

DOWN THE LINE

BY JOSIAH FLINT.

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One of the courtesies of municipal government in the United States is to extend to visiting detectives and policemen the "privilege" of our towns. It is not a written law that these gentlemen shall be treated as distinguished guests, nor is it customary for the mayor of a city to bestir himself in their behalf, but among the police officials of a community where there is any wickedness to display it is deemed correct that "visiting coppers" shall have the way made easy for them while they go down the "line."

The line differs in different cities, but it is found in every locality in the United States containing 10,000 souls, and cases are on record where a collection of 100 souls have considered a line indispensable to their corporate existence.

Speaking roughly, a line is a community's tenderloin, and what is found in this quarter of a large city may be found on a smaller scale in provincial county seats, but in police parlance a trip down the line implies a general survey of the local criminal situation. The front office and its roughest gallery are first inspected and then the guest and one of the denizens of the office stroll out into the streets, visiting police stations and "joints" in general. The next morning the guest frequently has a "head on"—also the host—and wishes that he had remained at his hotel and never called at the front office, but on his return to his provincial beat he tells the "boys" how he did the "metropolis."

A short time ago I was for the nonce a visiting police officer in one of our cities, and one evening I called at the local front office, threw down my card on the desk and said I would like to see the "boss" who he did the "metropolis."

"Anything special you'd like to see?" the officer in charge asked. "No, just the town, that's all."

"Here, Jim," and the inspector beckoned to one of his "operatives" in an adjoining room. "This is an officer from the west and I want you to show him around and explain to him how we manage things here."

"Jim" was a well-built, smooth-faced, cleanly dressed man about 45 years old, whom the "wise" would have immediately picked out as a representative of one of two professions—thieving or thief catching. In penitentiary garb and with his hair cut short, criminologists would have pronounced him a good specimen of the American offender; as he stood in the front office with the other "operatives" he was obviously one of the wisest detectives the inspector had. There was something familiar in his face which made me think that I had met him before, but on the evening in question no attempt was made to prove the suspicion. A man whose business it is to study photographs and try to discover the originals in public thoroughfares frequently thinks that he recognizes in casual acquaintance a resemblance to some man whose track he is following, but often enough the resemblance pertains merely to a composite picture of offenders which has formed in the policeman's mind, and as wholly untrustworthy as a basis for cross-questioning.

Nevertheless it was my front office host rather than the line which interested me in spending three days of my short vacation in the large city referred to. The first night was devoted to both fencing. The detective tried to "feel out" me, and I tried to entrap the detective. It is a poor game at its best, but custom has made it popular before two eyes of the law "open up" wide. Crookedness on the part of the "operatives" or the "boss" playing the "game" is usually what makes it necessary.

The second evening the detective "opened up" wide. Something had convinced him that I was "right," or he had made up his mind to take his chances. It is possible, too, that he had my haunting recollection that there had been a previous acquaintance which justified straightforward dealing.

"Put away that coin, Jack," he said in one of the "wise" remarks I was about to pay for the drinks. "You've been enough already for a western copper. You boys out on the coast ain't got the graft that we have. Let me settle the bills after this."

There was the unaccounted gratification of the "free spending" making the statement, but there was also a genuine good-fellowship behind it. Henceforth the game of "feel-out" would not be necessary.

"Is the graft as good as it used to be?" I asked unhesitatingly.

"Ain't what it was before the reformers got after us, if that's what you mean," was the reply. "But we're all payin' the premiums on our life insurance pretty regular." And he smiled.

It was the third night of my inspection of the line; the rearers were in full blast, the "crooks" of the town were making hauls and dividing plunder, the captain of the precinct was dozing in his chair and the detective and I were watching the procession as it passed in and out of the notorious "Klondike." There had been a pause in our conversation, and I was about to break it, when the detective turned around, smiled and said: "Will you tell me your dreams if I'll tell you mine?"

"Sure."

"Didn't you used to travel under the Monaker Cigarette?"

"And isn't your name Big Leary?"

"Shake."

"Say, how long have you been thinking about it?"

"Ever since I saw you in the front office."

"Well, here he said, 'I'm going over to old Marm's' an' he says 'talk'."

