PAT SHEEDY, GAMBLER, SAYS GAME DOESN'T PAY ANY TIME

He is fifty-eight years old.

He is the best-known gambler in the world, although he hasn't touched a card in this country for nearly twenty years.

He negotiated, through the Pinkertons, for the return of the celebrated portrait by Gainsborough of the Duchess of Devonshire, stolen by the late Adam Worth.

He recovered a lost Murillo and brought to light other famous paintings.

He made a world tour with John L. Sullivan, the famous fighter, at the end of which Sullivan was presented with his $10,000 diamond championship belt.

He is known the world over as a "square gambler," who has won and lost fortunes without a murmur.

He was born in this country of Irish parents, who wanted him to be a priest, but he chose the other road.

New York, Aug. 9—Pat Sheedy is dying. The doctor says so. His wife fears so. The man who has led a life of chance admits that he is playing the last card in his last game.

"I'm not afraid."

A grim smile flitted across his features today. "I know I am going to get a square deal. I'll have as good a chance as I had here. Better. The Maker plays no favorites."

Sheedy lies in a big, snowy bed in a long, cool room above the art gallery that is the pride of his later, and to use his own term, "squatter," years.

"No man has been happier in his home than Pat Sheedy," the owner of the name declares. "If I came home flush, or if I came home broke, it was all the same with my sweetheart."

It is a good face, this visage of a former gambler. Women and children intuitively trust it, which, after all, is the test. Most men wear a mask in dealing with their fellows in the business game. But in the bigger game of life men let this mask slip, and women and children have glimpses of the truth that lies beneath. He has been called as he wandered the earth in his world-travels, "The most beloved man in America." Many a person to whom he has been an almoner has given him this title.

Heaven for "Uncle Pat."

Last week two sweet-faced nuns came over from the convent at Bridgeport to pay him a lost visit. "We are satisfied that Uncle Pat will go to Heaven," they said. "His good deeds have far outnumbered his bad."

He has made ready for this last of many journeys. "I have confessed to a priest and received absolution," he said. "I don't know whether it will help on the way or not. If it does, so much the better. If it does not, there will be no harm done. But when I have gone on any journey I have always made every preparation for it. I have made every preparation for this. My house is in order."

He told the story of his meeting with an old friend of his, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, at Saratoga. Though they had come to the springs for widely different purposes, the Bishop and the gambler instantly struck hands. "Come in and see my nieces." The Archbishop extended the invitation as one who would not be refused. "Well, if you insist. But first let's have a pint of wine, Bishop," insisted the man of chance. "Not whiskey; that makes a man of our nation want to fight. Make it wine, the only drink that makes a poor Irishman feel like a rich Jew."

How He Became Gambler.

They joined the Archbishop's niece and the gambler's wife in the drawing room. Then came the Archbishop's premeditated question:

"Forgive me, Pat, my boy, but we all want to know why such a man as you ever became a gambler."

"That question I'll answer, your Worship, but you must first let me tell you how it seems to me. If I'm wrong, you may show me afterward. First let me tell you that I believe in God as much as you do. Now we're ready for the start. I claim to be a better man than you are. I can't help being a better man than you are. Now listen and I'll tell you the reason in a little story.

"You and I had the same start. We are of the same nation. We were of families in the same circumstances, who could give us little or no education, so we trotted the same road until we were fifteen. There we came to cross roads. We stopped and haggled about which road to take. You wanted to go to the right. I said 'No, the left's the way.' You went your road as you thought best, and I took the other road. I hadn't gone 50 yards before I knew it was the wrong road, but my pride, my dirty pride, wouldn't let me go back, and I admit it.

"You have gone on and reached a high place and much honor. You've looked neither to the right nor the left, but straight ahead. I have looked up and down and back and every direction and I've seen, God help me, what haven't I seen? But I've learned more than you have, Bishop, for I've been to the college of experience. You never forget what you've learned there.

"Pat Sheedy, the Outlaw."

"You are an honored Bishop of the Church. I am the man at whom every finger of scorn is pointed, upon whom every eye of suspicion is turned. I am 'Pat Sheedy, the outlaw.'

"And now, Bishop, I am coming to the point. We had another school fellow. We'll call him Michael Dillon. He loved a woman with a worship it isn't given to you to understand.

