

# THIEVES AND THUGS.

They Form a Community of Their Own in New York.

Head of Detective Bureau Says That "Get-Rich-Quick" Men Are the Most Dangerous of Confidence Men.

[Special New York Letter.]  
**W**HEN Inspector McClusky, head of the detective bureau of New York, issued his warning to 400 thieves the other day to leave the city the question naturally arose: "Where will they go?" The police dragnets were spread and the men were arrested and arraigned in the police courts. They were told that the only condition of their freedom was that they were to leave the town. Every man arrested promised to do so and all were released.

The average citizen of New York who read this announcement in his newspaper the next morning, together with an interview with Inspector Mc-



A GREEN GOODS MAN.

Clusky, said: "Well, that is a good thing." But the average citizen thinks no further of the incident. As a matter of fact the thieves that leave New York under such orders are comparatively few. It is likely that out of the 400 told to get out 25 or 30 will actually do so, but it will be only to move to some other large city. The professional thief, whether he be a pickpocket, a "strong-arm man," a porch climber, a forger, or one of the many other varieties, can only exist in the cities. He finds there is nothing for him to do in the country or the villages. As for the thieves who apparently obeyed the orders of the chief of detectives, they were undoubtedly intending to leave town anyway, as their business—if we may call it that—necessitates a rambling life. As for the rest, one who knows this class of "gentry" may take a stroll any pleasant afternoon down the "Thieves' highway," known in the city directory as the Bowery, and there he will see nearly all the old-time faces that have decorated the "rogue's gallery,"—designated in the vernacular as "the Hall of Fame"—for many years.

If I wanted to find any particular New York thief, for instance, I know a certain person whom I could locate in a Pell street saloon and he would reach my man for me in short order. Thieves are classed according to the work they do, like tradesmen. A man who makes his living entering houses by means of porches would be as unable to get a dollar by picking pockets as he would by silk weaving. On the other hand a pickpocket could not keep from starving to death if he had to go to sand-bagging. Not only do they do their work in classes, but they live in classes. So if the thief I wanted to find were a "strong-arm gun" or highwayman, my man in Pell street would look for him at once in the Cherry Hill district. If he were a burglar he would live in Christie street, and so it would be with all the different grades.

But Inspector McClusky's order, while it has not had the effect of driv-



GOLD BRICK NEGOTIATIONS.

ing the thieves out of New York, has served to bring more prominently before the public the fact that this city is overrun with the worst types of criminals in the United States, and it is natural that they should all flock to the metropolis. Of course, when the "front office" (as the thieves call police headquarters) begins to agitate the question of cleaning up the city, it is policy on their part to remain quiet for a time, but they only do so for a few weeks and then the burglaries and robberies are as flagrant as ever.

Inspector McClusky, who recently appointed to his position, is an old-time thief catcher, and knows many of the criminals well. In talking with me he expressed the belief that the "crook" of to-day was rapidly degener-

ating and that the profits in a criminal career were reduced to such small figures that it hardly paid men with brains to remain in the "profession." The revolution, he said, was caused by the advancement of modern police methods. The very individualities of specialties to which attention has already been called, like one man being an expert pickpocket, another a sand-bagger, another a housebreaker, and so on, leads to the detection of crime. The inspector explains it in this wise:

"If a clever piece of forgery has been done we know a pickpocket didn't do it; so the first thing we inquire is: 'Who are the expert forgers out of the penitentiaries?' There are only a few of them in the country, and we easily locate those that were near the scene of the crime at the time it was committed. Then we fit in the clues. So it is with other kinds of crime. You see police methods have become a science and we are now in such close touch with the police forces of other cities that all the rogues are known, and it is pretty hard for them to escape. For instance, every counterfeiter has his own peculiar style of execution, just as an artist has, and the moment a bogus note gets into circulation the experts know who made it.

"If you will look over the criminal records you will find not only every crook's picture, but you will see a full report of his specialty and his methods of work. We know them all like books, and generally can put our hands on them when we want them. So, you see, under the circumstances it does not pay for good men to remain in the business. The kinds of crooks, however, who have not degenerated, are the wire tappers—that is, the men who tap the wires and get race information, so as to beat the poolrooms—and the steerer to the 'brace' faro games. This crook is of a higher type than the old style confidence man. He must dress well and hang about the hotels so as to create the impression that he is a gentleman of leisure in order to ensnare the real gentlemen into a little 'private game.' But even he finds it necessary to keep on the move, for every large hotel keeps its own detective who soon knows all about the alleged gentleman.

