BOLD BANK ROBBERIES IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Many Institutions Plundered by Cracksmen During Recent Months.

HOW NEFARIOUS WORK IS ACCOMPLISHED

Over Thirty Successful "Jobs" in Mississippi Valley States During Last Quarter of 1905 —Are Regarded as Most Dangerous of Criminals.

Chicago.—A compilation of the bank robberies which occurred throughout the middle western states last fall shows that the season was an exceptionally prosperous one for cracksmen. Many a little banking institution was plundered of its wealth by the night-prowling profession.

For a time it was a daily occurrence to learn that a bank robbery had taken place in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, or some of the other neighboring states of the Mississippi valley. Very often as many as two or three banks were robbed on the same night at different towns, showing that several bands were pursuing the nefarious work.

Partial List of Robberies.

Beginning with the first of October and ending with the last day of the old year, no less than 30 successful bank robberies occurred in the states of the middle west. Following are some of the "jobs:"

The bank of Willard, Ky., was robbed on the night of October 9, and pursuing citizens killed one robber and captured four others.

A series of bank robberies occurred in Indiana between October 24 and November 3. The robbers got $4,400 from the bank at Sanborn, $5,600 from the bank at Hagerstown, $6,000 from the bank at Ridgeville, and wrecked the vault at Windfall. An attempt was also made to rob the bank at Odon, but no money was secured.

Citizens of Duquoin, Ill., routed a gang of safe blowers on the night of November 1.

Bank of Creighton, Creighton, Mo., was robbed of $4,000 night of November 3, and the vault partially demolished by nitroglycerine.

On night of November 3 robbers tried to blow the bank at Washington, Ind., and were frustrated in getting $6,000 by the bottom of the safe blowing out before the doors opened.

In blowing a safe at Cherryvale, Kan., on the night of November 20, robbers started a fire which did $75,000 damage.

Bank of Pleasant Plains, Ill., shot up by safe blowers on night of November 25. They got $800. Another gang got $1,000 at Jamestown, Ill., the same night, and a third $200 at Fairmount, Ill.

Bank robbers made an unsuccessful attack upon Danville, Ill., on the night of November 21, and the same night another futile attempt was made at Tamaroa, Ill.

Robbers entered Eldon, Mo., on night of November 25, but were repulsed by citizens, who captured their bottle of nitroglycerine.

John Rodenberg, of East St. Louis, feeling that safe blowers might visit him, posted the combination of his safe in plain view. The expected visit came, and the thieves got $32 out of the safe on the night of November 26, without using the destructive nitroglycerine. He saved the safe.

The State Bank at Chapman, Neb., was dynamited on the night of November 27, yielding $5,000.

The entire front of the American Exchange bank, at Browns, Ill., was wrecked by nitroglycerine on the night of November 28. The robbers got $1,500. On the same night another gangs got $325 at Piggott, Ark.; a small sum at Metz, Ark.; $100 at Lawton, O. T.; $85 at Terrell, Tex., and $1,200 at Vallonia, Ind.

Over $3,000 was taken from the bank at Owl, I. T., on the night of November 30.

Robbers blew a safe at Shelbyville, Mo., and got $910 on night of December 1.

The Farmers' and Merchants' bank, at Forest Grove., Ore., was robbed of $5,453 on night of December 2. On the same night another gang got $2,000 from a bank at Carrolton, Tex.

Citizens at Fairland, Ind., fought an exciting battle with bank robbers on night of December 6. The thieves got away with $800. On the same night another gang got $650 at Ardmore, I. T.

All Precautions Useless.

Banks in all the small towns in these states were literally turned into arsenals, while a thorough, up-to-date equipment of burglar alarms was generally installed and special armed watchmen employed by the banks.

The methods employed in practically every one of these bank robberies have been the same. The loot has seldom failed. Sometimes it has amounted to $25,000 from a single robbery, and it has scarcely ever been less than $1,000.

Not since the days when the famous Reno gang of bandits terrorized the people with its daring crimes has the country been so boldly worked by bank burglars as it was during the autumn just past. With the advent of the rural telephone and the development of the interurban electric railways the states boasted of progress that was popularly supposed to make the profession of yeggman so hazardous that organizations of burglars and systematic looting of banks would be abandoned. But such seems not to have been the case.

