

Abbeville Progress

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PHONE 248.

But baseball is such a strain on the voice!

Thunder and lightning! Seems rather familiar.

"Swat the fly." Yes, swat it way out into the outfield.

About the only croaking one hears these days is done by the frogs.

Many persons do not like the cabaret, preferring to know what they eat.

St. Louis boy swallowed a whole crawfish. Fortunately, it wasn't an eel.

Tombstone cutters are on strike—an added argument for the lower cost of decease.

About this time, the preliminary step is taken in the formation of June brides.

Only two per cent. of musicians are bald, but it is too late for many men to join a band.

As soon as all women wear fenders on their hatpins the men can quit carrying nippers.

The farmer ought to be a happy man about these times. Everybody wants to help him.

Our opinion is that the world will survive despite incomprehensible pictures and slit skirts.

However, the kind of umbrella that you cannot lose is not much good for keeping out the rain.

One trouble with simplified spelling is that the authorities still foolishly insist upon regular rules.

Experts tell us how to achieve a ripe old age, when what one wants is to retain one's verdant youth.

While adopting those dinky little hats the dear women cling obstinately to the old long range hatpins.

There is a peculiar fascination in the accoutrements of angling now displayed in certain shop windows.

Some persons do not like the pleasant chorus of the frogs, but some persons have no music in their souls.

A German banking house has failed and its chiefs have fled. The examiner over there has a fierce mustache.

A German banker named Puppe has fled, leaving debts of \$7,500,000. Sort of going to the dogs, so to speak.

For the cure of cancer \$2,500 worth of radium was applied. At this rate few people will be able to afford to have one.

Have you heard the wail of those who are humiliated because the luxury of paying an income tax is denied them?

Is the wearing of a green hat with a neat little bow in the rear an indication that the wearer possesses temperment?

A Boston chiropodist has been arrested for bigamy. Possibly he has been throwing himself at the feet of too many women.

Then there is that morbid form of self-conceit that leads a man to consider himself a hoodoo because the home team always loses when he attends a ball game.

Climbing 200 steps after breakfast took superfluous weight from a woman. It probably would have the same effect upon a horse.

The fact that some women can be induced to resent bitterly the charge of being too well dressed shows that feminism is marching.

And after it has taken us all these long years to learn to spell, why inflict misery through being compelled to learn all over again?

Baseball becomes more scientific every year. Expert fans now have telephone calls arranged in advance to summon them from their work.

Only one child was born to every thirty families in Paris last year, which city would not be a desirable place for a baby carriage factory.

That Seattle judge who made a prospective bride and bridegroom listen while he tried a divorce case certainly doesn't cater to the marrying trade.

Influences of the season are shown to be affecting our courts, one head line chronicling the fact that a "juror was taken out of the box."

A man's throat was cut in a barber shop when a bomb exploded. He complained bitterly because he was not having his shoes shined.

On the latest and greatest steamship just launched there are lifeboats for 5,250 persons. Still, the proper thing for a ship to do with lifeboats is not to need them.

In the Back Bay baby market blondes fetch \$2 and brunettes \$10 in spite of the fact that most of our poetry is about golden-haired babies.

Possibly it has never occurred to you that one sort of suit that is always made large enough to stand a little shrinkage is the damage suit.

The Los Angeles high school girls are to be taught practical plumbing. Now they can lose their finger rings in the washbasin drain pipes with impunity.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



Mrs. Mary Winthrop Turner of New York, whose exhibit at the French Bull Dog Club of America won high praise, is shown here with "Beautiful Doll," a large white French bull that was considered the finest specimen in the dog show.

VAIN WAIT FOR 'WEED'

Snowslide Peril Is Met in Quest of Tobacco.

Mining Camp's Supply Destroyed Through Accidental Explosion of Dynamite Close to Camp—Seven-Up Game Is Played.

Washington.—"Up in the mining regions of the San Juan mountains of Colorado," said Charles Cavender, an attorney of the mining camps of that state, now on a visit to the capital, "the snow is so deep and treacherous that from the first of October until the first of the following June a man takes his life in his hands when he attempts to travel up or down the declivities of the peaks or the steep slopes of the divides.

"Especially is this true in the late spring, when the warmth of midday has somewhat softened the great snow masses.