"I will tell you of one class of swindler, though, that is on the increase and who is very difficult to dislodge, and that is the 'get-rich-quick' man. He establishes himself in fine offices in the business part of the city, either on lower Broadway or Wall street, and does a land-office business. His meth-



AT HOME WITH SAFE CRACKER.

ods are so apparently business-like that the police are practically powerless. This class of criminals is more to be feared than the burglar or pickpocket because of his security."

One of the oldest crooks in New York (he is an "ex-gun" now—that is a retired thief) was reached by me through the man in Pell street. This man formerly earned his living as a "strong arm" (highwayman or hold-up man) and did not agree with Inspector McClusky that the criminal types were degenerating.

"Of course, the business is changing," said he. "Take the green-goods man (one who pretends to deal in counterfeit money and gives sawdust in exchange for the real money to the dupe who deals with him) as an example. That is a type that has almost entirely disappeared. He has developed into the man who pretends to have the inside on Wall street, and gets money from out of town. The bank burglar in the cities has disappeared altogether for the reason that it is useless to fight against the safes they make nowadays; but the gold-brick man is simply the old type of the present 'get-rich-quick' individual who sells bogus mining stock and worthless securities to the confident and greedy.

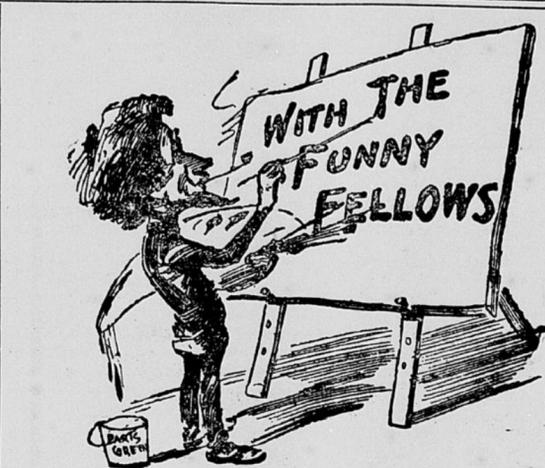
"They say there is no 'graft' among the policemen of New York at present. I am not in the business now and know nothing about it, but in the old days I know it was not an unusual thing to see the safe-blower and the policeman taking a social glass together at the denly be a lot of pickpockets who were not working under the friendship of a wise guy (politician). But I don't know how it is worked now. I am out of the business."

In the meantime, Inspector McClusky's order has given us an opportunity to look a little into that interesting sociological study, the Order of Thieves.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

**Uncle Remben Says:**  
 Most of us like to be deceived now and then. If we found all men honest we'd have so little to kick about that life would be monotonous.—Detroit Free Press.

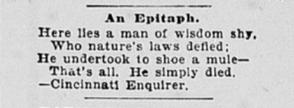
**Perfect Bliss.**  
 "So Madge is to be married. I hope she will be happy."  
 "Of course she will. She's going to have a wedding gown from Paris."  
 —Chicago American.



**Escaped a Life of Woe.**  
 First Tramp—Wot are yer so happy about?  
 Second Tramp—I called at a widder's house fer something to eat, and the woman 'most killed me with a club.  
 "Don't see nothin' in that ter smile over."  
 "I was jus' thinkin' wot an escape I had. She might 'a-took a fancy to me and married me."—N. Y. Weekly.

**An Epitaph.**  
 Here lies a man of wisdom shy,  
 Who nature's laws defied;  
 He undertook to shoe a mule—  
 That's all. He simply died.  
 —Cincinnati Enquirer.

**EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.**



"You owe \$50,000, you say, and yet you want to marry my daughter?"  
 "Sure; unless you know of some other way to get me out of the hole."  
 —Fliegende Blaetter.

**Advertising It.**  
 Upon her finger—dainty thing—  
 She wears a big and costly ring,  
 Which to her lips each hour will bring  
 The smile that won't come off.  
 —Judge.