Missouri, which invented train robbery, usually leads all the states of the union in bank robberies. This year, however, the state where people have "to be shown," has been outdone by Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas and Nebraska, all parts of the favorite range of the bank robber.

It is strange, but true, that few robberies ever occur out of season. A notable exception was at Royal, Ill., where a bank was robbed of $6,000. This robbery occurred in August. The most remarkable recent case occurred early last fall when robbers broke into a bank at Mineral Point, Wis., and secured $25,290.

Robbers Work in Gangs.

It is singular that very few jobs are done single-handed. It is traditional that bank robbers and safe blowers work in gangs. They send in two men to do the work and leave two guards without. Occasionally there is a fifth man, but not often.

The bank robber is considered by detectives and police officers to be the most dangerous kind of criminal. It is said that bank robbers will shoot quicker than any other type. They are absolutely fearless, and their discovery of the destructiveness of nitroglycerine has made it an easy matter for a "second-class bum" to become a first-class bank robber.

It is said that few bank burglars are mechanics, relying upon the nitroglycerine to open the vault, no matter how strong the safe or how well barred the doors. "Give a tramp a can of soup and a bar of soap, and two or three other bums to work with him, and he'll get into the fanciest burglar-proof safe that was ever made," said a detective.

That so few robbers are caught is explained by the detectives in this way: The robberies occur at little towns, here, there, everywhere. Cracking the safe between midnight and two o'clock, the thieves have often as many as four or five hours of darkness in which to get away. If they can catch a train across country in this time it is a long chase to catch them. Unlike the James and the Younger boys, they don't ride into town in the daytime, shoot up and down the street until the bank is robbed, and then ride off into the woods. The up-to-date bank robber comes and goes under cover of night, and almost invariably relies upon the railroads to carry him far away from the scene of his crime within a few hours.

So it is that the muffled boom of the bank robbery is a nightly occurrence somewhere in the middle west at this season. The dweller in the country town knows what it is when it brings him out of his peaceful slumbers in the dead of night.

There is no mistaking that suppressed roar. If he is a game man the citizen gets his gun and goes out on the firing line; if he is a man of peace, he assures his wife that the noise they heard is thunder.

Few Robbers Caught.

It is a singular fact that few bank robbers are caught. Now and then a gang of them will make a mess of it and bring the wrath of the citizen soldiery down on their heels, but the average of mortality in the business is below that of street car riding and automobiling. Bank robbers work in quartettes, as did the adventurers of Dumas, and about the only difference between their lives and those of the famous Three Musketeers is that the bank robbers' adventures are invariably more remunerative and always less sentimental.

Sometimes everything goes to smash, as it did with a gang at Willard, Ky., on the night of October 29 last, when a posse put bloodhounds upon the trail after the bank was robbed and fought a battle with the thieves, killing one and capturing the rest.

Sometimes, too, a bank robber grows careless with his wealth and excites suspicion by displaying it. This was the undoing of Harry Stewart, who was arrested in St. Louis December 4 while attempting to dispose of $1,000 worth of stamps which had been part of the loot in a robbery at Shelbyville, Mo., a few days before. Stewart confessed to complicity in the robbery.

The greater part of these roving rogues, however, get away without a fight or a capture. They almost invariably work between midnight and two o'clock, when citizens are wrapped in slumber. Indeed, their methods are so identical from one end of the great Mississippi valley to the other that one might readily suppose all the robberies were the work of the same gang. Detectives, however, know better.

The Robbing Formula.

The formula for robbing a bank is simple, simpler than one not familiar with the workings of a gang of safe-crackers would suppose.

The gang gets a few sticks of dynamite, takes the nitroglycerine out of it and carries this violent explosive away. It has been the case, too, that quantities of nitroglycerine have been stolen from a manufacturing plant where the deadly explosive is made in the northern part of Indiana. It is the supposition of Capt. Kinney, of the Indianapolis detective department, that the robbers have this explosive hidden away in some woods and carry away small quantities of it as they need it.

Besides the explosive the other essential to robbing a safe is a bar of soap. Sometimes the gang has burglar tools, some of them of remarkable workmanship; but the possession of these is rare.

For the most part the gangs work with nothing but the nitroglycerine and the soap. They pick out a small city, rarely one with a population of more than 3,000 or 4,000, generally one with less. Such towns have but a small night police force, if, indeed, they have anything more than a night marshal.