Big Leary declares that the story he told at "Old Marm's" is a straightforward statement of how he became a detective and a full confession of his performances after getting into the force. It has seemed best to give the story exactly as I got it without comment. It ran thus:

"Of course, I could 'a' kept on trampin', he began, 'an' there's reasons that might 'a' made it better for me 'f I had, but I wasn't enough of a 'dead one' to stick to trampin'. You remember when I came back from England after doin' the ten-gauge for that bank job, don't you? Well, there ain't no use lyin', that stretcher in that English prison certainly did make me ears ring. They never gave me enough to eat an' they killed my nerves shuttin' me up in that dungeon. I ain't squealin', mind you, about gettin' punished an' that kind o' thing, but I want you to understand how I came to go trampin'. I came back here to America, an' I saw as well as you see these girls over there that if I did another bank job I'd go to pieces all over, an' I thought the best thing I could do was to go an' hide among the 'boes' for awhile. 'Course my pals 'ud 'a' staked me 'f I'd gone to them, but I thought 'f I could study myself best floatin' around for a few months with the 'tramps,' they'd 'a' push right enough, but I was dead too, as far as doin' any more good work was concerned, an' I guess they didn't do me much harm. You saw me in Cheyenne, an' you know how I looked an' acted, don't you?"

"an' I was willin' to square it an' go to work."

"My sister, she sent me some dough an' told me to come home an' talk the thing over with her. I'd been a while on the job, she just thought 'f I was out of a job. Well, I togged up an' came back here an' loafed around for over two months. The coppers had forgotten me—there was only two 't ever knew me any—so I went to the business—'s I was all settled or dead, so I went an' came as I pleased."

"Well, one evening my brother-in-law, he says to me, 'Jackson—that's my right first name—will you take a place on the detective force 'f I go to the front for you?' Well, that's eight years ago, an' I'm still runnin' an' out of the front office. For a year there wasn't a squarer copper in the town than I tried to be, an' I pinched swell guys just as quick as I did drunks. Just to show you how level I was, let me tell you some of the good people I settled. I put Three-Fingered Jack away for four years, Molly Ann the Gun for two, old Bill Dobbs for sixteen, Fatty from 'Frisco for eight, an' a big western man who was a cop from what they all called themselves—for one to six years. Well, you know as well as I do that a man like me wasn't goin' to settle people like that unless he 'squared it. The chief he didn't 's' know nothin' 'bout my record, though an' he kept raisin' my salary when he could, an' I got to livin' a little high. You ain't never been a gun, an' I know it, so you can't understand how a fellow who has been a cop feels when he begins to get his fifty a week. It's just the same as it is with a dog that's been runnin' loose an' starvin' when he gets a home an' regular meals again. I began to feel my oats, as they say, an' I think of the time when I used to average from seven to ten thousand a year. 'f I'd been in any other business an' somebody had 'a' been lookin' out for me the way respectable people look out for them that they likes, I guess 'f I'd 'a' been on the level today, but a man who has been a gun an' ain't got no one lookin' out for him can no more keep straight after he begins to feel his oats the way I did than he can fly. I was dead, o' course, so far as doin' any more jobs was concerned. I wouldn't 'a' touched a bank with my hand, but I began to branch out in the business—understand, don't you?"

And again a smile ran over his hard face.

"Mind you, I ain't done a cussed thing since I been on the force that they could prove against me in a court of law, but when the reformers got loose an' tried to investigate the department, they couldn't pile up anythin' against my record; but, it's God truth, when I was a known gun, robbin' banks an' being photographed, I shut up all over the world, in my own mind I was an angel in paradise compared to what I think I am now. You see, I learned to know the kind o' copper 'f I am when I was a regular gun, an' God, how I hated him! 'N' used to call 'em 'permen-tage coppers'—that means that they got their percentage out o' our graftin', an' gave us protection in exchange. Well, I guess you'll understand me when I tell you that the percentage copper is just about as strong in this town as his ever was. I said 'f I get fifty a week. That's what the town pays me. The guns at the girls hand over another hundred."