**Sad Discovery.**  
 Lawson—You know young Jenkins and his wife thought before they were married that their life was going to be one grand, sweet song.  
 Dawson—Yes.  
 Lawson—Well, they can't either of them sing.—Somerville Journal.

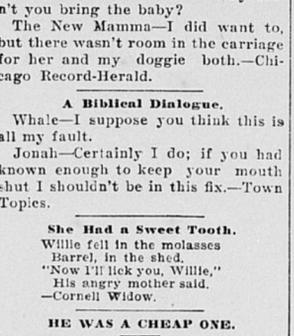
**Fun for Coal Barons.**  
 Mrs. Bacon—I understand if men were relatively as strong as beetles they could juggle with weights of several tons.  
 Mr. Bacon—Well, doesn't the coal man do that same thing?—Yonkers Statesman.

**Hardships of the High.**  
 Her Fashionable Friend—Why didn't you bring the baby?  
 The New Mamma—I did want to, but there wasn't room in the carriage for her and my doggie both.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Biblical Dialogue.**  
 Whale—I suppose you think this is all my fault.  
 Jonah—Certainly I do; if you had known I shouldn't be in this fix.—Town Topics.

**She Had a Sweet Tooth.**  
 Willie fell in the molasses barrel, in the shed.  
 "Now I'll tickle you, Willie."  
 His angry mother said.  
 —Cornell Widow.

**HE WAS A CHEAP ONE.**



The Count—You make me feel like what you call 'irty cents.'  
 The Countess—I've been told that every man has his price.—N. Y. Sun.

**There Are Others.**  
 Southern—That fellow Homer reminds me of a horse.  
 Nixon—Come on with the answer.  
 Southern—You can lead him to drink, but you can't make him take water.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**An Unbroken Pledge.**  
 "Let's go in and get lunch."  
 "Why, we just had lunch."  
 "I know it, but I've signed a pledge to drink only with my meals."—N. Y. Journal.

**Faith in His Friends.**  
 "Don't you think that prices are regulated by the law of supply and demand?"  
 "No, I don't," answered Senator Sorghum, indignantly. "If there was any such law as that the trusts would have had it repealed long ago."  
 —Washington Star.

**Preventive Measure.**  
 Mrs. Nextdoor—If he's such a bad man, why did they let him out of prison?  
 Mrs. Naylor—Because he was fast corrupting every public servant he came in touch with, and the friends of the state administration got scared.—Newark News.

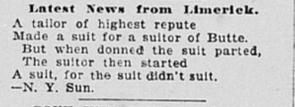
**The Ruling Passion.**  
 "Is there any real advantage in being a millionaire?" asked the philosopher.  
 "There is," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "You can wear your old clothes without exciting comment, which is a great economy."  
 —Washington Star.

**You Never Know Your Luck.**  
 Jellikins—You had a lady with you in your motor this afternoon.  
 Slyker—Yes, my wife's mother.  
 Jellikins—Wha-at?  
 Slyker—Yes, one never knows when an accident may happen.—Ally Sloper.

**Hope Springs Eternal.**  
 "Why does she refer to him as her 'first' husband? He is alive, they are living together, and he is the only one she has ever had."  
 "Oh, yes! But she has hopes, you know."  
 —Town Topics.

**Latest News from Limerick.**  
 A tailor of highest repute  
 Made a suit for a suitor of Butte.  
 But when donned the suit parted,  
 The suitor then started  
 A suit, for the suit didn't suit.  
 —N. Y. Sun.

**GONE INTO THE INTERIOR.**



**Anxious Traveler.**—Could you inform me what has become of the missionary who arrived here three weeks ago?  
 Well-Fed Native—Missionary, massa—oh! he hab gone into de interior!—Ally Sloper.

**Man's Egotism.**  
 Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
 Who ne'er unto himself hath said:  
 "Were I paid according to my worth  
 'I'd have a mortgage on the earth?"  
 —Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Truly Significant.**  
 "I was just telling my daughter," said Mr. Noosens, "that it's really a shame for her to play the piano on Sunday."  
 "Why did you mention Sunday particularly?" asked Mrs. Pepprey.—Chicago Journal.

