

MOTHER M'GAREY'S INDUSTRY

The Old Lady Is an Accomplished Pickpocket and Prefers to Ply Her Profession at Funerals



MOTHER M'GAREY

"Mother" Mary E. McGarey, one of the shrewdest old rascals with whom the police of this city have to deal, is again at her old business of picking pockets. It is not known that she ever ceased plying her trade, but of late the detective department has heard little of her. A number of cases has been reported which savored of the old lady's skill, but the officers have been unable to trace any of them directly to her. The woman is a pickpocket, and a good one, if such an adjective may be applied to such an industry. Many a person in this city who has had occasion to attend more than one funeral during the past year, at which a large number of persons congregated, may have noticed an innocent-looking old woman, who appeared to be a friend of the bereaved family, mingling among the crowd at the house or church, crowding into a carriage, and following the funeral party to the cemetery. He will, perhaps, recognize the accompanying picture as a likeness of that old woman. If he does recognize the likeness and again sees the old party, it may be to his financial interest to watch her closely, and it is his duty to notify his friends of her proximity and predilections. Funerals furnish for Mary her favorite field of operations. With the cunning born of long experience and many successes, she well knows that the average person would least expect to find a pickpocket at a funeral, and she profits by this to an extent that will never be known. Her plan of operations is a simple one. Dressing habitually in black and wearing clothing of such quality as would make her appear to be a respectable woman of the middle class, she goes to a funeral, preferably of some member of a wealthy family. Those who do not know her think some of the family do, and she is seldom interfered with. The larger crowd the more certain is her presence, and once in the center of a crowd, her nimble fingers are certain to find a pickpocket's prey. On numerous occasions the detectives, all of whom know her, have caught her in such places, but recently have not been able to detect her in actual stealing. They can, therefore, only order her to leave, and, to prevent a scene, this has to be done quietly. "Mother" McGarey has served one term for picking pockets. That time she became overconfident and was caught in the act, but it did not prevent her resuming her old tricks when she was released. "That woman," said Chief Glass yesterday, pointing to her picture in the rogues' gallery, "is positively the worst of her kind that we know of. She knows we are watching her, but she still plies her trade, and how much she gets only she knows. I wish I could make every man and woman in the city familiar with her face, so that she would be known to them by sight. We can do nothing without positive evidence of her guilt. I saw her yesterday in a crowd at a funeral, trying to crowd into a hack to go to the cemetery, and ordered her to leave. Just before that Detective Auble ordered her away. She works the 'old woman sympathy' racket to perfection. She is an arrant old fraud and ought to be in the penitentiary."

FALSE ALARMISTS

Warrants to be Issued For the Arrest of the Rascals

Harry Neath, A. H. Brown and Walter Brown are to be arrested as soon as warrants for their arrest can be obtained tomorrow. They will have to answer to charges of malicious mischief, disturbing the peace and turning in false alarms of fire. The complaints will be sworn to by Chief Moore and Assistant Chief Smith, who, on one of the charges at least, have enough evidence to convict two of the men. Neath is a former member of the fire department and was dismissed from the service for cause. One of the Browns claims to be an electrician. The three were together Friday night, and, it is believed, turned in the two false alarms of fire and afterward caused the fire bells to strike. Two of them went to the quarters of the No. 3 chemical engine company shortly before the first alarm and yelled "Fire." When the firemen sprang from their beds and were "hooked up," the men laughed at them. Soon afterward, when an alarm sounded, the same two men appeared at the first stroke of the bells and yelled: "It's your go. We know what box it is. You needn't count it." Brown, the alleged electrician, who was formerly in the fire department service, was with them, and is supposed to have turned in the alarm. Later a second alarm sounded, and after that there were numbers of blows on the fire bells, keeping the firemen awake most of the night. The penalty for turning in a false alarm of fire is a fine not exceeding \$100.

Paid For the Milk

John McAvary and Charles Moore, who were arrested on a charge of petty larceny, for stealing a small quantity of milk several days ago, were released yesterday. They stated that they were drunk at the time and did not know what they were doing. They wanted to pay for any damage they had done and as the loser of the milk did not desire to prosecute them, the court allowed them to settle the case in that way. Joe Williams, who was arrested for petty larceny Friday night, pleaded guilty in Judge Owens' court yesterday and was fined \$100 with the alternative of 100 days in the city jail. He chose the latter of necessity. He stole a one Klondike coat worth \$20 and at the time of his arrest was trying to sell it.

Beggars Growing in Number

During the past week fourteen beggars have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment in the city jail, but there is no apparent diminution of the number infesting the city. James Butler was the last to be put away. He

Coat Thief Jailed

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Bought a Fire Damaged Coffin

Wes Hall is the name of a Smith county, Kansas, farmer whose 17-year-old daughter died last Tuesday. He came to town after a coffin, and found one, it is said, that had been badly damaged in a fire that he could buy for \$2. Loading the coffin into his wagon, so the

admitted his guilt of the charge against him before Justice Owens yesterday, and was sentenced to 30 days imprisonment, with the usual chain-gang accompaniment.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The estate of the late Neal Dow will amount to \$450,000.

Professor Charles W. Kent has been named president of a committee that is now at work raising funds to place a suitable monument to Edgar Allan Poe in the library of the University of Virginia.

Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., has presented to the Yale library a valuable collection obtained during his recent trip around the world. They include views in India, China, Korea and Siam, and are accompanied by valuable Buddhist manuscripts.

Mr. Gladstone is the owner of the largest lead pencil in the world. It is the gift of a pencil maker at Keswick, and is thirty-nine inches in length. In place of the customary rubber cap it has a gold cap. Its distinguished owner uses it for a walking stick.

When a child of five years, John Wamaker assisted in making bricks, getting a few cents a day. His first step toward fortune was in the days when, as an office boy, he saved money enough to start in business for himself. He worked as assistant in the office until he had climbed up to \$5 a week, and then, seeing that he could get no more, he bought a little stock of cheap furniture and started to be a merchant.

The Sherlock family are noted horse traders in Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama. They intermarry, and one of the characteristics of the family is the largeness of the men and the diminutive size of the women.

Whenever a member of the band dies his body is shipped to Nashville and placed in a vault. Every year, in the month of May, the family meets in that city, when the dead are removed from the vault and interred with appropriate services.

Sold Poor Milk

John Saul, F. E. Grover and A. Handoy were arrested yesterday on warrants issued at the instance of the health department charging them with violating the milk ordinance. All of them are dairymen and they are accused of having sold milk which was below the standard required by the ordinance.

story goes, he drove around to the different carpenters of the town in search of one who would repair it. Knowing that Hall was well off, the carpenters indignantly refused to do the work, and he was compelled to take the casket home and repair it in the kitchen of the house where his dead daughter lay. The local papers took up the affair, and it is believed that the county will be made too warm for Hall by his scandalized neighbors.—Kansas City Journal.

CALIFORNIA OPINION

Too Tough for Los Angeles

A fakir is in the city with what purports to be a phonographic reproduction of a negro lynching and burning affair at Paris, Tex., some years ago. Although Los Angeles will harbor almost anything, this exhibition was a little too tough for even that city, and the fakir was chased away. It is hardly necessary for the officer to wait for this fellow to be indicted by a grand jury.—San Bernardino Free Press.

A Confiding Dame

Two armed and able-bodied Los Angeles county ranchers shot and killed an old man lately, no other witnesses being present, and were promptly released, when they gave themselves up, on their own statements that they slew their victim in self-defense. Justice seems to be a confiding sort of dame in some parts of Los Angeles county.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Mote and the Beam

A San Francisco paper comes to our desk with the illustrated accounts of two murders and a suicide adorning its first page. And yet this same periodical has often come out with a vigorous tirade against the "mote and the beam." About the only distinguishing difference we can discern is that the ordinary daily paper lacks the attractive bright colored covers of its rivals.—Whittier Register.

