

VETERAN CRIMINALS.

"MOTHER HUBBARD'S" LONG CAREER OF CRIME.

"Pop" White the Most Venerable "Con" Man and Thief in the United States—He Is Also Between Eighty and Ninety Years Old.



MOTHER Hubbard is the oldest woman criminal in the United States and "Pop" White claims the distinction of being the patriarch of the masculine light-fingered fraternity. "Mother" Hubbard is 81 years old and the last time she was sent to the Chicago identification bureau, Mr. Evans, the official photographer, took a couple of pictures of the ancient dame, but did not have her measured, as she was so shrunken and old that her criminal career seemed almost ended. Margaret Brown is "Mother Hubbard's" real name, and she received the nickname because she invariably wears a long circular cloak lined with pockets in which she hides her plunder, for she is one of the most successful and notorious pickpockets and shoplifters in the country. She is an expert in riding satchels, and her pet scheme is working railroad stations and stores. It is her habit to sit down in a seat next a valise, carelessly drop a corner of her cloak over it and under this cover gently unlock the satchel, extract the valuables, close it again and stroll away, leaving the owner to discover the loss. Over twenty years ago she was sent to Joliet for three years, and in attempting to make her escape by jumping out of the window she fell out of the tower and was so terribly injured that she was not expected to live. However, after her discharge in 1873, she continued her operations and has repeatedly served time in Chicago, Blackwell's island, New York, and the house of correction in Boston and other eastern cities.

"Pop" White, who is known to the police as James Russell, Pop Allen and Pop White, is between eighty and ninety years old and has spent one-third of his life in jails and penitentiaries. He is a clever bank and hotel thief and confidence man, and has served time for stealing everything from a pair of scissors to \$50,000. Like "Mother Hubbard" he hangs around railway stations and has a penchant for satchels. In his younger days he was an exceptionally successful confidence man, and one of his latest exploits was with Nella Peterson in 1892. He met him at the Chicago & Northwestern depot, in Chicago, and after some conversation the two men went to a saloon for a drink. It was the old game. An accomplice rushed in announcing that a carload of perishable produce was on the track, but could not be moved until the fifty dollars charges were paid. "Pop" White had nothing but a little loose change and a check for \$923 on the Union bank of Rochester, signed by Smith & Co. of Rochester, N. Y. He appealed to Peterson, offering the note in exchange for a temporary loan of \$50, which the glibber granger readily granted only to find the paper absolutely worthless. "Pop" White was inadvertently a murderer, for he robbed a man in Pennsylvania of \$7,000. The poor fellow died of grief, as the money was the savings of a lifetime. "Mother Hubbard" and "Pop" White have had a long and dishonorable career. Their aged faces hang in every rogues' gallery in the United



"MOTHER HUBBARD" AND "POP" WHITE.

States and their lives are a part of the criminal history of nearly every great city.

Fortune Expended in Unique Fashion.
One of the wealthiest and loveliest society women of New York has a yearly income of \$25,000 above her most extravagant needs and she feels she must get rid of it and benefit her fellow men, so she spends it all on hot-house grapes at \$5 a pound, which she sends to hospitals and slums. Ministers and social reformers have pleaded in vain with her, but she argues keenly. Besides the surprise and pleasure the grapes give the ill and dying she calculates the enormous amount of employment given to gardeners, clerks and messengers, who otherwise would be out of work.

Stamped Him in the Face.
Alfred Ingerick of Draper became involved in a quarrel at the hotel of C. S. Porta in Morris, Pa., over some unimportant matters. Suddenly, and without warning, Gleason seized a stove poker and struck Ingerick on the left temple. He fell to the floor unconscious. Gleason then stamped him in the face with the heels of his boots.

It's an easy matter for a girl to fall in love with a shiftless man, but when she has to take in washing to support him—aye, there's the rub.—Ex.

The mutual disappointment of a husband and wife is one of the most pitiful things in the world.

HE TOOK A LONG SMOKE.

Englishman Consumed Eighty-Six Cigars in Nine Hours.