"She married him, but after a while she turned him out of her heart and out of thir home. 'I hate you,' she said to this man who loved her. 'I don't want to ever see you again.' He became a drunkard and a tramp. Years afterward she writes him, 'I was mistaken. Come back to me,' and he starts to walk back to his home and his happiness. He has walked for a week. He is footsore and hungry. He meets you at this hotel tonight. You listen to him, but it is with a prejudiced ear. You look upon him but it is not with a warm eye. The derelict drifts on with no help from you. He staggers out of your presence, and he rounds the corner of the veranda and comes upon me, another old schoolfellow. He isn't afraid to speak to me, the Ishmaelite. He does speak. He tells me his story, and what do you think I do?

"There can't be the shadow of a doubt about that, Pat—said the Bishop.

"Your excellency, if he met me, he would ride the rest of the way home. He would get more than advice. That's the reason I claim to be a better man than you. I've been to the college of experience, and I know. You don't know what has made any man become what he is. That is one of the things we have to ask ourselves in the college of experience. Why is this man what he is? What sorrow that we never guessed has put him where he is."

"The next day the Archbishop came to the gambler and offered his hand. "I've been thinking over what you said. You drew a picture of me last night. I believe God directed me here to learn of you, Pat Sheedy."

"I want to teach you that circumstances make a man what he is," Pat Sheedy said and has said a hundred times since. "We're not all pacers, nor trotters. We have our own gait and we go that gait and that gait is fate," is a dictum of his. "Why, even fat is fate. I've never eaten more than a bird. Why am I dying of fat? It's my fate."

It has been said of Pat Sheedy that he know men better than any man in New York. I asked him how he gauged a man.

"By talking to him," he answered. "You can't always judge by his face. A man may hide the softest of hearts behind the hardest of faces. Generally I like a man who looks you squarely in the eye and keeps on looking, but that isn't an unfailing test. A man may be nervous or diffident. I judge considerably by his manner, though nervousness or diffidence may affect that. I judge a good deal by the warmth and earnestness of a hand clasp. But I judge most of all by talking with a man to find what kind of man he is. Be he as much on his guard as he likes, some speech will betray him to the student of men.

"For instance, I was at a gathering once where all got to talking of Europe. They had all been there. I knew what took most of them there. Some went to sell this or that. Others went to buy. That was to their credit. It takes more brains to go to Europe on business than on pleasure. But none of them told Pat they had gone on business. One man said, 'I was over for three months. I worked as a waiter on a ship. I learned ten times more than if I had gone over and dawdled about. Wasn't that fine? That was cream to me. That man is a successful doctor. He is of the stuff that a man is made of.

Know and Not Know.

"Another thing I've noticed. You can know people and know them and know them, and yet not know them. Then all at once you do know them, for you've caught some new glimpse of their eye that is a flashlight of their souls. Many a man I've come to know that way.

"And women. I don't know much about how to read them. I've been too busy for 33 years trying to read my wife there. I read her well enough the first time I met her, though, to tell her that I intended to marry her. She laughed at me. But you see we're married. No, I don't know much about women, but I do know that there are two looks in a woman's eye. There's the love look or the money look. And I am sorry for the woman with the hard look in her eye, but it's men have put it there. There are a good many men who are pirates so far as women are concerned. And they're born so you can't change them. Real chivalry's like the delicate instinct that makes one woman a lady in rags and another a vulgarian in velvets. So a man treats women well or he treats them ill from instinct. But it's well for women to be wary and wise with them. With women it's the man. With men it's a woman."

What act of his life had given him the most satisfaction?

He hesitated not at all in answer to this question. He looked at the questioner with frank eyes and answered: "It was not one act. It was a class of acts. It was helping others. That's the only happiness, you know, in helping others."

This man who had travelled the road of life for 59 years, and who saw its end close before him, spoke with a conviction that was convincing. Here was the problem of "How to be happy" solved. He had been to the school of experience and he knew.

The dimming gray eyes looked out upon the noisy traffic of Thirty-fourth street at its high-noon activities.

"I never talk about the things I've done or tried to do for the people. It's like pulling up a beautiful rose bush all abloom and examining the roots. If we have a chance to help, let's help and keep quiet about it."