"In the summer of 1911 a force of several hundred men went up to the Sunnyside mine, perched high above timber line amid the eternal solitude of Sultan mountain. They carried with them everything necessary for their maintenance and comfort until the following July—including dynamite for the mine and tobacco, ample tobacco, for the men.

"Now, it happened in May that a box of dynamite which, through inadvertence, had been set out against the cache where they kept their package goods, blew up one night, and scattered condensed milk and canned beef and such pickled stuff all over the Uncompaghe range.

"They didn't mind losing those necessities; they could do without them. But when the boys found that every crumb of tobacco in the camp had been blown over into New Mexico they began to look serious.

"The first day was not upon that tobaccoless crowd they were in a nervous state that made them ready for anything. About ten o'clock that night the superintendent, who found himself too shabby to work or sleep, wandered over to the miners' bunkhouse and found Big Costigan, a County Carlow man, putting on his snowshoes.

"I bade him, at seven-up, to say who should go below and get the 'baccy,' explained Madigan, day foreman, by way of explanation, as Costigan, having obtained a generous contribution from all hands, set out on his perilous journey, resolving somewhat on the chill of the night to lessen the danger from snowslides.

"It was a gloomy lot that went down on the eight o'clock shift that morning.

"The day wore on, painfully, slowly, tobaccoless; but at sunset, as the superintendent stepped out of his office to soothe a system of badly jangled nerves with a whiff of fresh air, he spied Costigan stumbling over the crest of the divide a furlong away; staggering, evidently overcome by the climb through the thin air of that high altitude.

"As they drew near, Costigan halted and stood, wavering, swinging his arms aimlessly in the air. A glance showed them two things: one that he didn't have an ounce of tobacco on him, the other that it was something stronger than rarefied air that made

"NITRO" TAKEN BY CONVICTS

100 Sticks of Dynamite Also Obtained, Together With 200 Feet of Fuse and 600 Cops.

San Rafael, Cal.—San Quentin penitentiary officials were startled recently by the discovery that 100 sticks of dynamite, 200 feet of fuse and about 600 feminine caps had disappeared from the prison quarry magazine, located just outside the big stone walls. The explosive materials were

were stolen by prisoners. A quantity of nitroglycerin was found hidden about a half-mile from the prison, where a chain gang had been working. It is supposed this was secured from some of the stolen dynamite sticks.

First Salmon Brings \$32.

Banger, Me.—That highly coveted prize of the Maine angler—the season's first Penobscot salmon—was taken at Bangor pool by Charles C. Russell. The fish weighed 16 pounds and was sold for \$32, the highest price

ERRING SPOUSE BACK

Runaway Husband Is Pursued by New Jersey Minister.

Eloped With Pastor's Daughter and Is Captured at Newark—Wife Forgive Him but Boss Doesn't See It That Way.

Federicktown, N. J.—William S. Murphy, the young bank cashier who left his wife and disappeared at the same time that Miss Polly Archer, a nineteen-year-old school-teacher and minister's daughter, departed from town, has returned.

His wife, who had located him in the northern part of New York state after a long search, met him at Newark and took him to their home, where they told their friends that he had been forgiven and was going to start life over again.

Miss Archer didn't come back. After she vanished, two months ago, her father, Rev. George D. Archer of the Methodist Episcopal church, requested a transfer, and was sent to Crozierville, Pa. It is said that Miss Polly has joined him there.

Neither Murphy nor his wife would give any of the details of how he was found or how the reconciliation was brought about, but it was learned that the minister had a good deal to do with the finding of his daughter and the young cashier.

They both dropped out of sight on the same afternoon. Mrs. Murphy had an appointment to go to a theater in Philadelphia with her husband and was to meet him at the ferry house in Philadelphia. After waiting a couple of hours she returned home to find that Miss Archer was missing, too.

The cashier and the school-teacher had been seen together about Federicktown and the neighboring villages. Mrs. Murphy, with an uncle, broke open a trunk of her husband's and found in it a lot of love letters which the minister's daughter had written to him. The subject of divorce was mentioned in each.

There was no trace of the whereabouts of either and it wasn't known positively whether or not they were together. Mr. Archer enlisted the aid of his friend, Rev. Dr. George P. Dougherty of Newark, and in some way the latter learned that Murphy had been seen in Rochester.

Then, about ten days ago, Mr. Archer received a long, pathetic letter from Polly begging forgiveness and asking his permission to come home. He consented to take her back and Murphy and the girl were met in New York by Doctor Dougherty and her father. He presumably escorted Polly to his new home in Crozierville, while his fellow-clergyman took charge of Murphy and conducted him over to Newark, where the runaway husband was quartered in the Y. M. C. A. building.

Murphy, it is said, made a clean breast of the whole affair and asked Doctor Dougherty to try to arrange matters so that his wife would forgive him and take him back to their home. The Newark minister did this and Mrs. Murphy said she would give her husband another chance.

The young man is out of a job. The bank officials filled his place soon after he dropped out of sight, and they say they do not want him back.

Her Titles Are Tangled. Ogden, Utah.—Mrs. Maria C. Van Brenneron Vallinga married James Vallinga, a son of her divorced husband here, and thereby became the daughter-in-law of her former husband. The rearrangement of relationships was further complicated in the discovery that Mrs. Vallinga instead of being stepmother, becomes a sister-in-law to her stepchildren, and Vallinga becomes stepfather to his stepbrothers and sisters. Mrs. Vallinga is her stepmother-in-law. Vallinga is twenty-one years old and his wife is thirty-eight.

IS A CONFIRMED BACHELOR

Col. E. H. R. Green, Son of the Richest Woman, Received Too Many Proposals.

St. Louis, Mo.—Col. E. H. R. Green, son of Mrs. Hetty Green, richest woman, recently declared he was no longer in the matrimonial market. Colonel Green is still a bachelor. More than

WEIRD ARE IDEAS REVEALED

Joseph M. Wade Is Dead, Once Believed He Was Spiritual Husband of Mme. Blavatsky.

Boston.—Joseph M. Wade, a wealthy resident of Dorchester, who had been decorated by the mikado in recognition of his charities to widows and orphans of Japan, died in the belief that he was the spiritual husband of Madame Blavatsky, the theosophical leader, according to the story revealed in a master's report filed in the superior court.

The report was upon the suit of Herbert W. Burke, executor of Wade's estate, against Yamanaka & Co., dealers in Japanese curios, to compel them to restore to the estate a bill of sale of a collection of Japanese and oriental articles valued at between \$15,000 and \$29,000. Burke alleged that Wade was induced to affix his "mark" to the bill when he was too feeble to understand his acts. His contention was sustained by the court.

Wade, according to the master's report, had an "occult room" filled with Japanese art objects, where he went to commune with spirits. From the "other world" he gained the belief that he would begin to get better or grow rapidly worse by December 15, 1904. When that day passed without noticeable improvement in health, the report states, Wade shut himself up in his room and died seven weeks later.

It was when Wade was shut up in this room, the report alleged, that the bill was signed.

Found Body in Fragments. Blown to pieces, a traveling artist, August J. Stecker, lost his life at Noogoora, Queensland, Australia, a few days ago. The remarkable occurrence took place about a mile from Wanora, township outside of Ipswich. The Ipswich police were advised by a man named Linning that a resident, while passing along the road near Wanora, saw a wagon, evidently blown up by some explosive, and the remains of the man, Stecker, who had been camping at the spot overnight.

Earth's Age Shown by Rock. At a recent meeting of the Birmingham and Midland Institute Scientific society, A. W. Knapp gave a lecture on "The Earth's Record in the Rocks." The lecturer took each geological age in turn, and gave some idea of the life that existed at those times as shown in fossilized remains. He also showed how the geography of the world from age to age could be defined from the composition of the rocks. The limestone, he said, proved that the greater part of England was

at one time under the sea, and by collecting evidence of this kind one was able to draw a map presenting all the various periods of the world's development. The lecturer went on to show how the land rose and luxuriant vegetation grew, to be covered in turn by other deposits, leading to the formation of the coal fields. The earliest remains of man were toward the end of the ice age. Would he, asked the people of today, leave any remains? There would be the churchyards and the great cities like Lon-

don, while the deposits in the Black country, which looked so much like volcanic dust, might mislead the scientists of some future age.

Man's Wants. Every man wants an easy telephone number, and an automobile number as complicated as they come.

Daily Thought. Let the honor of thy friend be as dear unto thee as thy own.—The Talmud.



W. T. CANADA

DO YOU WANT \$1,000? If so, just catch a railway mail robber. Uncle Sam will pay you that much for him—this being a standing offer which the postoffice department makes for the capture of anybody who ventures to pilage a train that is carrying the mails.

Train robbing is the most distasteful American of all professions; it is likewise the most perilous, for none. One of the most recent examples was the holding up of the Overland limited, bound from San Francisco to Chicago and points east. It was halted at midnight by a red lantern placed in the middle of the track three miles west of Omaha, and the mail car was plundered, seven pouches of registered letters and packages being thrown out and rifled.

The "flying squadron" of postoffice detectives, with headquarters at Omaha, got after the robbers so quick that the latter were actually unable to make their escape from the city. Assisted by the corps of professional bandit hunters, under Chief W. P. Canada, they captured every one of the holdup men, to the number of five, within a week—illustrating the fact that the days of train robbing as a safe and easy method of acquiring wealth are past. The government will spend unlimited money to catch such outlaws, and the railroads offer additional rewards for their seizure, alive or dead. Pursuit of them nearly always winds up with a desperate fight, and the shooting is to kill.

Chief Canada has under his eight men, all of them dead shots with rifle or pistol. They travel in a special car of extra length, half of which is occupied by stalls for nine horses. Arrangements are such that they can be on their way to the scene of a train robbery within thirty minutes after news of it has been received. Arriving there with fresh horses, they can telegraph for relay mounts as they are needed—two of the men being expert operators, who can easily climb a pole with a portable instrument. They know how to follow a trail that no ordinary person could distinguish, and final escape for the bandits is almost out of the question.

Train robbers have grown much bolder within recent years. Formerly they plied their highly stimulating vocation in remote and isolated parts of the country; nowadays they do not hesitate to operate in densely populated districts and near the largest cities. Not long ago a train was held up near Benicia, Cal., and the mail rifled. A gang of nine men conducted the affair, and all of them were captured and sent to prison, five of them for life, and the others for terms of fifteen years to forty-five years.

Thus, the adoption of measures sternly repressive, the postoffice department is enabled to prevent the robbing of mail trains from becoming more popular as a form of industry—though on an average, half a dozen instances of such outlaws occur every year. But there is another kind of criminal enterprise which has shown a tendency to increase alarmingly, and with which the authorities find it difficult to deal. This is the pilaging of postoffices by professional thieves—the extent of the business being indicated by the fact that during last year nearly 2,000 postoffices were "burgled."

This seems to be, under present conditions, a fairly profitable species of crime. Postoffices are easily entered at night, and there is usually a safe on the premises which, containing as it does the stock of stamps and a sum of money representing postal funds, may be expected to yield anywhere from a few hundred to several thousand dollars. Not long ago the postoffice at South Bend, Ind., was burglarized, and \$18,653 in stamps and cash was taken. During the same twelvemonth the postoffice at Daytona, Fla., yielded loot to the extent of \$5,436; and \$5,240 was stolen from the postoffice at Santa Cruz, Cal.

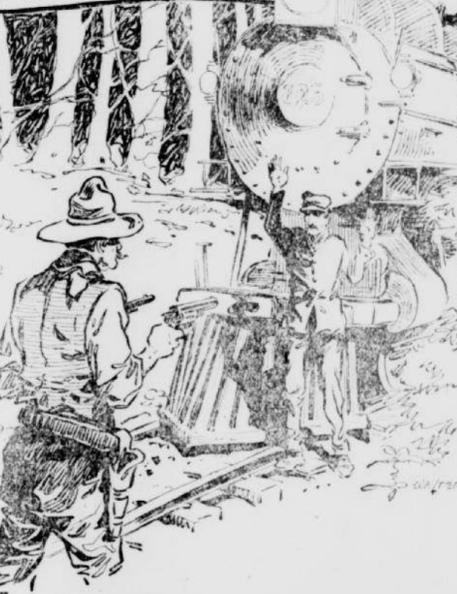
The robbing of postoffices is today a well-organized industry, conducted by tramp-thieves of desperate character who call themselves "yeggmen." These yeggmen have practically superseded the old-time safe blowers. Formerly the blowing of safes was done by a few skillful, expert mechanics, who carried high-class tools and knew just where to drill into the lock in order to break it, or where to insert

an explosive. But the yeggmen practice much simpler methods. Provided with no apparatus except a bottle of nitroglycerine, a coil of fuse and caps, they enter the postoffice through a door or window, with the help of tools stolen perhaps from a nearby blacksmith's shop.