The gang sends a man in town during the day to locate the bank. At midnight the whole quartette moves in. The night marshal is hunted up and gagged. Bank robbers have their own colloquialisms for all these things, and if they were telling it they would say they "stuck up" the marshal and "put him away." This means they thrust a gun in the officer's face, compelled him to throw up his hands, bound and gagged him, and laid him out of harm's way behind some building, or back in an alley. Looking after the night marshal is almost always an easily accomplished preliminary. Few of them ever discover there are bank robbers in town until it is too late, and a case where robbers were anticipated by the marshal and routed before they robbed the bank is sufficiently rare to be called unknown.

Actual Work at Bank.

After the way has been cleared in this manner the thieves go to the bank, either pick or break the lock of the bank door with a crowbar, and enter the chamber of wealth. If the safe is inside the vault they first go to work with the soap and "soup" (the latter being their name for nitroglycerine) and blow their way in.

The safe comes next. They make a soap lip at the top crack of the safe door, calk the crack of the safe door all the way down, and pour the nitroglycerine into the lip, from which it runs down inside the door along the sides of the bottom. This done, the thieves put the percussion cap in the soap lip, attach a foot-long fuse, light it and retire outside, closing the door. Sometimes when they are blowing a safe inside a vault they even close the door of the vault. These precautions lessen the noise and minimize the danger of an alarm.

Old detectives say that there are really no safes that can withstand this attack with nitroglycerine. Many so-called burglar-proof safes have been laid open until their experience has taught them to lose faith in the name. True, there are safes that frequently resist attack, but this is because the thieves do not know how to do it; not because it couldn't be done.

The detectives say that bank robbing is a crime in which only white men engage. It is unknown of negroes. Another singular fact about it is that the men engaged in it are almost all of an age. It is not the work of boys or graybeards, but the adventure of men varying little from 35 years. Most of them are ex-convicts. Detectives have observed that a safe blower once "settled," as they call conviction and imprisonment, invariably returns to the soup and soap. The explanation is obvious: He needs ready money.

The inference from all this is that the winter can have no terrors for the bank robber. Handsomely rewarded for his industry, he can retire for a season and indulge in a few luxuries.

If, as bank officials affirm, the bold bank robbers who have made such a whooping campaign this last year take refuge in the brick-walled canyons of the larger cities of the central west after their autumn activities, this should be a winter of plenty of prosperous robbers in the Mississippi valley, with a plethora of money. To be sure a good deal of it under these circumstances would be tainted chiefly by powder and some of the currency may be a little bent, but it will have to be pretty badly shot up to be unwelcome.

Many a small banker would rest easier if some means could be found to more fully protect himself and his patrons.

Bank Burglars at Work.

Ways of the Bank Burglar.

BUCKEYE INCASED IN GOLD

New Orleans Man Values Very Highly His "Lucky" Horse Chestnut.

"I wouldn't sell that thing for $1,000. If I lost it I'd hunt for it like the knights of King Arthur hunted the Holy Grail. That thing exorcised a hoodoo that hung about me for five years. That thing stays with me till I die."

All this, with great conviction, says the Kansas City Star, about a little buckeye incased in a small gold cage that hung on the watch fob of Herbert Herring, a New Orleans man.

"Up to September 7, 1900, I had been the victim of bad luck of one sort and another," he said. "That day I was going to Galveston. It was Friday. I recollect that the train was delayed half a dozen times before it reached the city, and I was fuming. We got there at last and just as I was leaving my car I saw this buckeye lying on the opposite seat. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. I had intended going to the Black hotel that night, but after picking up that buckeye I suddenly changed my mind. A good many guests at the Black hotel perished in the flood next night.

"Later on at New Orleans I was out fishing in a catboat with three other men. A squall struck us. The others, who could swim, were drowned. I can't swim a stroke but I had my buckeye and I was saved. After that I had the thing fixed in this gold case. And that's why I treasure it."

Rightful King of Poland.

Though an American citizen now, Col. John Sobieski, once Prohibition candidate for governor of Missouri, indisputably is rightful king of Poland. He lives at present in California. He was born in Poland in 1842 and he and his daughter are the only known direct descendants of the warrior king of Poland, John Sobieski.

Thickness of Human Skin.

The skin of the men and women of some nations is much thicker than that of others, particularly in hot countries. The Central African negro has a skin about half as thick again as that of a European. That of a negro is thickest over the head and back—evidently to form a protection against the sun.

Necessity as a Virtue.

Rambo—You're always roasting me about my extravagance. For the last four years I've lived strictly within my income.

Baldwin—I think you have. It was about four years ago that you found out nobody would trust you any longer.—Chicago Tribune.

The Dilly Dialogues

A HUMOROUS DISCUSSION OF AFFAIRS OF THE TIME

By CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

Dramatic Critic of the New York Telegraph.

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Dilly Learns a Few Things About Society.

"Dear Uncle," said little Dilly, glancing up in some perplexity from the copy of "The Hornet" he had been perusing, "tell me what is society?"

"Society, my dear nephew," said Uncle George, genially, as he carelessly stood a blotting pad against the rather frank outlines of a Psyche that reposed upon the library table, "society is a curious phase of human existence which has no reasonable excuse for being other than to furnish a livelihood to some altogether undeserving persons who would better be forced to go to work. In other words, my boy, society is but a toleration and has no real status other than what it makes itself.

"Once upon a time it was alleged to be a collection of men and women of extreme culture and learning, who banded together to boost mankind up a couple of intellectual notches, but to-day the designation is altogether reversed. Instead of being cultured, society folk are rude and finicky. Instead of being learned, they are somewhat hollow tanked, and instead of using the elevator, they put the reverse English on brains."

"Do not persons of massive intellect gambol in society, dear uncle?" inquired little Dilly.

"Not so you could notice it," replied Uncle George. "The terms are not by any means synonymous. It would be fatal to social success to have the accusation of mentality brought against one. In other words, Dilly, if you would enter society you should take a primary course in the nearest absurd mansion. Society, however, serves a great and good purpose. It is wrong to cavil at it, and we should frown upon every attempt to do away with social functions. The licentious press, Dilly, occasionally aims a bitter blow at society, but society does not care two whoops in Gehenna, for it realizes its divine purpose, which, my boy, is that noble profession of making the world laugh heartily. To be concise, my dear boy, society is the low comedian of life, and is permitted to draw a comfortable salary for its labors.

"I like to go to Newport in the summer, Dilly, for there I see much to amuse me. I realize at once that Newport is the national safety valve, and that without it many of us would go down to our graves without smiling. Cruel persons have hinted that social usage is a blow at our vested equality in life and a punch in the eye to our national freedom, but this is not true. Had we no society we would know little of the habits of the simians, and all Dr. Garner's work would be in vain. So closely is society aping Dr. Garner's proteges, my dear nephew, that shortly we may expect to see the higher lights of that circle rising intellectually to the dizzy heights where they will be able to climb rainpipes and ask for pennies.

"It is at Newport that society is freest in its scorn for the conventionalities, but one need not confine oneself to Newport, for any really unrespectable resort will answer all purposes. There one may see the carefree devotees of fashion exhibit themselves with all the abandon of an unrestrained lack of vitality. Would you wish to observe the very latest thing in a traveling companion? Go to the nearest resort and gaze on Mrs. Stuyvesant De Vere as she rolls haughtily along with her pet pedigreed porker, dressed in a diamond collar and an ermine bib, at her side."

"But, dear uncle," asked little Dilly, "are not the members of society supposed to pose as an example to the common people?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear nephew," said Uncle George. "They are supposed to pose as an example, but there are various kinds of an example. Most frequently it is an example that gets sidetracked and winds up with a brutal crash on the pavement of publicity. But there, we should not be bitter to these poor people. Were it not for their openhanded generosity many publications that are issued weekly would never survive the first financial frost. To my mind there is no more elevating spectacle than to see the editor of the society weekly calling upon the cotillon leader at an early morning hour. The editor is a manly person, with all the human graces stamped upon his face. The cotillon leader is somewhat distrait and is attired in a yellow bathrobe with carpet slippers on his feet. One watches carefully and listens intently and hears the editor remark that it was a beautiful night for a drive, to which the cotillon leader petulantly agrees, whereupon the editor inquires, delicately, for the health of a lady whose first name begins with Helen, and as the cotillon leader's wife's name is Maud, the latter hastily pushes a roll of coarse microbe-infested currency into the editor's hand and begs him to send three copies of his forthcoming book to any address he sees fit. There are many coarse persons, Dilly, who would perceive a hint of something wrong in the transaction, but that is only the low portion of their minds acting without thought. The editor is a gentleman and he understands at once that his inquiry was ill-timed and that he was being reproved gently but firmly."

