

HE DINED WITH LORDS AND WORKED "SASSIETY"

ALBERT E. BELL ALLEGED FORGER AND MAIL-POUCH THIEF, TELLS HOW HE WAS WINED AND DINED BY SMART SET

Declares That His Wife's Desire to Have Her Picture Taken Caused His Arrest, But Is Emphatic in Declarations That She Knew Nothing of His Crimes.

Albert E. Bell, the alleged forger and mail pouch thief, who was arrested at St. Anthony's hospital on October 1, will leave Denver today for Philadelphia. In the custody of Deputy United States Marshal Davis. District Attorney Earl M. Cranston will ask Judge Hallett for an order of removal this morning says the Denver News.

Bell has sufficiently recovered from the operation undergone at the hospital to be up and about. Yesterday he was taken to the federal building, both in the morning and the afternoon, where he conversed freely with Inspector Sullivan and others.

Reporters were permitted to talk with Bell yesterday for the first time. His appearance and character present traits rarely found in a man with the criminal record which is said to be his. Bell is slight of frame, delicate to the degree of frailty, a condition not altogether attributable to sickness, as his feature, small hands and feet and slight frame indicate that he would not be robust if in perfect condition. Second to his frailness of constitution his air of gentility is noticeable, a characteristic which is enhanced by the man's speech. He speaks as one accustomed to the refinement and elegant practices of society; he chooses his words well and utters them with peculiar eastern accent and blandness.

His attire yesterday comported well with his manner and address. Without appearing foppish Bell's apparel conveyed the impression that he was discriminating in the matter of dress. His wear was entirely black, including a light overcoat made of goods of the finest texture. His linen was immaculate, his shoes of the latest vamp and his suit, hat and tie were in good form and of modish pattern.

Says Wife is Innocent.

When prepared to speak a pleasing intelligent smile lit his face. "I have run a long road with varying success," said he, as he drew a chair from his overcoat pocket and settled easily in his chair for a general talk on the subject of his capture. "I am asked permission to make a statement with reference to my wife before I leave Denver. Of our marriage and subsequent relationship as well as all matters personal I have nothing to say. But in connection with the crimes of which I stand charged and will make admissions when the proper time comes I want it reiterated that Mrs. Bell has had no inkling of them. Neither have I implicated her in the commission of any of them.

"It has been said that I had her cash several checks for me. That is true, but in every such case the check I put into her hand was my own personal paper and called for good money—cash that I had actually deposited. The many aliases which the Pinkerton agencies have affixed to Mrs. Bell were those used by other women with whom I have had occasion to conspire in certain deals. My wife never used any of them. Up to the time of my arrest and undoing she was as proud of our respectability as any of the best wives in the country. Her character is above reproach, and the hardest position I have had to support throughout my career of irregularity was that of a deserving husband in the eyes of the woman I loved and married.

Says She is Broken-Hearted.

"Again I ask that her relationship to me be set forth in its verity. No one was more surprised at the revelation of my baseness than she. Here was a single good influence against which I had to work in all my crookedness. She has returned to her home in Kansas a broken-hearted woman; but I believe, and thank God for that assurance, that she has been wholly absolved from complicity in my affairs by the postoffice authorities. Her testimony can never be of value to the department because she is absolutely ignorant of my record. All that she can tell is that we lived together happily; met many splendid people and formed a large acquaintance; and that as a husband I was at least an honorable and kind man.

"It was my inability to explain to Mrs. Bell why I did not wish her to have her picture taken while in Atlantic City that led to my discovery. When she proposed having a photograph taken to exchange with friends at Asbury Park, I was compelled to consent to the arrangement; the only alternative being that of making a clean breast of my social position. I spared her that humility, but the kindness proved my downfall and only deferred her suffering. That picture was fatal; it was the clue which led to my arrest."

He Worked Society.

Reflections upon the season at Asbury Park, which terminated only a few months ago, Bell related that through his wife's graciousness and superior accomplishment he gained entrance to the smart set there. "I have always operated among the so-called society people," he explained, "and I take it that money makes society. While at Atlantic City I entertained officers from the American army and navy; and just before coming to Denver received an invitation from a society leader to view the yacht races this fall from a cottage at Navesink. I had plenty of money, and to explain my

BEEFSTEAK PARTIES ON THE ROOF.



AFTER DINNER IS OVER



TO THE COOK AND THE STEAK

Instead of garrulous the "slow paced beebes" with roses, as in classic times, society bestows its honors on the juicy steak cut from the beef. Beefsteak parties have become a popular form of entertainment. They are given in the "dungeon" in the winter, but at this season of the year, while the roof top is still a pleasant place in which to pass the evening hours, the hostess of a beefsteak party takes her guests to the top of the house, if she lives in an apartment that has a top suitable for festivities.