No Gold Legislation

It is useless to attempt to minimize the significance of the vote taken in the senate yesterday on the Teller resolution. It means that the upper house of congress, as at present constituted, will not enact financial legislation on the lines of the Reullibon platform and in accordance with the well-known wish of President McKinley.—San Diego Union.

Puckers in Public Schools

Whistling is encouraged in some of the public schools of Philadelphia. The Zane street school, where the board of education has its offices, shrill notes from the classrooms above float down upon the committees in the midst of their deliberations. The repertoire includes "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Home, Sweet Home." Strange as it may seem, the girls, after a little practice, make better whistlers than the boys. They enjoy it immensely, and when engaged in these "recitations" twist their little mouths into the sweetest of puckers.—Philadelphia Record.

Salmon Hatching on the Pacific

The work of collecting salmon eggs at the California fish commission hatchery on the Sacramento river at Anderson, Cal., has just closed. The results of the season's operations are most remarkable. Forty-eight and a half million eggs were collected. This exceeds the previous records made at this station by 22,000,000, and is 28,000,000 more than were collected at the other hatcheries on the Pacific coast this year. These eggs will be hatched and the fry planted in the waters of California, with the exception of 3,000,000 that will be sent to Oregon and 6,000,000 that will go to the New England states.

The Abuse of Bryan

The abuse of Bryan still continues. But it will be noticed that there is a certain falling off in the flippancy of these attacks, and a corresponding increase in their savagery. It is no longer the boy orator in knickerbockers, with a bellows full of wind who is being ridiculed into the political graveyard. It is a power that must be reckoned with—a power that is growing daily and hourly, and that threatens to scatter the tents of the Republican host so widely in 1900 that their number shall pass into a hazy tradition, and their status in history a mooted point among chroniclers.—Riverside Enterprise.

Correct!

School Director Webb, of Los Angeles, charged with blackmail and extortion, has been white-washed but the mixture was lamentably thin and the men who applied it are regarded as a disgrace to their city and an embarrassment to the public interests.—San Diego Tribune.

Persia's Date Industry

The date industry is in Persia the most profitable of all agricultural pursuits, about 50,000,000 pounds being grown annually. About one-half of the dates go to India, Europe, America and Africa, valued at the local custom houses at about \$425,000.

Brothers Long Unacquainted

In Delaware two brothers lived for forty years within eight miles of each other, attended the same church and frequently traded with each other, without knowing they were related.

Water works disinfection on a wholesale plan was tried at Maldstone, Eng., according to British journals, which state that Dr. Sims Woodhead treated the reservoir and mains of a district of that city with a heavy dose of chloride of lime. About ten tons of the lime were mixed with 240,000 gallons of water in the reservoir, and the solution allowed to flow into the mains. At a certain hour it was turned into all the house connections in the district, and what did not escape in this way was eventually blown off through hydrants. The disinfection was done to destroy typhoid germs.

Reports of the American Bible society show an increased circulation of Bibles in South Africa and an increased demand in Bohemia, while the circulation in South America is not falling off.

The late Miss Coroline Talman of New York city bequeathed \$165,000 to religious and charitable institutions in that city, chiefly of the Protestant Episcopal church.

PERSONAL

Mrs. J. M. Erdman will leave for New York Tuesday.

L. D. Atkins of Los Angeles registered at the National hotel, Washington, D. C., Thursday.

Among the Angelenos at San Francisco hotels Friday were Herman Strayer, W. Nichols, W. Walsh, W. White, D. Parker, J. Pleasant, L. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Tedford and R. H. Raphael.