Meanwhile, two or three men are stationed outside as pickets, to give an alarm in case anybody approaches, or to shoot if there is occasion. Common bar soap is used to fill the joints of the safe door and enough nitroglycerine is allowed to percolate behind this "tamping" to furnish the requisite explosion. Then the fuse is lighted, and, at a safe distance, results are awaited. When the safe has been torn open, its contents are hastily thrown into a sack. All registered and ordinary mail that happens to be on the premises is rifled and the thieves make off. Should they be interrupted, they are always ready to kill, and usually they escape. Now and then they have pitched battles with citizens, and the latter, being unprepared, are apt to get the worst of it.

Such a job is easy, nearly always successful, and attended by comparatively little risk. Even if a postoffice robber is captured and convicted, the maximum penalty under the law is only five years in prison. A reward of \$100 to \$200 is offered in cases of the kind by the government, and during the last year 329 thieves of this class were arrested; but the business offers special attractions to criminals of the sort here described, and so goes merrily on.

TRAIN ROBBERY MOST PERILOUS PROFESSION



There was a few years ago, in Oklahoma and Indian territory, a little company of desperadoes known as the Bill Cook gang, which operated with great frankness. They would walk into postoffices in the daytime, take what money there was on hand, and walk out again. As a mode of making a living, nothing could be more simple. But they did this sort of thing so frequently as to exasperate the postal authorities, and, as a result, special prices were put on their heads. Every one of them was finally killed or captured, and bill got forty-five years in what is colloquially known as the "stone jug."

Street letter boxes are robbed from time to time, but this species of depredation is no longer practiced with the success of former days. The boxes now in use are so ingeniously contrived that it is hardly possible to open them from the outside, either with a crooked piece of wire, or by means of a string with a sticky disc of leather on the end—both of these being methods anciently employed. There remains, however, the expedient of opening the box with a false key.

All of the letter boxes in any given city have locks exactly alike, and may be opened with one key. This, as one easily sees, is necessary, inasmuch as a single postman may have to visit and make collections from 100 or more widely-scattered receptacles. It follows then, that a thief, if he possesses a copy of the key, has all the boxes at his mercy; and this is not hard to obtain, by filling off and removing one of the padlocks. Among criminals there are many clever locksmiths.

Fifteen years ago there was much robbing of letter boxes by thieves who worked in gangs, covering up their tracks with remarkable cleverness. Their operations were so extensive that the postoffice department made trials of many kinds of locks, some of which cost as much as \$5 each. Those now in use cost only 40 cents apiece, wholesale; for the authorities have made up their minds that a burglar-proof mail box is an impossibility.

Wooded Through the Mails. Wooded by letter, a young woman in Cairo, Egypt, has consented to become the bride of a man named Elias Gabriel, of New Brunswick, N. J. Gabriel is now preparing a home to which he will shortly escort his bride, who will have crossed the Mediterranean and the Atlantic and who until she reaches this country will never have looked upon him. She is Nadema Beshara. Gabriel was born in Syria and had been in America since 1907. A few months ago he picked up a magazine entitled "The Mises and Ladies' Magazine," published in Cairo, Egypt, and printed in Arabic. In it he saw an article "The Duties of a Woman," signed by Nadema Beshara. "The woman who wrote that article," he told himself, "is a woman I could love." He wrote a letter to her, told her how he appreciated the article and begged for the honor of her friendship. He also wrote to his father in Arabia. Friendship ripened into love and at the end of this month Gabriel will meet his bride-to-be at Ellis Island.

The medical officer went out to the scene, and reported that the man had been completely blown to pieces, only a part of the body, small pieces of the leg, some pieces of flesh from different parts of the body, and a small piece of the head being about the spot. The whole camp was wrecked, and crockery and pieces of cooking utensils were scattered over a distance of about 30 yards. Most of the body and much of the other material was blown into the creek, about 25 yards distant. So great was the force of the explo-

sign that the wagon was blown to fragments, only the front wheels and pole being left, even the axle being broken.

In the Limelight. "The early robin is being mentioned frequently in the newspapers."

"Yes; I overheard one telling a March hare you may represent your state in the senate."

"That is a little girl you are talking to."

"Well, the prediction still stands."