"Did he give the money back, dear uncle?" inquired little Dilly, anxiously.

"No, Dilly, I fear his education has been somewhat neglected. A society editor never gives money back. He may build a home for destitute and abandoned typhoid bacilli, or even found a scholarship for the higher education of indigent tadpoles, but he never gives money back. Of late there has been a disposition on the part of the public to ask why society requires so many journals. It is well known that no one reads them, yet they multiply. It is base curiosity and should be discouraged, yet the answer is easy. It would be a fearful thing should there exist no publication that would print the things that never happen. One sees words of praise for society folk in the society journals, Dilly, and one is moved at once to remark to one's friend: 'Ah, I see the Smythson-De Fogartys have permitted their family skeleton to kick the slats out of the closet. There is a flattering article on the touching home life and devotion of the pair in to-day's Social Slush.'

"Perhaps you are waiting to ask me, my dear boy, how the noble and enterprising editor obtains his facts. If such was your intention, I would merely remark that every woman has an enemy, and that the enemy usually is her best friend. The best friend, Dilly, has permitted her foot to straggle over the towpath, and her best friend has told the editor all about it in a scented note. But that is of no material interest to us. We should not inquire too closely into the workings of society, Dilly, for fear we should catch something."

"I have heard, dear uncle," said little Dilly, "that society serves a great and good purpose in the world, and that it is of great use to mankind. Is that not true?"

"Yes, my boy," replied Uncle George, thoughtfully. "Society is of great use to the world. It is just as useful, Dilly, as a necktie would be to a man with a full beard."

JUST A WORD OF CAUTION.

Would-Be Purchaser of Land Is Put Right on Matrimonial Prospects.

In the boom days of Kansas I wanted to get hold of a piece of land in which a widow named Hawkins had some sort of claim. It seemed to be prudent to find out something about her in advance, and I went to the sheriff of the county to do it, relates a Louisville Courier-Journal writer.

"Yes, sir. I know the Widder Hawkins," he replied to my interrogatory. "Been acquainted with her five years past."

"Is she a business woman?"

"Well, I wouldn't say she was. No, I don't think she knows a heap about business."

"Is she what you'd call sharp or the opposite?"

"No, sir, I couldn't say that she was sharp; but I guess she knows enough to get along. Got business with her?"

"I may have. I suppose I'll find her home?"

"You may and you mayn't. Is it a pressing matter?"

"Rather so. Do you know of her speculating in land?"

"Never heard that she did, but you can never can tell what a widder woman will do. Want to buy her farm?"

"Not exactly. How long has her husband been dead?"

"Three or four years, I reckon."

I was wondering whether to let the man know just what I wanted, and nothing was said for two or three minutes, when he turned on me and observed:

"Stranger, you are sorter holdin' back your confidence from me and keepin' me in the dark, but I want to give you a word of caution. Two weeks ago the Widder Hawkins would have jumped at the chance of marryin' even such a lookin' man as you are, but four days ago she sold the petrified body of her husband to a showman for $50, and she'll be that stuck up and aristocratic to-day that she'll probably set the dog on you as soon as you get inside the gate!"

TALE FROM THE JAPANESE.

Native of Nippon Relates in Unique English a Touching Little Tale.

In the morning when I was working on my business under a window which is just located for the street—I have heard so many sounds of whipping accompanied by enormous voices of animal, Bow Bow Bow after Bow, a great many number persons assembled near the place and the tracks of crowd invited me to attend what shall be the accident one cow boy who was leading his bull, with her calf on their way had come to a branch street and the calf refusing to cross it run away off. In order to drive his animal back the boy whipped frequently but the calf did not turn her mind to go. At last the boy took his rope lashed around the small animal's neck and begun to pull in by the edge. The pity calf having a rough rope around her throat while it is increasing more pain pull by pull still she did not advance and felt down in the road. A quite aged gentleman with a fine stove pipe on his head had a compassionable face come out between the assemblage to the boy whispered to him to give up such cruelty—But the poor beast could not distinguish her preserver of the life—on the contrary rushed up on the gentleman to hook him up. There was only a little space to escape the danger, he scarcely got away, but tumbled down in the ground flying away his hat. Then another feller came out and tried to loose the rope from the animal's neck. The ungrateful and awful being sprung up on gain his back and with her huge horns hooked his side and legs but he also escaped the difficulty without no injury. Now all persons could find out no best way how to drive them. Shortly after a kine man coming to the matter he told them to get a wagon and will carry the calf there it is easy to lead the mother so the boy obeyed to his opinion had called a carriage took the calf in and drove the horse with the bull together in safe.