A gentleman well known in turf circles made a curious wager in the year 1860, in which he backed himself to smoke one pound weight of strong foreign regalias within twelve hours, says Pearson's Weekly. The conditions were that the cigars should be smoked one at a time to within an inch of the end, the backer of time, as in the case of some pigeon matches, finding the weeds. The match was decided on a Thames steamer plying between London and Chelsea, the smoker taking up a position well forward in the bows, where he caught the force of the breeze that was blowing. The cigars ran 100 to the pound, so that about eight an hour had to be consumed to win the wager. A start was made at 10 o'clock in the morning and the affair was finished after 7 in the evening. In the course of nine hours and twenty minutes eighty-six cigars were fairly smoked, the greatest number consumed being in the second hour, when the smoker disposed of no fewer than sixteen. At the eighty-sixth cigar, when fourteen only remained to be smoked, the backer of time gave in, finding that the smoker was bound to win, and the latter puffed the remainder away at his leisure in the course of the same evening. The winner subsequently declared that he had not experienced the slightest difficulty or unpleasantness during the whole time he was blowing off the weeds. The only refreshment taken during the progress of the match was a chop at 2 o'clock, the eating of which occupied twenty minutes, and a gill and a half of brandy in cold water at intervals throughout the day.

GETTING EVEN WITH HER.

This happened in Philadelphia. The huge hat of the sweet young lady in



HE HAD BORROWED A WOMAN'S HAT.

the seat before him had bothered the Philadelphia young man very much. He couldn't see the stage at all, and his good money was bringing him in no return. He was a very patient young man, and he hesitated a long while before he finally decided that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. Even then he was very gentle. He simply leaned over and politely said: "Will you please remove your hat, miss? I can't see the stage." She only tossed her head. She had come there quite as much to show off that hat as to see the play. She didn't say so, but that was evident. The young man sat back in his seat and thought hard. Finally he got up and went out. There was a vacant seat in front of the young woman, and when the curtain arose on the next act the young man returned and slid into that seat. He had borrowed a woman's hat somewhere. It eclipsed by several degrees of latitude that worn by the young woman behind him. He put that on his head and awaited developments. The young lady became indignant and called the usher. The latter notified the young man that he'd have to remove the hat or himself. He protested, but was finally ejected from the theater. He now threatens to sue the manager of the theater, which is one of the prominent playhouses in Philadelphia.

Marrying for Love and Marrying for Money.

In the marriages of the present day young men marry for love, but sentiment would appear to enter less into the calculation of a man of mature years, and yet no union based upon anything but love can be a permanently happy one. In this degenerate age men frequently marry for money, position or in order to add to personal comfort or convenience. As regards women, a dreadful old cynic once observed that at sixteen a woman marries for love, at twenty for position, at twenty-five for money, and at thirty neither money, love nor position enters into the matter, the only question then being, where is the man? This cynic evidently saw with jaundiced eyes the world of today, and understood society as it is, with all its artificiality, hypocrisy and selfishness. In olden times parents were only too glad to have their daughters marry the man they loved, and money, show and position were quite secondary considerations. It is a sad and regrettable condition of affairs when marriage becomes a mere contract in which the man seeks for wealth, position or advancement, and in which the woman, recognizes her helpless and dependent condition, accepts the situation, marries for love when she can, but marries for anything else sooner than become an old maid.

A word to the wicked is sufficient— if you call him a liar.

JUSTICE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Lynch Law Already the Resort for Punishing Crime.

Judge Lynch holds court in all parts of Alaska and the Klondike district. He has already sent to death several murderers. His first victim was "Doc" Tanner, a cowboy, who shot and killed two men at Valdez bay, Jan. 2. Tanner, who was a very quarrelsome person, and had a reputation as a "bad man," made himself so obnoxious to the other members of the party that they determined to let him go. He became enraged, and one evening as Call and Lee, his victims, were drying their clothes in their tent, Tanner killed them. A jury was selected from among the miners and prospectors encamped at Valdez bay; Tanner was tried, convicted and hanged. Before the rope was drawn taut, he acknowledged his guilt and said he was glad he had killed his victims. This picture was drawn from a sketch made by a prospector who is now at Valdez bay. It shows the tent in which the men were murdered. Judge Lynch's second victim was Ed Fay, a bartender at Skaguay. He murdered United States Marshal Rowan and Edward McGrath. Whatever may have caused the trouble, McGrath, it appears, left the saloon after having been badly beaten by Fay, giving the bartender to understand that he would hear from him again. He went about the village, some say, endeavoring to borrow a weapon. No one would lend him one, but in a little while he met Marshal Rowan. To the latter he related his troubles. Rowan had just left his home, where his wife had just become a mother. He wished to return with a doctor, but, nevertheless, reluctantly agreed to assist the aggrieved man, saying: "I'll go with you and we will see what we can do." To the theater both went. As they entered the door of the saloon connected with the theater Fay took a position behind a faro table and without a word opened fire. McGrath fell to the floor, mortally wounded. The bullet from a re-