No Two People Alike.

"If a boy came to you for advice?"

"There wouldn't be any use giving it," he said, "but I would. I'd say, 'I can't tell you what to do, for no two people in the world are alike. You'll have to find your work. But I'd say to him, 'Take any road but the crooked one.'

"I've been a gambler. So are all men. Most business is a form of gambling. Think of Wall street. But gambling's no profession for any man. It is not even a profitable one, for it's the only one of which you can say, 'The higher you go the lower you go.' The more you succeed the more you fail. The cleverer a man is, the more brilliant he becomes, the harder it is for a man to get on as a gambler. They get afraid of him."

Conjugal pride asserted itself in Mrs. Sheedy, a soft-voiced, stately, still handsome woman. "So many have said—Senator Gorman, Colonel Ingersoll and a hundred others—Pat ought to have been anything else. He would have succeeded in anything he had undertaken."

"My family was divided on that." Her spouse showed the embarrassment of the modest man at hearing praise of himself. "Part of them wanted me to be a priest, and I'll be blanked if I don't think I would have made a good one. My father's ambition for me was that I should be a bricklayer."

The spirit of the man of chance blazed up in the dim eyes for an instant. "I'll tell you what is the worst man I ever knew. It's a coward. Cowardice is the unforgivable sin. A doctor came to see me—came in here with a confident air and examined my old heart and turned and was going but without a word. I saw by his face he was a man who was licked. He had no fighting nerve. I've never seen this man since. He never came back. I telephoned for him and I could hear him tell the poor girl who was lying for him at the telephone to say 'that he was out.'

"'That's all right,' I said to her. 'Tell the doctor I can't see him, but I am reading his mind. I can read every thought in it,' I said. 'If by forsaking his duty in that way he had caused the death of my wife, I would kill him.'

"I am not afraid," he said, as I left him and his head sank deeper in the big pillow and his voice lost its militant ring. "I am taking nothing—no baggage with me. I brought none. But I shall take as much as any Astor or Vanderbilt ever took on his voyage. Come in again, or," the look in the fireless gray eyes was significant, "come in over there."

PREPARING TO TURN OUT PENNIES.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Washington, Aug. 9—Officials of the mint bureau expect that the coinage of the new Lincoln pennies, with the first two initials of Victor D. Brenner's name removed, in accordance with instructions from Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh, will be resumed the latter part of this week at the Philadelphia mint. The work of removing the initials V. and D. from the dies from which the pennies are struck is a comparatively simple operation and will require only a day or two.

WOOSTER WOOL DEALER MISSING

Known to Have Money and Foul Play Is Feared by Friends.

Wooster, O., Aug. 9.—Complete mystery envelops the disappearance of Charles N. Zimmerman, a grain and wool dealer of Burbank. On July 17 he went to Philadelphia to dispose of $12,000 worth of wool.

Arriving there he wrote to Mrs. Zimmerman. Two days later he was in this city and gave his consent to the issuing of a marriage license for Miss Mabel Zimmerman, his daughter, and Clyde McMillan.

Zimmerman while here had a draft for $7000 cashed. He remarked that he had to catch a train for Altoona, Pa. Since then no word had been received from him.

His affairs are said to be in good shape, and as his home relations were pleasant, it is thought he has met foul play.

Should Zimmerman's body be found identification would be easy, as he has six toes on the right foot.

HIGH TAXES FORCE THE CENTRAL TO MOVE

Big Corporation Will Take Shops to Near Youngstown With 1400 Men.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Pittsburg, Aug. 9.—Owing to the continued trouble with labor unions and the high taxes inside Pennsylvania, the New York Central Railroad company has decided to move its Pittsburg & Lake Erie railroad shops from Pennsylvania to Ohio, a deal having been closed for a large tract of ground near Hazleton, O., in the Youngstown district.

The shops at McKees Rocks and all motive power headquarters will be moved across the line into Ohio.

This means the taking away of about 1400 men from the Pittsburg district. Many of them own their own homes at McKees Rocks and have worked for the Pittsburg & Lake Erie there for years.

SCIENTISTS INTERESTED IN A NEW FIND

By Sun Leased Wire.