"'Course there's two sides to the graft, an' I've thought 'em both out. If I wasn't a 'dead one' for the rest of the line old graft 'd be out o' this job tomorrow mornin'." I got to stay in it—there ain't another hanged thing 'f I can do now. Sometimes when I'm feelin' rather good I figure the thing out an' say to myself: 'Why, Leary, they're all doin' it in one way or other, big an' little, so why get a grouch on?' An' I'll be honest with you, an open town, the way this one is, helps business a lot. Take the line, for instance. 'Course everythin' could be shut up an' the push could be headed to jump the line, but the people in this country are just feelin' when they talk that rot. They don't really want that kind o' town any more'n I do. Even the farmers in the country, with all their chawin' the line about the crops in in cities, 'ud be sore as the devil if they didn't have a place where they could go an' blow 'emselves ev'ry now an' then. An' see how many people 'ud be driven out o' business 'f I went it strong an' made the line hostile. See the money that the cab people 'ud lose, the laundry people, the places that sell flowers, the the-ay-tes—yes, an' the landlords, too. Why, this line here does a business o' ten million dollars easy ev'ry year—easy an' the town gets the benefit o' it. So, as I was sayin', when I'm feelin' rather good I don't see the things so blue as I seem to now. I'm what your old inspector out there on the coast used to call an unbugged thief. If you like—say, the old man did have the mugged an' the unbugged guns sized up proper, didn't he? But why shouldn't there be little unbugged thieves as well as big ones? Ain't I got a right to graft on the quiet so long as the law can't touch me as well as his 'bans—about that right? Not a bit o' doubt comes my way that ain't given to me. Take that Moll that was in the police court the other morning. She handed me those \$50. I didn't ask for 'em, an' I wasn't supposed to know that they was 'bans. She was in here last week with some green goods. He gave me two hundred o' good money, an' asked me to forget him when I remembered him—that's the way he put it. Who could ever prove anythin' against me about that? Nobody. 'Well, I could give you a big awful o' that kind o' talk, 'cause that's the way they all chew the rag, an' I do a little of it myself. There's another thing that some o' 'em forgets to mention, too. An unbugged thief, you know what that means, the man that ain't known to be a gun—can save money. Before I lost my grip in the bankin' business I must 'a' copped out over a hundred thousand dollars, an' when I came back from England I didn't have a cent. Since I've been in this business I've planted a cool ten thousand an' my family lives well."

"Didn't know 'f I was married, did you? Got as nice a little woman an' two kids as you ever see. I wish you was 'goin' to stay over for another day, an' I'd like you to take you to the house. They think I'm on the level." Once again a smile—a sickly smile—crossed his face. "That's the mean part o' it. I have to keep two bank accounts, one for the graftin' an' one for the dough that the woman saves out o' my salary."

"'f I thought I could do it well 'd like, too, but you hate to lie to a woman that

you're stuck on an' believes everythin' you say. She an' the kids'll get the money 'f I croak. 'f I got all arranged, I keep both the bankbooks in a safety deposit box an' she knows where the key is in case I should drop off suddenlike. 'Course she'll wonder where the dough came from, but there ain't nobody that can prove that it didn't come right. When I croak the coppers'll all put flowers on my grave, an' the kids'll never have to be ashamed o' their dad. It was a wise guy that thought out this unbugged thief racket. Nearly every mugged thief 'f I use to travel with is a tramp now, an' they'll croak traps. I suppose they think I'm dead. None o' 'em has ever recognized me here. I was talkin' with a gun the other day, an' he asked me 'f I ever saw the gun they used to call Big Leary. Said he was a square bloke, an' he had a job he'd like to double up with him on. He wasn't tryin' to feel me out—he didn't know I was Big Leary. Well, you may not believe me but for five minutes I thought about openin' up to the guy an' takin' his offer. I wasn't out out to be a happy unbugged thief. My real graft was takin' chances in an open fight. You'll laugh, but I once called an unbugged thief down, an' he was a real attorney, too. He'd promised to make a weak prosecution against me 'f I'd tell him where some o' the securities 'd got was planted, an' I told him, an' then the thief railroaded me for two years. But I got my rap in on him before we left the court room. 'You know, Leary, 'f I jumped at him right in front o' the judge, 'you ain't got the nerve to steal on the level an' you know you ain't. He ran out o' the court room. I'd like to hear somebody say that to me—'d put his face in.' He paused for a moment and his eyes were fixed on the table.