FRONTIER WEDDING

"There ain't no accountin' fer tastes," said Silas, thoughtfully, "specially when it comes to marryin'." Silas had been ruminating for an hour or more in perfect silence, chewing a stump, his legs stretched out on the grass, his hat tilted over his eyes, and a look of contentment upon his visage. He selected another straw with great care, and as he cleaned the stem of his short black pipe with it, looked sagely over at his crony, Bill, who reclined in the shadow of the great oak tree, his arms crossed under his frowsy head, and his gaze directed upon the sky, as he flickered leaves to the lazy clouds floating in the blue sky. Bill turned upon his side and looked at Silas, who settled himself back for his smoke and continued: "Now there's Mary an' me. There ain't no person in a thousand who'd popped the question Mary tol' me herself, pint blank, that it wa'n't. 'You're as shifless as shifless can be,' Mary said, 'an' I'm a fool, Silas Martin to lissen to you a minute.' Mary didn't understand me very well then, you know, 'an' for that matter, I don't know for sometimes thinks I'm idlin' when I work'my min' at a perfectly exhaustin' rate." Bill disguised a grin by a prodigious yawn, and Silas mended on. "Well, as I was sayin', Mary said 'you're shifless, but I'm forhanded myself, an' if you go an' marry some woman shifless jus' shifless as you are, mischievous boun' to come of it. You'll be sure to do jus' that, if I don't have you; it's my plain duty to take you, an' she did, fer Mary ain't one to shirk duty. 'You see in the five years I'd been courtin' of her she had come to believe that it was a chance whether I knowed how to look after myself or not, an' had got to look after bossin' me. Now my grand dad, the one that rode from Virginy to Illinois a horseback through the injun country, way back in the thirties, he didn't believe in courtin'." "No, he didn't," drawled Bill, with just the proper show of interest. "No," Silas replied, drawing his legs up and clasping his knees for greater comfort in leaning against the stump, "an' granddad 'lowed that courtin' was 'gainst nature and bad fer character." Bill raised his eyebrows in a way that surprised and encouraged by this sign Silas explained. "He looked on it just as honest folks look on lawin' and 'lowed that lovers is just like lawyers. They can't be honest and win their case. They jus' bring forward all the facts and arguments that they can get their hands 'back all that ain't, even if they don't lie outright, and most of them does."

"That's human natur, anyhow," protested Bill, "and so your granddad was wrong."

"Yes, maybe, but he 'lowed that courtin' was investin' a lot of time and sometimes money, and gamblin' on the outcome. He used to say there wa'n't no more reason why a man and woman shouldn't make a match of it without any nonsense than that birds should fool around half the season and lose their eggs, and then sit and wait for their mate to come and build their nests. The best way, he thought, was to mate first and get in the habit of courtin' afterward. It makes marryin' more satisfactory if it was understood that the courtin' was to last a life time, and to gambol on the result of the sparokin'. I do just believe there would be fewer unhitchin' and breakin' away from the married traces if there wuz more courtin' afterward and less before. Now, granddad had experience, and experience counts for somethin', don't it?" "Never heard of it myself," grunted Bill, "so I can't say."

"Granddad was a great believer in first impressions. He said that folks has a kind of instinct, like cattle and horses, and it guides us in first impressions, and if we'd only remember that, there would be fewer mistakes in marryin'. I do believe that if we'd only remember that, there would be fewer mistakes in marryin'. I do believe that if we'd only remember that, there would be fewer mistakes in marryin'."

"The preacher went to one house and then to another, and he kept on sayin' that he pintoed out, for it might not be convenient for one family to entertain them both. Backwoods folks was mighty clever, but sometimes they was scarce in the matter of plates and spoons, though they always had plenty to eat, such as it was, being grown annually. About one-half of the dates go to India, Europe, America and Africa, valued at the local custom houses at about \$425,000."

"Well, as granddad was goin' in at the door of the cabin where he was to ask for his dinner, he saw a girl stavin' in 'nigh the river where fish was plenty. She was about 17, was barefoot and had on a blue linsey wool dress. Her hair was yaller and her cheeks wuz like red apples. Granddad he walked up to her and give her a look. She looked at him, 'nigh as she could, and her blue eyes dancin' with mischief."

"How-doe," said granddad, "you ain't the woman of the house, I know, for you ain't married." The girl laughed and blushed more than ever as she said she wasn't the woman of the house. "My you're purty," granddad said, "I'm mighty glad you ain't married, but you're too purty to stay single."