SCENE OF THE MURDER.

volver penetrated his abdomen. Fay fired a second shot, this time bringing down Rowan. The latter was shot in the abdomen, and fell, but managed to reach the office of Dr. Moore, where he died within half an hour. Fay made his escape, but later surrendered upon the condition that he should be given an impartial hearing. Intense excitement and indignation followed the news of the tragedy, which spread over the town with amazing rapidity. A mass meeting was called. Maj. J. A. Strong, a newspaper man, presided. At this meeting a trial jury composed of Capt. Tanner, Mr. Willis, H. C. Gray, Ira Coslet, M. Beebe, Col. Fisher, A. T. Brown and Peter Annence, was selected. This jury condemned Fay to death, and he was hung.

Priest Returns the Money.

John Corder of Independence, Mo., received recently from Father Hoog of the Roman Catholic church, a check for \$900 for money lost by Corder over thirty-two years ago. During the civil war Corder hid a sum of money in his barn on his farm, in Lafayette county. A company of soldiers occupied the barn, and after their departure, when Corder went to look for the money, it was gone. The money was found by a person residing near Corder's house and he gave part of the money to another. Twenty-eight years ago the man who found the money died. The conscience of the other man disturbed him to such an extent that he recently confessed to Father Hoog, and under the rules of the church he was required to return all the money found. He gave the priest \$900, being the principal and interest for thirty-two years. The names of these men will never be known, because the priest will not divulge them.

Killed by a Burglar.

Officer William Holly, of the Findlay, Ohio, police force, was shot and killed recently while attempting to arrest two burglars at Stuartville, a village five miles north of that city. Holly, in company with two other officers, went to Stuartville with the intention of surprising the burglars in the act of robbing the postoffice. The officers, however, found the two men entering the Nickel-Plate warehouse at the town named, and one of the men, named Frank, alias "Red" Carmen, shot Holly in the side. Carmen was arrested two hours later in North Findlay.

Religious Excitement Crazed Him.

As a result of the intense religious revival that has been in progress for some time at Marion Center, Pa., Mr. Thompson Hays, a farmer, aged 30 years, has become violently insane. He believes that he has committed the unpardonable sin.

Usually when a woman begins her missionary work on a man she loses the most of her influence over him.

BASE BALL GOSSIP.

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE GAME.

John B. Day on the Change in Rules—The Days of Rowdy Ball Playing Are Past—President Muckenfuss—The Empire Problem.

Day on Rowdism.



JOHAN B. DAY, inspector of umpires, who is about as well posted on the umpire question and rowdy playing tactics as any man connected with the national game, expressed his views on those subjects as follows: The new black list rule, which has been suggested with a view to suppressing foul language on the field, has met with favor, but it is not exactly necessary, if one considers that a strict enforcement of the rules as they are written will abolish kicking, and thereby do away with all chance of abusing umpires and spectators and vile language. It is one thing to instruct players not to kick; it is another thing to compel them to obey. This evil has reached such a point and the game has been so constantly injured by it that the major league has no other way out of its dilemma except to suppress the rowdies. In 1888 and 1889, when I was president of the New York Club, there was little or no kicking in the National League. The New Yorks in those years won the pennant, and yet they did not abuse umpires or indulge in rowdism at all. It was a fact that owners and managers of the clubs then urged the players to kick more, because they believed that the public wanted a livelier game, such as was provided by the American Association, which was really the originator of kicking. In due time, with the consolidation of the National League and the American Association, kicking became in some instances popular, especially in the 25-cent cities, and as it grew it became so much worse with each year that even in 1894, when the New Yorks won the Temple Cup, they did as much kicking as the rowdy Baltimore. The displacement of Roger Connor by Jack Doyle in '94 was the first step toward making the New Yorks a team of kickers, and Doyle did much to bring down the good reputation of the locals by his absurd protests against just decisions. While the magnates are instructing and compelling players to stop kicking they might with benefit to the game order their players to let spectators alone. I have seen on many grounds, in my official capacity, players urging on crowds to intimidate umpires and to rattle visiting teams. This, in my estimation, is a worse evil than the kicking by captains and other members of teams, and if it is not suppressed this year it will be intensified to such an extent that respectable persons will stop patronizing the national game, and all of the clubs will suffer financially in consequence.