"By— I would!" he said suddenly, striking the table with his clenched fist. "For myself I don't care so much, but those kids o' mine are goin' to have a decent start, an' I'm unbugged, an' I'm goin' to stay unbugged. I tell you, Leary, there ain't nobody that can prove anythin' against me. Do you understand?"

A month later there appeared in the police columns of the public prints, with the sensational caption of "An Unmugged Rogue," the following "story":

"The police department is once again in disgrace. A trusted operative of the detective force of ten years' standing met his death last night in one of the tenderloin resorts under circumstances which prove him to have been an ex-convict and a most unscrupulous police officer. His right name was Jackson Fendora, and he was known by this name at the central office, but he was notorious a decade ago, both in this country and in England, as the bank burglar 'Big Leary.' He met his death at the hands of an old confederate in crime, who is now at police headquarters. According to the arrested man's statement the detective had tried to 'shake him down,' a term of the thief's jargon, which means the officer's demand for money. It seems that if the money is not forthcoming the discovered thief must leave town or go to the central office with the detective. Both Fendora and his assailant are reported to have been under the influence of liquor at the time of the shooting, and both drew their revolvers, but the detective was too slow. His companion shot him once in the head and again in the lungs. Fendora's dying remark will doubtless be made use of by the murderer's counsel. 'I deserved it,' he said, and then breathed his last. He leaves a wife and two little boys."

TABLE AND KITCHEN, Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

DAILY MENU—THURSDAY, BREAKFAST. Cereal, Cream, Hashed Veal on Toast, Baked Potatoes, Souffle Bread, Coffee. LUNCH. Baked Tripe with Potatoes, Broiled Tomatoes, Fruit, Tea, Cake. FRIDAY, BREAKFAST. Fruit, Creamed Eggs, Broiled Mushrooms, Potato Scallops, Coffee.

SUNDAY, BREAKFAST. Shad Roe, Cream Sauce, Duchess Potatoes, Coffee. Entree Wheat Muffins, Coffee. Fried Chicken, New Potatoes in Cream, Asparagus on Toast, Hollandaise Sauce, Baked Mushrooms in Cups, Lettuce Salad. Strawberry Shortcake, Coffee. SUPPER. Crab Salad, Queen's Style, Broiled Tomatoes, Cocoa, Thin Bread and Butter.

A BUNCH OF ASPARAGUS. Cooking and Serving One of the Most Delicious of Vegetables. This vegetable is a native of Europe and in its wild state is a succulent plant. The young shoots form the edible portion, and these are made more succulent by cultivation. This plant was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, who valued it for its medicinal properties as well as esteemed it as a delicacy for the table.

Asparagus contains a crystalline alkaloid, asparagine, which is thought to possess medicinal qualities similar to the water of sulphur springs. This asparagine, a nitrogenous substance found in vegetables, belongs to the albuminates, but has no nutritive value. Asparagine is also credited with having power to act as a cardiac sedative and to quiet palpitations.

Although the white asparagus brings the highest price, it is not equal to the small green variety in taste or delicacy. It is probably preferred by many on account of its being more pleasing to the eye when served.

The tender part of the stalk is easily digested when eaten in small quantities and much relished by the invalid. It certainly is one of our most popular and most delicious vegetables, but is not cultivated to such an extent as to make it plentiful or the price within the reach of all; therefore it must still be regarded as somewhat of a luxury.

Cooking Asparagus. Asparagus, like most fresh green vegetables, is generally overcooked and the flavor and good qualities are lost and spoiled. If asparagus is to be kept for some time before it is cooked, place the bunches in about an inch of cold water, with tops uppermost, and keep in a cool place.

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previously moistened with the asparagus liquor. Pour sauce Hollandaise over the tips.