Misunderstanding.

Foot Lighte—I understand he plays a dual role in the new piece.

Miss Sue Brette—No, there's no duel scene in the new piece.—Yonkers Statesman.

Japan and the Philippines Centuries Ago

Religious Feud Existing Between Japanese and Spanish—Japanese Persecution of Christians—Leper Hospital.

There has just been unearthed in an old Catholic monastery in Manila a dilapidated, worm-eaten volume, well worn with age, which brings to light some meager details of the relations existing between Japan and the Philippines about 300 years ago, as well as to throw light on certain incidents in the history of Manila itself.

The book was written decades past by a Spanish monk, one Father Juan de la Concepcion, and gives what is, perhaps, the most authentic historical account of the islands and the people as far back as the year 1500, a translation of the work disclosing exhaustive and valuable information on many points hitherto left to imagination and guesswork.

Among the things of interest just at this time, in view of the struggle which has but lately closed in the far east, is a chapter relating some of the details of a religious feud existing between the Japanese and the Spanish during the period from 1630 to 1635. The story of this feud is of especial interest to Manilans because it tells the manner in which one of the oldest and most imposing structures in the city was founded, that of San Lazaro leper hospital, now in use by the government as an asylum for lepers, cholera, smallpox and bubonic plague patients.

It seems that during the reign of Emperor Dayfusama and that of his son, Xognesana, decrees were issued against missionaries who preached the Christian religion and made apostates among the Japanese, subjecting the priests and their converts alike to the most atrocious tortures imaginable, the former for preaching a foreign religion and the latter for having abjured the religious teachings of their forefathers. Among other things the converts were deprived of their property and, in less aggravating cases, their fingers, toes, nose and ears were cut off as a mark of disgrace. These decrees, however, did not affect the resident foreign Christians, whose individual worship, so long as teachings were not attempted, was tolerated.

The emperor, seeing that some preferred to undergo these tortures rather than renounce their new faith, in September, 1622, as a retaliatory measure, had a large number of Spanish missionaries from Manila, together with their Japanese converts, publicly executed at Nagasaki. Twenty-five were burned over a slow fire and the remainder were beheaded, their remains being thrown into the sea to prevent the foreign Christians following a practice then in vogue of preserving the corpses as relics.

Some days after this wholesale execution, two Franciscan and two Dominican friars were also burned at Omura. Then followed an imperial edict stating the pains and penalties, such as death and civil deprivations etc., against all those who refused to abandon their new religion.

Another edict was subsequently issued imposing the penalty of death upon anyone who should bring priests to Japan, together with forfeiture of the ship and of the merchandise it carried, and to all denouncers of Japanese subjects professing Christianity the culprit's property and goods were transferred to the informant as a reward.

Notwithstanding all this, there were friars in the Philippines who were eager to seek martyrdom, but the Philippine traders, fearing the confiscation of their ships and cargo, if they carried the missionaries into Nippon, absolutely refused to transport the clamoring ecclesiasts, no matter the price offered. The Spanish government also supported the mariners by strictly prohibiting the transportation of monks to Japan. The archbishop of Manila, contrary to custom and to the rules of the church, joined in the crusade by imposing church penalties on the priests or friars who persisted in secretly violating the government's prohibitions, so that the missionaries were hampered at home as well as abroad. This attitude of the authorities, both civil and religious, caused the chiefs of the various monastic orders to hold a consultation. As a result they some time later bought a ship to carry four Dominican, four Franciscan and two Recoleto friars to the home of the heathen Japanese.

When the governor general, Alonzo de Fajardo, heard of the intended expedition, he immediately prohibited it, saying that he would not consent to the sending of any more victims to Japan, whereupon the heads of the different religious organizations called upon him to state that if he persisted in his prohibitions upon his conscience alone would fall the enormous responsibility of having lost souls which they intended to save at the risk of their lives. The superstitious governor, after some deliberation, therefore withdrew his objections, referring the matter to the archbishop of Manila, who at once permitted the ship to leave, but with the ten friars disguised as merchants.