Hart on Season's Prospects.

President Hart of the Chicago club has this to say on this year's pennant race: "I look for a big surprise next season, such as Baltimore gave us in 1894. There is going to be a dark horse sprung. Some club will come up the line with a whoop and corral that pennant from the Bean Eaters. I am not making any predictions as to the next pennant winner, but I wouldn't be surprised if some second division club made this charge up the line and left the other clubs in the wake."

President Muckenfuss.



(New President of the St. Louis Club.)

The Empire Problem.

A Washington correspondent, in speaking about the applicants for a place on President Young's major league umpire staff, says: "Tony Wood, late of Cincinnati; George Wood, of Philadelphia; Arlie Latham, third baseman; Jack Brennan, Elton Chamberlin and J. J. Daily, former pitchers in the league. Daily is well remembered in Philadelphia and Washington as an outfielder after he gave out as a pitcher; Hardie Henderson, at one time a star pitcher in Baltimore; Tim Keefe, the reformer; and Chip McGarr, a graduate from Patsy Tebeau's Cleveland combination. It is safe to assume that some of the men here named will be given a fair trial as holders of the indicator at a reasonable salary, with traveling expenses thrown in." You are wrong as regards J. J. Daily. He

never was a pitcher. He was an infielder, and his professional career began with the Nationals, of Washington, in 1875; when that club disbanded he finished the season with the Eagles, of Louisville. In 1876 he played short stop for the Crickets, of Binghamton, N. Y. In 1877 and 1878 he played short for the Manchester, and in 1879 he played short for the Utica, N. Y., team. Since then he has umpired in nearly every minor league in the country. The Dalley who was once a pitcher and afterwards a fielder, at one time connected with the Philadelphia and Washington teams, was the late Ed Dalley. Then, too, "Chip" McGarr received his baseball diploma at least ten years before he entered Patsy Tebeau's Cleveland combination.

Senators' New Pitcher.

Pitcher Mercer has put in an appearance at Washington, D. C., and from this on until the gong sounds will be busy getting himself in condition. Selbach will be the next player to put in an appearance, and after him the others will follow closely. Washington has added another pitcher, John Mahoffy, pronounced Maffy, who was discovered and highly recommended by Selbach, who says he is a comer. Now that Tim Hurst has been engaged to manage the St. Louis Browns for the coming season he should be able to make a pretty good showing with them, providing, of course, he is given



PITCHER MERCER. full charge of the men, and is not interfered with in the management of the team.

Reminiscences of Early Days.

A writer on one of the New York morning papers makes the following statements, which sound rather funny for one who is supposed to know something about baseball history. He says, in writing about Adrian C. Anson: "When this man of steel sinews and supple muscles began to play ball George and Harry Wright were his contemporaries. The former is a business man at Boston, the latter is dead. Ross Barnes and A. G. Spalding were players. Both retired long ago. Davy Force was as much a hero in his diminutive way as 'Cupid' Childs, of the Cleveland, is today. Later on there were Cummings, Charley Jones, Joe Start, Foley, the McVeys—in fact, a host, and where are they all now?" Later on there were Joe Start and Cummings, eh? If you will read up you will find that Joe Start was playing ball fully ten years before Anson began to play, and that Arthur Cummings had made a reputation as a pitcher several years prior to Anson's advent as a professional, in 1871. The above might easily be excused as slip, but the following is most decidedly rich. Continuing, he says: "In the summer of 1874 the Athletics sent a cricket team abroad and Anson was one of its members." A cricket team, was it? Well, that is certainly sly. The Athletic and Boston baseball teams made a trip to England in 1874, and while there played a number of games of cricket.—New York Clipper.

Electricity.

