 Grnd boulevard.

Janury 3—Berman & Stein, 667 North Clark street, jewelry store, in which window was smashed and then bandits rode through loop in automobile, ending with shooting of Patrolman Sticken.

January 9—John Lannis, 3615 South Halsted street.

THE POET'S PLEA

It was all over. They were in the carriage at last, man and wife, driving back to the wedding breakfast. But suddenly, without warning, the youthful bride burst into heartrending sobs.

"Oh-o!" she cried. "Oh-o! Oh-o!"

"My dearest dear!" breathed the new-made hubby. "Why does my pet weep so on her wedding-day? Tell her hubsie-wubsie all about it, then!"

And with her head on his shoulder, the little wife faltered out at last:

"I've hidden something from you. I've not told you all. Alas! What shall I do?"

His heart stood still for what seemed to him a century, but was, in reality, a second; then:

"Tell me"—and his voice was hoarse—"tell me what you mean at once! I cannot bear this suspense!"

"I c-cannot c-cook!" sobbed the little wife.

"Oh, lovey, is that all?" the young man cried, as his heart-beats slowed to normal time. "You frightened me! But worry not. I am a poet, and there will be precious little to cook!"

—o—o—
Mrs. Townley—Have you had this set of china long? Mrs. Subbubs—Let me see; I've had it just four girls and a half.

—o—o—
"When she wasn't looking, I kissed her." "What did she do?" "Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."