The beefsteak dinner served here implies a lapse of ordinary manners and conventionalities, an acceptance of the barbaric formula that fingers were made before forks. Champagne boxes are substituted for tables, the absence of dainty, ornamental and superfluous china making one box ample for the accommodation of two diners.

The young housekeeper with a modest menage finds one great relief in this mode of entertaining to be the few dishes, and consequently the little

work to be done after the feast. Wooden plates from the bakery and wooden butter boats from the grocery serve instead of ordinary table ware. In place of napkins the two towels hung over each box serves as a covering for it and as napkins for the two diners seated at the box.

A beefsteak dinner is not a beefsteak dinner without appropriate "cap and gown." A butcher's apron is slipped on over the gown, and the butcher's cap makes a jaunty head-dress.

When white capped and gowned every one is ready for the juicy steak, covered with a coating of salt and pepper, dipped in highly seasoned hot butter, making every epicurean eye gleam.

There are few persons who know how to cook steak for a beefsteak dinner, but a famous specialist in that line says that the steak must be cut from meat hung just the proper length of time, and should be from four to six inches thick. This steak is first covered with a coating of white pep-

per, then one of salt, and then it is broiled over a stove suitable for the purpose, placed not six feet away from the company. When it has been broiled it is sliced into veritable slivers, skewered on the end of a knife, and accompanied with a three-cornered piece of toast, is held temptingly just out of reach of the guests, who scramble merrily for the steak.

It doesn't sound dignified, nor is it. Who would think of preserving dignity at a beefsteak dinner? It would be like weeping at a circus. Dignity and a beefsteak dinner would be a sad combination. Conservatism cannot exist on a roof top with champagne boxes in front of it and the entire atmosphere permeate with bohemianism.

If you are not spry you are likely to go hungry. The beefsteak is piping hot when you get it and you must exercise a bit of ingenuity in eating. There are ways and ways of eating with your fingers; you can be just as dainty as you please, and you can be careless. The accepted way of eating the beefsteak is to hold it on the three-cornered piece of toast, your thumb on the under side of the toast, your forefinger on the beef. If you do this you will probably be successful in your manipulations.

The menu for the beefsteak dinner is simple. No red wine flows in great horns. The dinner is primitive in all but this. First there is sherry and olives, and on a small keg worth of Rip Van Winkle fame is placed a dish of celery that serves the entire party. After this simple first course comes the beefsteak. The scramble adds to the appetite, and with the steak ale or beer is served in steins. The dessert comes next in the shape of a thick, juicy mutton chop, with a white waffle and a sprig of parsley. With this dessert is served a demi-tasse de cafe.

There is no musical program prescribed for the beefsteak dinner. If there were lyrics singing the praises of the beef, if there were classics illustrative of the clip of the butcher's cleaver or the sizzle of the juicy beef over the fire, then there might be some recognized music to accompany the dinner, but as there are no such selections the music that best suits the mood and spirit of the party in general is selected, and a piano surrounded by the "beefsteakers" is a signal for voices to float over the roof tops of the silent flats and make night—well, perhaps not hideous, but bizarre.

achieved success constitutes an example for the study and emulation of youth; for a few young readers are likely to have discouraging environments as that young man Henderson had. His journey was a long one, from the farm to the speaker-ship; from the battlefield's agony to the national leadership.

SMITH D. FRY.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming. In doing each day that goes by Some little good—not in dreaming Of great things to do by and by.

For, whatever men say in blindness, And in spite of the fancies of youth, There is nothing so kingly as kindness. And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure We cannot do wrong and feel right, Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure. For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow, The bush for the robin and wren, But always the path that is narrow, And straight, for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses, Nor catch them like fishes in nets, And sometimes the thing our life misses Helps more than the thing that it gets.

For good loeth not in possessing, Nor gaining of great nor of small, But just in the doing, and doing As we would be done by, is all!

Through envy, through malice, through hating, Against the world early and late, No jot of our courage abating, Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble Whose winnings are less than his worth; Or he who is honest is noble, Whatever his fortune or birth.

MILDRED.

MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE.

Wonderful Hot Springs at Agua Caliente, Near Nacoziari.

What Bisbee has needed since Geronimo was in kills was a first-class resort, within easy distance of the smoky city, where its business population could gather and, throwing the cares of life aside for a short period, bid farewell to every care and get next to dear old nature as from her bounteous apron she scatters great handfuls of health, happiness and longevity all about her. Such a place in the near future will be the great Agua Caliente Springs, in northern Sonora. E. L. Benton, familiarly known as "Lee," since severing his connection with the famous Lucky Tiger, has bought these wonderful springs, including surrounding land amounting to about 100 acres.

He will immediately proceed to place the necessary improvements on the premises, including first-class bath-houses, and a hotel, along with every feature than can minister to a tired person's comfort.