Fried Asparagus—Wash, trim the asparagus and parboil for three minutes; drain perfectly dry, then dip into beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

Asparagus in Ambush—Cut off the tender tips from twenty-five fine stalks of asparagus to merely cover; simmer gently until tender, but not soft. It must not be boiled too long and is really better a little underdone. Take it from the water as soon as tender. Take up a stalk by the thick end, holding it between the fingers in a horizontal position; it must be flexible enough to bend slightly, but not fall heavily.

The time required to properly cook asparagus depends on its freshness and age; fresh and tender stalks require but a very few minutes, not more than fifteen or twenty. If older or slightly wilted, from twenty to thirty will be necessary.

How to Eat Asparagus. Asparagus is eaten with the fingers whether it is served hot or cold, and when arranged on toast it should be dressed with the white ends of the asparagus, or the sauce or melted butter, just leaves the ends dry, so they may be taken up with the fingers.

Do not throw away the water in which the asparagus has been cooked. Cook the tough ends of the stalks. Cook the latter in a little water, add this water to that remaining after cooking the tender stalks and use it for making a cream of asparagus soup, adding a few of the tips and tender part of the stalk must be used.

Asparagus Salad—Cold boiled asparagus served with plain French dressing or mayonnaise makes a most delicious and refreshing salad. If served with mayonnaise, use the tips only, have the asparagus very cold and do not mix the dressing with the salad; fill small, crisp lettuce leaves with the tips and place a spoonful of dressing on the top.

Ice-d Asparagus—For a hot day this is delicious. The tips and only the tenderest part of the stalk must be used. Boil or steam very carefully so as to have the asparagus firm and not soft. While still warm dress with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; when cold pack in ice and salt and freeze.

Asparagus and Shrimp Salad—Take two cupsful of cold boiled asparagus tips and place in a bowl with one cup of shrimps. Season with salt and paprika and toss lightly with salad fork to mix. Take the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs and rub through a fine sieve. Beat in sufficient oil and vinegar to make the mixture the consistency of cream. Season with salt and paprika and pour over the asparagus and shrimps. Serve with a border of cream and sliced cucumbers or pickled beets cut into fancy shapes.

Cream of Asparagus Soup—Boil the points and stalks separately. When the stalks are soft mash and rub them through a coarse sieve. Heat a pint of milk in a double boiler. When scalding hot, thicken with two level tablespoonfuls of flour and two level tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed to a smooth paste. Add the water in which the asparagus was boiled and the pulp. Season with salt and pepper to taste and a very little sugar. Add a half cup of rich sweet cream and then the tips. Let the soup get thoroughly hot and serve.

Asparagus on Toast—Wash the asparagus, trim to equal lengths, tie in small bunches and boil until just tender; drain and place the thick end of the stalks on nicely browned slices of toast which you have

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Sale of Valuable Land. DENVER, April 23.—The News says: To-day President Frank Springer of the Maxwell land grant will affix his signature to the last of the papers necessary for the Colorado Fuel and Iron company to gain possession of a princely tract of 254,000 acres of the richest coal and timber land of Colorado. The deal involves \$1,000,000.

For Sale by all Druggists and Glove Dealers. Consultation Free from 2 to 4. When ordering by mail add 5 cents for postage.

\$1,500 in Prizes for the Nearest Correct Guesses. First Prize a \$500.00 Piano. TRY YOUR SKILL AT COUNTING.

HERE ARE THE DOTS. To those guessing the correct or nearest correct number of dots The Bee will give the following prizes:

Table with 2 columns: Prize Number and Prize Description/Value. Includes prizes like \$500.00 Emerson Piano, Typewriter, Standard Dictionary, etc.

THE PRIZES: 1st Prize—A \$500.00 Emerson Piano—value \$500.00. 2nd Prize—1 "Denmore" Typewriter, value 100.00. 3rd Prize—1 lot in Council Bluffs, value 100.00. 4th Prize—1 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, value 60.00. 5th Prize—1 Business College Scholarship, value 60.00. 6th Prize—1 Tailor-made Suit, value 45.00. 7th Prize—1 Ladies' Tailor-made Suit, value 40.00. 8th Prize—3 Ladies' Custom-made Shirt Waists, value 10.00. 9th Prize—1 Standard Dictionary, value 12.00. Total \$1,500 and a Pig.

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