It has been said that if man thoroughly comprehended the powers and possibilities of electricity he might almost hope to become immortal. Electricity gathers, forms and crystallizes the elements of life, while it also furnishes the material upon which much of our life depends. It can be used to destroy disease germs and remove injurious ingredients of all sorts. Among its varied uses is that of cleansing or clarifying the syrup prepared for sugar making. A certain voltage evaporates the water in the syrup and clears it better than any known chemical substance. The sugar factories are adopting it, and in due course of time this will probably be the universally approved process. Passing an electric current through a solution of salt forms caustic soda and muriatic acid. Electricity is a more powerful agent in separating chemical elements than any now in use, and has the additional advantage of not introducing a new compound in the work. Heat from an electric furnace surpasses that obtained from coal. It is clean, manageable and will some day be so economical that it will supersede all other means of heating. As an illuminating agent it is successful beyond the wildest dreams of its inventors. Electricity enters into almost all of the processes of human existence. It is scarcely too much to say that our heating, lighting, transportation, chemical laboratories and food products will within a few years be entirely revolutionized by this new power.

With a piece of string and a little sand and grease some Hindus contrive recently sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail.

TO BE A GYPSY QUEEN.

ROMANIES WILL CROWN A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Born in Austria. This Young Woman Succeeds Her Mother—Tribesfolk Gathering from Afar to Attend the Coronation Festivities.



well will be present at the coronation. One thousand gypsies are expected to witness the ceremony.

The young queen will reach her 20th year on that day, and as a law of the tribe prescribes that a sovereign must not be crowned before attaining that age, the coronation could not take place before that date. She is known as Molly Stanley, or, more properly, Molly Stackovitch, and her mother, the old queen, was Sofia Fryer, and for over forty years reigned as head of the Romany tribe in Austria. She died several days ago, and as the band of which the young queen is a member was on its way to Topeka when word of her death was received, it was decided to camp there until spring and hold the coronation ceremonies in that city.

The crown that was placed on the head of "Queen Sofia" over 40 years is now on its way to Topeka to be placed on the head of her only daughter. It is a massive crown of gold, studded with huge Bohemian garnets of great worth, and has been in the Romany tribe for hundreds of years. Father Belah Metrovitch of Chicago, the only Romany priest in the United States, will perform the coronation ceremony, and Miss Minnie Youngs, also of Chicago, a cousin of the young queen, will have the honor of placing the crown on the head of the sovereign. The coronation will take place in some woodland near the city, and for a week afterward festivities will continue in honor of the event. It will be the greatest week in the history of the Romany tribe—a tribe that dates its lineage back to the time of the Pharaohs, and is unquestionably the oldest gypsy tribe in the world. "Queen Molly," as she is now called, has been in this country but eight months, and is unable to speak a word of English. Her husband, Gustav Stanley or Stackovitch, to whom she was married in Belvidere, Ill., five months ago, acts as her interpreter, and as he received considerable education in American schools, coming here from Austria when a small boy, he performs his part well. Queen Molly is shy in the presence of strangers, and while holding an audience sits Oriental fashion on the carpet of her tent with her eyes downcast, not unlike the manner of a bashful American school-girl. Her skin is of a dark olive tint, and her face is lit by a pair of bright, black eyes that sparkle in conversation. Her hair is jet black and worn on the top of her head, with bangs over her forehead. In her ears dangle English gold pieces, and about her throat is a necklace of American silver dollars. On her fingers are two heavy gold band rings and a set ring of turquoise arranged in the form of a horseshoe. A distinct scar on the left cheek somewhat mars the appearance of the young sovereign. It is the result of a burn received while laying as a child about a camp fire in her native land. While not pretty, the young



QUEEN MOLLY.

queen-elect is a good type of the gypsy race.

Queen Molly is as fond of bright colors as the bluest member of her tribe, and in her dress red is her favorite color. Rugs of varied hues ornament the interior of the tents, and the coverlets and pillow shams of the royal bed are almost barbaric in the brightness of their colors. When the young queen leaves her tent she invariably wears a bright-colored handkerchief on her head, and when she makes a trip of any distance always rides a small pinto pony which she brought with her to this country.

The old queen was very indulgent with her only daughter, and allowed her to travel through the different countries that the Romany tribe inhabits. Consequently the young sovereign has mastered several languages, among them German, French and Spanish.

A new milk can for dealers' use has a recess in the center of the bottom, into which the dipper exactly fits, to force the milk out and cause it to drain into the dipper to empty the can without tipping it up.