Along with elegant improvements and luxurious surroundings one of his top cares will be the finest and most irresistible table accommodations in the land. The springs afford water sufficient to irrigate the fine body of valley land adjoining it, and every variety of "garden sassa" known to the apocryphal, along with fresh milk, butter and eggs, will be piled up in front of the hungry guest, while rheumatism lies to the hills and old people are made over while they wait.

The springs are eighteen miles east of Lucky Tiger Siding, on the Nacoziari railroad, and about four miles from the Yaqui river, where glorious fishing can be had all the year round. The surrounding country is grandly wild and rugged, affording rare opportunity for those who care to hunt or prospect. The springs themselves number about fifteen, and occupy a moderately elevated mesa, reached by an easy grade and a pleasant walk of a quarter of a mile from the cultivated valley below, where shade and flowers and entrancing scenery make life worth living. The water is not only warm, but HOT, and one can obtain any temperature desired. The Review representative has visited the spot and scrubbed off several layers of blue dust among the numerous gushers comprising the Agua Caliente springs. The water contains several chemical properties, rendering it soft and highly beneficial in every respect, while a careful analysis shows nothing deleterious. The abundance and purity of the water is remarkable, and every condition surrounding the new resort contributes to making it the finest, most accessible and delightful spot in either northern Mexico or Arizona. Horses and conveyances will be at hand for the accommodation of guests desiring to recreate from the springs into the wonderful country surrounding. Mr. and Mrs. John Foster, who are interested in the splendid enterprise, will manage the feasting operations, which is a sure guarantee of their superior character.

Lee Benton's army of friends in Arizona and Mexico are delighted to see him take hold of this enterprise, which cannot fail to be a roaring success under his able and popular management.

It is reported that the Bode Hill people contemplate sinking an exploration shaft on their big property, which lies about four miles east of Naco, on the international boundary. Such operations would forever settle the question of the presence of metal on the flat lands.

Lesson of a Life.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 24.—This is a story for young men to read and to ponder over after reading it. Young men, with ambitions, may profit by giving the story their attention.

The new congress is soon to convene in extra session, and the first work of the house of representatives will be the election of a presiding officer, who will be known and addressed as the speaker. The man to be thus favored is Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, of Danville, Illinois. In the capital building, at Washington, there is a long corridor known as the Speaker's lobby; and on the walls of that corridor are the pictures of the men who have occupied the speaker's chair. To the large collection has just been added the portrait of Ex-Speaker David B. Henderson; the man who has presided over the national house of representatives during the past two congresses. Inasmuch as this ex-speaker has voluntarily retired from public life, and permanently, his career shall be briefly set out in the following lines. Young men and women will do well to give them consideration.

David Bremner Henderson was born in Old Deer, Scotland, March 14, 1840. His parents emigrated to America when their son was only six years of age. He grew and developed in farm life on the boundless prairies of the Mississippi valley. When only nineteen years old, he enlisted in the union army and lost a leg in noble, honorable battle, under the stars and stripes. Listen, young man! Mark that fact! The young man, just as ambition's sky was reddening with the blushes of morning, became a cripple for life. He could not enter the sports of young men, nor compete with those who had been more fortunate in the race of life. But, handicapped as he was, he did not despair. On the contrary, he aspired.

As the days and weeks and months rolled by, he pored over his books, studied faithfully, and became a lawyer. He continued his studies, and became an eminent lawyer. At last, although not born in this country, he entered the political arena. He strove valiantly against many obstacles, but always succeeded, because of his indomitable will and marvelous determination of character. He studied that bright lexicon in which "there is no such word as fail."

Twenty-two years ago he was first elected to the national house of representatives. Year after year he faithfully attended to his duties. His people appreciated his manifestations of the genius of labor, as well as his well-directed energies. They re-elected him every two years, until he gradually forged to the front and became a recognized leader in national affairs. In December, 1899, he was elected speaker of the national house of representatives, a position second in pow-

er only to that of president of the republic. Only because of his birth in Scotland, he might have aspired even to that higher office. He was re-elected to the speakership for the fifty-seventh congress and could have been continued in that station if he had so desired; but he withdrew from all participation in national affairs and will no more appear in official life. He is the first man of foreign birth to have achieved that exalted official rank.

His life and public career may well be studied by young men and women. In every condition of life he exemplified the wisdom of that saying of Confucius: Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

Success in most things depends in knowing how long it takes to succeed. Valor is stability, not of the legs and arms, but of courage, and the soul. It is wonderful to see what marvels men may accomplish, when acting under the impulse of a powerful will.