Washington, Aug. 9.—A discovery of considerable interest to scientists and archaeologists was made today by workmen engaged in excavating in the rear of the white house offices for the foundation of the addition which is to occupy the ground used until now as a tennis court.

At a depth of about four inches the men found a small canvas covered rubber ball. The experts who saw it said that it was used in a game of tennis and that it might have been violently driven into the earth during the period covering the years 1901 to 1909, which is known as the Roosevelt ian era.

U. S. TO GET PART LOAN

By Sun Leased Wire.

Washington, Aug. 9.—The state department according to advices received from Pekin has practically won its fight for an American share of the new Chinese railway loan of $27,500,000 and it is expected that before long there will be a definite announcement from China that the bankers of America who have asked for a portion of the loan will be given an equal share with the British, German and French bankers.

Died After Long Illness.

Canal Dover, Aug. 10.—(Special—Mrs. Catherine Baker died at her home near here after a two years' illness with consumption.

Gov. John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, will lecture at Point Breeze Chautauqua, Smithville, Ohio, Aug. 21st at 2 p. m.

ATTACK MADE ON THE TARIFF BILL

By Sun Leased Wire.

Washington, Aug. 9.—Democratic leaders make no concealment of their purpose to draw freely from Republican speeches for their ammunition in the next campaign.

The Congressional Record, which is still appearing, carrying the surplusage that could not be handled in regular editions, teems with incendiary speeches on the tariff delivered by Republican senators.

The Democratic speech on the tariff according to minority leaders was delivered by Senator Clapp of Minnesota. He denounced the tariff bill as a sham from cover to cover, and declared, just before he left Washington today, that he would criticize the new law from the stump. Senator Dolliver of Iowa used strong language in characterizing the tariff bill speaking of it as an effort to dupe "with humbug and misrepresentations."

"There is coming a day of reckoning," said Mr. Dolliver. "No English-speaking people will commit the manufacture of their clothing to a syndicate with a license embodied in its laws, to make its own terms with its customers, wholly uninfluenced by the market conditions of the outside world."

Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin has already hit the Chautauqua circuit, and what he is saying about the new tariff law makes the average Republican blush with rage.

Representative Davis, an insurgent Republican from Minnesota, gave out a statement recently in which he went after the tariff law hammer and tongs, declared that it was in violation of the party's platform pledges and expressed the belief that public sentiment would force congress at the December session to revise the tariff downward instead of upward as in the Payne-Aldrich law.

All of this is very encouraging to the Democrats, who intend to give these Republican expressions wide publicity in the congressional campaign of 1912.

ROOSEVELT'S CHUM'S WIFE CHARGES NON-SUPPORT

NOW ONLY ABLE TO EARN $3600 A YEAR, JUDGE DISCHARGES HIM.

By Sun Leased Wire.

New York, Aug. 9.—Charging non-support, Mrs. Sessa M. Boyd today appeared in police court against her husband, Charles S. Boyd of 58 West Fifty-seventh street, who served two terms as superintendent of public works.

The wife, who lives at 62 West Fifty-third street, said she received $1200 a year private income. Upon this testimony Magistrate O'Connor discharged Boyd, who declared that in the financial troubles of 1907 he had met with serious reverses, and since then has only been able to earn $3600 a year.

Boyd is a personal friend of former Governor Odell. They rowed together on the Columbia varsity crew in 1877. He is more than six feet in height and of athletic build. He was a chum of Theodore Roosevelt and formerly lived at the Calumet club.

Mrs. Boyd is a daughter of Francis A. Moran of Brooklyn and divorced Nathan Smith whom she married in 1888.

Boyd's father was Samuel L. Boyd, a wealthy drygoods merchant of New Orleans.

WORST BOY IN THE WORLD BACK TO REFORMATORY

PECKS BAD BOY WAS A "MAMMA'S" KID BESIDE THIS CHICAGO LAD

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Lawrence Benner, termed "The worst boy in the world"—will return to the reform school today where he has already served one term, and professional boy tamers will attempt again to subdue him.

Those who know Lawrence best say Peck's Bad Boy was a "mamma's boy" when stacked up against Lawrence. He started out young and scratched his mother, broke his bottles and cried all night as a baby. At 2 he had a neighborhood reputation. At 3 the neighbors said he was a "terror" and at 4 a "young devil."