**Hazy.**  
 "Oh! yes, I go to church, of course."  
 "Yes, but what denomination?"  
 "Oh! whatever you care to give. Some drop in notes of large denomination, and some give small change."  
 —Philadelphia Press.

**Protected Himself.**  
 "Why does Manners take his wife with him everywhere that he goes?"  
 "So that he won't have to explain to her where he has been if he leaves her at home."  
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

**Quite a Difference.**  
 Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Jones complains that her baby is so hard to manage.  
 Mrs. Perkins—Well, she shouldn't expect a baby to be as easy to manage as a husband.—Tit-Bits.

**Strikingly Original.**  
 Patience—Don't you think Will has some original ideas?  
 Patrice—Gracious! Did he ask you, too, if he was the only man you'd ever kissed?—Yonkers Statesman.

**Follower of Precept.**  
 Simpson—You blow your own horn a good deal.  
 Jenkins—Well, if you want a thing well done, do it yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

**Plenty of Change.**  
 Doctor—You need a change of climate.  
 Patient—No, I don't. I've lived in Chicago all my life.—Chicago American.



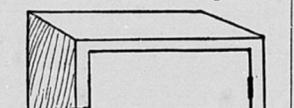
## EXPERIMENT WITH DOGS.

Tests Made by English Scientist Demonstrate That Canines Have No Reasoning Power.

A number of experiments have been tried with cats to discover whether they possessed reasoning power, but the results have been indecisive or negative. An English college professor, Alexander Hill, has been making a similar investigation in regard to dogs. Up to the present time he has worked with only a single animal. He describes in Nature what he did, and expresses the hope that other persons will imitate his example and report their successes to him.

An exceptionally intelligent fox terrier was selected for the experiment. He was first taught the trick of opening a box by lifting a wooden latch with his nose. When he had mastered the art, a spring on the door was stiffened so that there would be no danger of the latter opening by accident. This was not a serious obstacle, but it required a deliberate effort. As food was given in reward for success—a common practice in training animals—the dog would usually open the door without instructions when he had a chance. Sometimes he would examine the interior, but no food was ever placed there until the time came for the final tests.

One day, when he had been sent supperless to bed the previous night, he was allowed to stroll into a yard with which he was familiar, and where a hot grilled bone had been placed in the box. He scented the object and dashed toward the box. Possibly because the smell distracted his attention, he showed only a slight disposition to perform his old trick. He placed his nose under the latch, but withdrew it without lifting. After



HOW THE LATCH WAS APPLIED.

much sniffing, he ran off, returned, sniffed more, and finally went away without opening the box. He was not given a second chance until he had been off for a 12-mile run in the country. By that time the bone was cold and gave off little or no odor. Yet, strange to say, when let into the yard where the box was, the dog lifted the latch and quickly seized the bone. He had now discovered food inside the box for the first time.

A fortnight later the same experiment was tried with the same result. The terrier did not lift the latch and remove the bone when the first opportunity was given, although he sniffed the box eagerly. He came back a second time without doing so. Only after an absence extending over some hours did he get the bone. Here is what Prof. Hill says in conclusion, to justify his belief that no reasoning power was exercised:

"In this experiment the dog knew two things. He knew how to open the box. Indeed, the sight of the latch was so strongly associated in the dog's mind with the action of lifting it that it is surprising that the usual almost mechanical response to sensation did not occur. Had he lifted the latch it would not necessarily have implied that he did it with the object of securing the food. He knew that the box contained meat. Eager as he was to secure the meat, he did not reason: 'The way to secure the meat is to lift the latch.'"

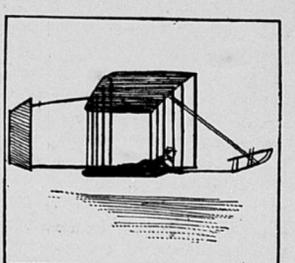
**A Modern Cannery.**  
 A modern cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. After the fish is cleaned, automatic machines do nearly all the remainder of the work, even, in some instances, filling the cans with a motion for all the world like that of two human hands, one holding the can, the other crowding it full of raw-fish. I shall not attempt to enter into a description of the machinery; the can of fish is started rolling on its way, and one has the impression that it continues to roll through machine after machine, hardly touched by human hands. It rolls into the cooker and out again—even rolls itself into a bright-colored label—and finally, somehow rolls into a packing box, ready to be loaded in the car waiting at the door.