"Maybe you're lookin' for a wife," said the girl, laughin' as though it were a mighty good joke.

"Now, granddad hadn't a notion of gettin' married till that minute, but somethin' seemed to strike him all at once just then. His legs shook under him like a green hunter's does when he sights his first buck. Great drops of sweat come out on his face and his mouth felt as dry as though he had a tech of fever. This passed off in less time than it takes to say 'I'll be' and he heard up and come a little nearer to the blue-eyed girl. He give a sort of gasp, as if he had been runnin' hard then said quite steady and earnest: 'Yes, I am lookin' for a wife, and you suit me first rate. Will you have me?'"

"The purty girl didn't laugh any more, for she see that he was in earnest. "Have you?" she said, so astonished she could hardly speak. "You must be crazy! I don't even know your name, and you don't know mine."

"Well, my name is Tom Martin," granddad said, serious and steady. "I am from Virginy, and I'm going to Illinois to take up a claim. I've got \$700 in money; I don't drink nor swear, am a church member, and 22 years old. What's your name?"

"Jane Smith," she answered, taking up the fish and putting some more in the pan. "Well, Jane Smith, I like your looks and I like you. Will you have me, now or never?"

"Well, I don't mind," said Jane, thinkin' it over until the last piece was in the pan and the grease sputterin' away at a great rate. "I don't mind, and I don't care if I do."

"Now, I guess you think granddad put his arms round her and kissed her and said somethin' soft, for that's what folks always do in storybooks when a girl says she will have 'em, but he didn't. He knowed better. The chance was that Jane, bein' proper brought up, would have clipped him side of the head with the fryin' fork. So he just went to the door and sung out to the circuit rider in a hurry. Granddad told him in a few words that he wanted to be spliced to Jane Smith, then and there. He didn't ask no questions, the preacher didn't, but told them to jine hands. Jane's mother had been to the spring to fetch some water and just now come up. Her father and brother had been in the stable givin' the horses their noon feed, and they happened in; then all stood starin' as if they were daff, while Jane laid down the fork she had been turnin' fish with, give her hand to granddad, and they were man and wife in less than two minutes. Then Jane went on fryin' fish for dinner. That evening they had a big supper, for word had been sent all round the settlement invitin' people to come, and after supper there wuz some whisky drunk, for in those days preachers and deacons took their dram regular and never thought of doin' any harm. There wuz dancin', too, and the young men were moccasinin' they had made themselves and most of the girls was barefoot. The bride borrowed a pair of cowhide shoes and a tuck-comb for the party, put on her best linsey gown and danced with the rest."

"Granddad stayed three days with his new wife, then went on to Illinois, laid his claim, cleared ten acres, and built a cabin. He didn't see her no more for her for six months; then he went back and fetched her. They rode back to their home on a load of household stuff and young fruit trees. They lived happily together for fifty years and raised a family of seven sons. The oldest, 'Lias, he—"

There is radical difference of opinion among leading representatives of the majority party as to monetary reform, civil service rules, Hawaii, Cuba, revenue and other topics, while each faction upon each question has the courage of its convictions and the ability to express them at length. And yet there are those who predict a final adjournment in May!—Manchester, N. H., Union.

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More Than 1,000 Hogs Raised in a Tree

W. T. Harmon, living on the Days Mill turnpike near Titton, has in use a very curious but convenient hog pen. The pen is nothing more than a huge sycamore tree, which is hollow, and furnishes sleeping quarters for at least twenty large-sized porkers. The tree has been used for its present purpose for over ten years, and during that time over 1000 hogs have been raised in it.—Flemingsburg Gazette.

Difficulty of Crushing Stone

It is easier to crush the hardest stone known than steel. Corundum was chosen for the stone in a recent experiment. A weight of six tons smashed the corundum, but forty-two tons were required to crush the steel. With a loud explosion the steel flew into powder, and sparks as it fell to have bored minute holes in the crushing machine.

Neal Dow's Libby Prison Speeches

A man with a specialty is never at a loss for a subject for conversation. When the late General Neal Dow was in

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