Between 6 and 10 he "licked" all the boys in his neighborhood.

Lawrence's father had died in the meantime and his mother had married again. At 10 he began stealing his mother's furniture. He stole linens and dishes and finally stole the blankets from his stepfather's bed. This was the cause of his first arrest and term in the parental school.

He returned home about three months ago and resumed operations at the old stand. He stole his stepfather's best suit of clothes and pawned them for 15 cents with which he bought ice cream.

Mr. Benner threatened to move unless Lawrence was again deported and his mother turned him over to the authorities for the second time.

GIRL MURDERED IN THE EAST

BAFFLING MYSTERY IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., PUZZLES THE POLICE.

BODY IN A CEMETERY

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 9.—A baffling murder mystery was unearthed Monday when the body of Miss Anna Shumacher, aged 17, was found in a lonely spot in Holy Sepulchre cemetery. The girl had been beaten to death with a heavy stone.

The spot for the crime was one ideally situated for such a deed. The girl visited the cemetery Sunday morning, and in a lonely part of the grounds was attacked by an unknown. That the girl fought desperately for her honor and life was shown by the signs of a struggle about the place.

When Miss Shumacher failed to return from the cemetery late Saturday night the police were notified. They, in turn, notified the authorities of Greece, in which town the cemetery is located.

Constables Baker and Friedman, searching for the girl, found the body Monday.

STRIKE IN INSANE HOSPITAL.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Refusing to work under Miss Alice Breckenridge, a supervisor, thirty-one employes of the Elgin State Hospital for the Insane, precipitated a strike here today. The officials do not know how the patients are to be cared for.

HANGS A FIEND

NEGRO WHO ATTEMPTED ASSAULT ON GIRL IS STRUNG UP.

DIES AT A CHURCH

By Sun Leased Wire.

Hoskinsville, Ky., Aug. 10.—Wallace Miller, a negro who attempted yesterday afternoon to assault Lulu Waddington, the eleven-year-old daughter of Thomas Waddington, a prominent Trigg county farmer, was lynched last night by a mob of fifty men.

The mob took him from the brothers of the girl, who were carrying the negro to jail at Cadiz and strung him up in front of Mount Taber church.

The negro's home was at Cadiz, and he had been visiting in the neighborhood.

Mary Withdraws Suit.

New York, Aug. 10.—Clifford W. Hartridge, attorney for James K. Hackett tonight issued a statement saying that Miss Mary Mannering had withdrawn her suit for divorce against her husband, James K. Hackett.

ELEVEN DEAD IN A FIRE

SEVERAL MORE INMATES OF BURNED HOTEL ARE IN HOSPITAL.

CAUGHT IN THEIR ROOMS

By Sun Leased Wire.

Victoria, B. C. Aug. 10.—Fire this morning destroyed the Okanagan hotel, Vernon, consuming also the properties of the Royal Bank of Canada, Burns and company, Morris and company, druggists and F. A. Loveridge.

There were seventy-four inmates in the hotel, a three-story brick affair, which burned rapidly.

Eleven are known to have perished.

Five are seriously burned and are in the general hospital, and their recovery is despaired of.

In the majority of instances the guests were burned in their rooms, escape being shut off by the burning of the staircase before they discovered their peril.

BULLETS FLY IN A DOCK STRIKE

"We Would Rather Die Than Leave Ft. William," Strikers Declare.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Fort William, Ont., Aug. 10.—Bullets flew today as a result of the dock strike. The police began a search of steamers for men hiding and when some of those found resisted and called for help from their comrades, the police pulled them out, and it is alleged, opened fire on them, wounding a number of the men.

The police charged upon the crowd and dragged the ringleaders of the strike to the police station. Signals have been given by the pickets to the strikers to gather, and more trouble is expected.

"We would rather die than leave Fort William, and will shoot men who take our places," shouted one leader.

DIES A POOR MAN.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Denver, Aug. 10.—Bob Womack, who discovered Cripple Creek in 1891, turned it from a cow pasture into a mint when he sunk the first shaft in the district, is dead.