**Curling Tendrils.**  
 If the slightly curved, extended tendril of a young leaf of pea or vetch be watched carefully it will be found that it is slowly but incessantly moving round and round in a circle. If the tendril comes into contact with a twig it bends toward it and eventually takes several turns around it. Even a slight temporary irritation is sufficient to cause a bending toward any side. Finally the tendril becomes woody and strong and forms a secure anchor cable for the plant. Not only does the young tendril rotate; the whole leaf on which it is borne is in continual motion, so that it is almost sure to strike against some nearby twig or stem.—Nature.

## AERIAL NAVIGATION

Reasonably Successful American Experiments in Gliding Without Artificial Motive Power.

The fact that a well-known American engineer, Octave Chanute, is about to visit Paris, after an extended tour in Europe, leads Le Monde Illustré to refer to a system of experiments in aerial navigation with which he has long been identified. Mr. Chanute is a pioneer in this line, at least so far as America is concerned, and is the author of a historical and technical work on this subject. The latter is now somewhat out of date, but has never been equaled by any later book in the ability with which it discusses principles.



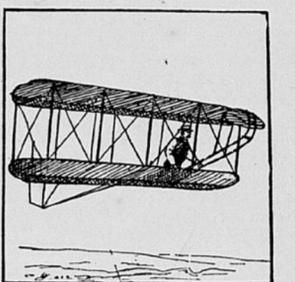
THE CHANUTE AEROPLANE.

Mr. Chanute, a resident of Chicago, has apparently not been actively engaged in practical tests for the last two years, and the apparatus described by the Paris periodical is that of his disciples, the Wright brothers, of Dayton, O.

Two general methods have been employed in the last 15 or 20 years by reputable and intelligent students of aerial navigation. One was to secure lifting power for an airship by means of gas. The other was to rely on the principle exhibited when a card, thrown edgewise horizontally, sustains itself sufficiently for a long flight. Among the most conspicuous devotees of the second system were Langley, Sir Hiram Maxim, Lilienthal and Chanute. The first two equipped their aeroplanes with mechanism designed to drive the latter forward. The other two acquired horizontal velocity through the force of gravitation. By first ascending to a convenient house-top or cliff, and jumping off, they would glide gently down an aerial slope several rods in length. Only a slight push ahead was necessary in launching these aeroplanes. Their weight and that of the navigator was enough to carry them forward for an appreciable distance.

Lilienthal continued his experiments through several years, varying the form of his apparatus, changing his own position in it, and also altering the conditions of the test. He was not able to keep his mechanism right side up in a gusty wind, but if he faced a gentle, steady breeze, while it would retard his progress, it would also show a tendency to lift him above a horizontal plane. It should be added that Lilienthal tried several kinds of rudder, the art of steering being an important feature of his investigation. He also meditated annexing a screw propeller and adding a light motor to drive it. His untimely death through the wrecking of his apparatus, however, put an end to that scheme.

Neither Mr. Chanute nor the Wright brothers have attempted to use artificial means of propulsion. They have sought to ascertain the best methods of balancing and steering their aeroplanes. They felt sure that if the many little problems involved in short flights with safety



THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE.

could be solved, it would be an easy matter to add screws and engines later.

Messrs. Wright have a two-story aeroplane. Each of the flat surfaces of their craft is nine meters (nearly 30 feet) long and 1.52 meters (about five feet) wide. One is directly above the other, at a distance of about five feet, the two being braced together like the framework of a "box kite." The greatest extension of the device is at right angles with the direction taken during flight. A small horizontal aeroplane, out in front, is so arranged that a slight alteration in its slant will steer the craft upward or downward, and a vertically disposed aeroplane in the rear effects a change of direction to the right or left. Both of these rudders are controlled by the navigator, who lies nearly flat at as low a level as possible.

According to our French contemporary, from which the accompanying pictures are taken, 700 flights have been made with the type of airship here described without serious accident. Possibly the figures include experiments made by Mr. Chanute as well as those of the Dayton men, but the figures are probably correct.

**Paper of Chinese Origin.**  
 Paper was invented by the Chinese 123 years before the Christian era.