Several times the vessel was nearly wrecked in storms, but it finally arrived safely in a Japanese port, and the friars effected a landing. But shortly afterward they were detected, arrested and burned at low fire by imperial order.

At the request of Philip IV. and Donna Ysabella of Spain, the pope, Urban VIII., by bull dated September 14, 1627, declared these missionaries to be martyrs and patron saints of the second class. This bull arrived and was published in Manila in 1629, amid feasts and popular rejoicings.

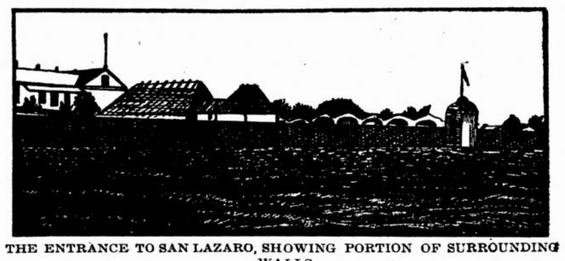
The papal approval so increased the animation in favor of the missions to Japan that a ship was fitted out to secretly carry 36 priests to the heathen country, but the vessel was wrecked off the coast of Ilocus province, northern Luzon, the crew and priests being saved.

After this unsuccessful attempt a large sampan was secretly prepared at a distance from Manila to convey the party to their destination, but as they were about to embark the governor general sent a detachment of his soldiers with orders to stop them.

In 1633-34 the final extinction of Christians was vigorously commenced by the emperor, To-Kogunsama, and in the latter year 69 persons were put to death, the majority being burned, while the others were either beheaded or hung up by their toes and left to die.

This persecution was so effective that all the work of the missionaries was brought to naught, and the churches and convents were all demolished.

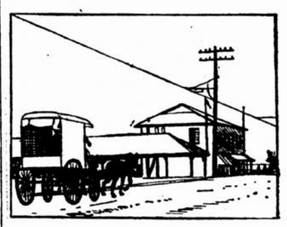
Later on this same emperor sent 150 lepers in a ship to Manila, saying through his ambassador that as he knew the friars were especially fond of lepers he wished to remit them to their care. The first thought of the Spanish was to sink the pest ship with their artillery, but finally a Christian spirit caused them to agree to receive the afflicted Japanese, and they were subsequently conducted, with great pomp and ceremony, through the streets of the city and lodged at Dilao, on the then outskirts of Manila.



THE ENTRANCE TO SAN LAZARO, SHOWING PORTION OF SURROUNDING WALLS.

It was this infected delegation from Nippon's shores which gave rise to the foundation of the San Lazaro leper hospital, which institution, as heretofore stated, is in active operation today. Of course the institution has been improved and so enlarged from time to time that it now bears but little resemblance to the little adobe structure built to accomodate the Japs. Wings and separate buildings have sprung up, especially since the American regime, until the buildings cover over ten acres of ground, but the original stone structure, that part shown in the center of the picture, is apparently as strong and substantial as it was in the troublous days of 1600.

It is thought that from the importation of these lepers sprang the dread affliction of leprosy in these islands, as hitherto a case had never been known, and to-day the number of native lepers will reach into the thousands. Indeed so high is the number that it has become necessary to establish a leper colony at Coullion, where in future all such patients will be sent. Coullion is said to be the most modern town, from an American standpoint, in the Philippines, and the lepers will be given greater advantages there than they have ever known before. The buildings of the town are all of American material, the streets are regularly laid out, a water and light plant is being installed and there will be a municipal government formed among the inhabitants the same as other towns enjoy. So much for American enterprise and charity. When the Coullion colony is ready for occupancy the inmates of San Lazaro are to be transferred there, as the rapid growth of the city has made the retention of them at their present domicile a menace to the safety of the city's population. The Cervantes fire station and the municipal stables occupy quarters, as shown in the picture, not 100 yards from the hospital, an evidence of the remarkable growth of the city within the past five years.



CERVANTES FIRE STATION AND CITY STABLES LOCATED NEAR THE HOSPITAL.

R. M. WOOLLEY.

Incorrigible.

Mater—And what did that dreadful boy say when you threatened to cut him off with a shilling?

Pater—Oh, the young blackguard asked me if I couldn't make it 18 pence, cash down!

No Mystery.

Mistress (severely)—How did this fire happen to go out?

New Girl (innocently)—I guess you forgot to tell me to put coal on.—N. Y. Weekly.

DEFECTIVE PAGE