Womack sent $250,000,000 into the markets of christendom and gave the secret of his find to others.

He died today dependent upon the charity and gratitude of those he had enriched.

He discovered what is now the El Paso, one of the greatest mines of the district, sold for $300 and never found another vein rich enough to pay.

He was a herder when he made the strike.

He was born in Lexington, Ky., sixty-six years ago.

TOWNS SWEPT BY FIRE

Flames Wipe Out Hanlon's Point in Toronto, Causing Two Deaths.

MONTICELLO IS BURNING

Two Thousand Summer Colonists Are Without Shelter. Flames Are Gaining Headway.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Toronto, Aug. 10.—Hanlon's Point amusement park and Eastern league baseball grounds were swept by fire late this afternoon. The fire started through an explosion in the Gem theatre, a motion picture concern, about 3:45 p. m., and by 6 o'clock there was not a building left standing in the entire grounds. Five minutes after the first outbreak the park was a roaring mass of flames.

Miss A. English, the cashier in the theatre, was surrounded by flames before she could escape and so terribly burned that she died shortly after being rescued.

A young woman, who was identified later as Clara Andrews of Coburg, was burned to death in the figure eight, her charred body being found in the ruins.

At 4:15 the flames reached Hanlon's hotel, a five story frame structure which stands on the bank of the lagoon, separating the bay from the lake. The guests had hardly time to seize their clothing before the entire place was in a blaze. They were taken off on the boats from the rear entrance.

The baseball stands, which entirely surrounded the park and which were the finest in the Eastern league, and had only been in use one year, are completely destroyed, along with the amusement concerns of all kinds, the boat house, the club house of the Toronto Rowing club and a number of summer cottages south of the park. The total loss will reach a half million dollars.

Monticello in Flames.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Aug. 10.—Monticello, the famous summer resort and the county seat of Sullivan county, is in flames. At midnight the entire business section of the village had been destroyed. Two thousand summer colonists, most of them from New York, have been bereft of hotels and boarding houses, and there is no hope that the rest of the town can be saved.

The residents and the summer visitors helped fight the flames alongside the members of the fire department, but the flames were already beyond control and automobiles were rushed for aid to the fire departments of Middleton, Port eJrvis and Liberty, the nearest towns.

At midnight, however, the flames were still gaining headway towards the cottages and hotels in the suburbs.

PAYS PENALTY

MAN WHO KILLED FRANK JANKOWSKY IS ELECTROCUTED.

DEFIANT TO THE LAST

By Sun Leased Wire.

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 10.—Adolph Bertchey, who killed Frank Jankowski, after robbing the Manhattan hotel at Lakewood last December, was electrocuted at the state prison tonight.

He was a powerful and desperate criminal, being six feet three inches in height and of unusual muscular development. The authorities expected trouble and doubled the guard in the death house. Bertchey surprised them.

As soon as released from his cell he walked with long strides and an evident swagger to the chair in which he seated himself before a guard had touched him. He said nothing, and his whole manner was one of defiance.

Pinned to his shirt when he entered the death chamber, was a white rose given him by his wife.

KILLED BY MOB

KENTUCKY FARMER CALLED TO DOOR TO MEET QUICK DEATH

ASSASSINS KNOWN

By Sun Leased Wire.

Scottsville, Ky., Aug. 10.—John Simpson, a well known farmer of the Amos neighborhood, ten miles from this place, was called out of bed to the door of his home at midnight by a mob of six masked men and shot to death. Simpson fell at the first shot.

The family of the dead man claims it knows the identity of the members of the mob. It is said the killing was the outcome of a suit instituted by a Mrs. Douglass to recover custody of her children who she did recover.

It is alleged Simpson took a prominent part in her behalf.

Col Addis Is Dead

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 10.—Col. Thomas Emmet Addis, for thirty-five years general manager of the Winchester Repeating Arms company, died tonight, aged sixty-nine years. He was decorated by the King of Spain, Alfonso XIII.

To Grant Amnesty.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 9.—It is reported that the czar has decided to grant partial amnesty to former members of the duma who have been imprisoned or exiled. There is a tendency here to regard this action as the direct sequel of the czar's visit to the Isle of Wright and King Edward's reference to the duma at the banquet given in honor of the czar.