Life is a warfare. Men who succeed must always be busy. In life's battle, it remains for only God and the angels to be lookers on. In the orchestra of life too many men are willing to play second fiddle. Colonel Henderson always aspired to be a leader. Of him it may well be said, in the words of Dryden:

What the child admired, The youth endeavored, and the man acquired. Too many men content themselves with being good. Colonel Henderson was contented only in being good for something. He had concentration of purpose; oneness of aim. He acquired two educations; one which he received from others, and another, more important, which he gave to himself. Like Archimedes, he said: "Give me a standing place, and I will move the world."

possession of it to my wife I had then only to tell her that I won considerable sums at the races; and besides received remittances from my family, the latter of which was true. On one occasion Mrs. Bell saw a near relative of mine hand me \$500 in bills.

"No, I do not travel with ordinary grafters," continued the narrator with a certain degree of pride. "Why, I have hoodwinked the most subtle business men in the country."

When asked about the letter of credit brought to Denver, Bell smiled and said: "I know that I should feel to pride in that connection, but despite that, I cannot help but boast of that letter. I obtained it from a Chicago trust company with which I had never had dealings and with whose officers I had no acquaintance. In a half hour's conversation with the cashier of that concern I succeeded in procuring a letter of credit, which, had I been able to use it in Denver, would have been worth \$25,000 to me. You ask me how I secured it? I cannot tell you now. I am accustomed to dealing with shrewd men who have notable weaknesses; and it is an easy matter to discover a weakness and play upon it. But I can say now nothing more than that I secured that letter without assistance, having not so much as a letter of introduction."

Has Feasted With Nobility. Bell has served part of a five years' sentence in a New York prison. He completed his term there less than a year ago; but since then has traveled throughout the states and spent several weeks across the water. When asked to relate his experience abroad he stated that he went there for his health, but found time during the sojourn to form many influential acquaintances. He claims to have feasted with the lords and other of the nobility in London, and that while in that city he was under treatment by London's most celebrated physicians. "I lived a high life for a few weeks in dear old Lunnun," said Bell. "but," he hastened to explain, "I do not mean by that I dissipated. For ten years I have not drunk to excess and have never frequented saloons. When I drink it is with the elite in some fashionable cafe; and I partake then only of the best liquors. You see, a society highwayman is compelled to spend money. My expenses were not only extraordinary in kind but amount as well. Why, even during my brief stay in Denver I have spent lordly sums. "I had my automobile (which by the way I did not own), my horses, and have given several dinner parties to acquaintances who would blush to admit having associated with me should I name some of them. Diamonds and finery galore my wife has had. And how did I get them? Ah, that is for me to tell all in proper time; and I will."

At this juncture Bell's face assumed determination and gravity. "Yes," said he, almost in a tone of avowal, "I intend to make a clean breast of everything. I live to endure the punishment which I know is coming. I want to step out into the world irreproachable. Now that I'm in for it I want to end with a clean sheet.

Talks of Future. "I have been pondering what I can do when I am free again," said the man, apparently doubly doomed by disease and the law; "and it occurs to me that a person with the insight into the seamy side of high society, which I have ought to be invaluable to many corporations. I have been thinking of making this cold-blooded proposition when my slate is cleared. My name is Albert E. Bell, a notorious crook known from one end of the land to the other. My ability, however perverted it has been used, is well known. Can you use me in your business? Perhaps I can be of great service to you in detecting others of my kind. I am on a new tack now—an honest one."

"Do you think that sort of a proposition would appeal to a man large and widespread interests?" turning to Inspector Latimer. Before a discussion on this topic could be fairly launched Bell was notified that he must prepare to return to the hospital. After bidding good-bye to the inspectors and clerks in Mr. Sullivan's office in the federal building and requesting representatives of the press to refrain from mentioning the hour of his leaving Denver lest a crowd of curious people might assemble to get a glimpse of the man who has led the police, Pinkerton and secret service men, such a merry cross-country chase. Bell was then led from the building. As he arose to go he picked from Mr. Latimer's desk an immaculate pair of gloves and a trim little walking stick. When he was out of sight Inspector Latimer was heard to mutter, "He's a wonder;" and a murmur of assent arose in answer.

THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTINGS And the Galleries in Which They Appear. The Louvre—Leonarda Vinci's "La Gioconda." The Prado—Velasquez's "Meninas." The Ryka Museum, Amsterdam—Rembrandt's "Night Watch." The Hague Gallery—Paul Potter's "The Young Bull." The Vienna Belvedere—Ruben's "Benedetto Altar." The Berlin Gallery—C. and J. Van Eyck's "Worship of the Lamb." The Dresden Gallery—Raphael's "Madonna." The Munich Pinakothek—Murrillo's "The Melon Eaters." The Antwerp Museum—Quentil Marty's "The Descent from the Cross." The Florence Aflizi Gallery—Titian's "Flora." The Florence Pitti Gallery—"La Maddonnadella Seggola." The Borghese Gallery, Rome—Titian's "Sacred and Profane Lore." The Academy of Fine Arts, Venice—Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin."