

UNLAWFUL EXECUTIONS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY

General Otis, from the far-off Philippines, has expressed his wish that President McKinley allow the execution of the sentence of death passed by a court-martial upon two soldiers found guilty of assaulting a Philippine woman. From the nature of the offense and in view of the commanding general's recommendation the better seems to be that the president will not interfere with the shooting of the two condemned enlisted men.

The articles of war in the regulations governing the army and navy provide that no death sentence shall be carried out without the approval of the chief executive. Times have been in the past when, however, when the exigencies of discipline have seemed to demand that soldiers and sailors should be shot or strung up without awaiting for word either of approval or disapproval from headquarters at Washington. A few of these summary executions mark the last chapters of some of the most thrilling tales of campaign life on sea and land.

One of the series of these "death examples" set by commanding officers in the field who constituted themselves the last reviewing authority, was that of a quarter-blood Seminole Indian, who enlisting in the United States army, endeavored to betray the brave lieutenant of Major Dade to the hostile reds in the swamps of Florida. The story of this execution and of the circumstances leading up to it is but little more today than an army tradition, the whole thing being involved in much mystery. Not long after the opening of the quarter-blood Dade's entire command was annihilated by the Seminoles. Almost the only thing today which recalls that tragedy in the swamps is a plain white marble shaft which rises at West Point, not far from Koscusko's Garden, to commemorate the death of Dade and his 300 intrepid followers.

If a man will picture to himself the sensation that would have been in the United States if Admiral Dewey had strung up to the yardarm "until he was dead" the son of Secretary of War Alger on the charge of mutiny and had done this without consulting with the authorities at Washington, he may get some adequate idea of the excitement of the American people in the year 1842, when it was learned that Captain Alexander Shiloh Mackenzie of the brig Somers had hanged Ensign Philip Spenser, the son of President Tyler's Secretary of War, John C. Spenser. This execution took place on the high seas and with Ensign Spenser were hanged Ordinary Seaman Small and Boatswain's Mate Cromwell. Prior to being ordered to the Somers, Spenser had been on a vessel in the South Atlantic squadron and while there had become involved in some practices which secured his removal from his vessel. He was saved from dismissal from the service by sheer force of his father's political influence. When he was ordered to the Somers, Mackenzie's officer, saying that he had no use for the "base son of an honored father."

Spenser went along, however, and for a while behaved himself fairly well. There were twelve officers on the brig, with a crew of fifty, and about thirty apprentice boys. The Somers' destination was the African coast, where it was to aid in the protection of American commerce. When it was about half way across it was noticed that Spenser was hoarding tobacco to some of the men and brandy and money to others.

One night a seaman named Wales imparted secretly to Captain Mackenzie the details of a plot concocted by Spenser to murder all the officers and to seize the brig for the purpose of entering upon a career of piracy. The story that Wales told was so horrible in its outlines that Captain Mackenzie treated it at first with ridicule, but the actions of certain members of the crew soon showed that there was some-

thing in the wind. The officers held a consultation and agreed that Spenser's arrest was imperative. The crew assembled at evening quarters, when the secretary of war was arrested. Upon his person was found the details of the plan for killing the officers, seizing the ship and the throwing overboard of the younger apprentices, whom the paper referred to as "useless biscuit consumers." The document was written entirely in Greek, Spenser being a classical scholar. Luckily there was another officer on board who read the language.

After the seizure of Spenser many of the crew became disobedient, sullen and mutinous in action. Then Captain Mackenzie ordered the arrest of Small and Cromwell. After this the sullen ones among the crew behaved worse than ever. The officers held a consultation and it was agreed that unless an example was set the Somers would meet the fate of the bounty. They signed a recommendation that the brig ring leaders be hanged at dawn. The three culprits were strung up, Spenser and Small confessing their guilt and saying that they deserved their fate. When the Somers reached New York Captain Somers communicated with the department. A court of inquiry was ordered and it was cleared from any blame. In spite of this fact, his chief, the secretary of the navy, ordered his arrest on the charge of murder. He was tried and acquitted by a board of officers and President Tyler approved the verdict.

After the close of the civil war General Custer was ordered to western Kansas to check the savages of the Kiowas, Comanches and Arapahoes. He was then a lieutenant colonel in the regular establishment, but he had an independent command in the field. Custer was at a long distance from headquarters and with no means of communication. During months of campaigning he was practically a law unto himself. He crushed the Indians, and to use his own words, he expected when he returned to civilization to at least have it said to him, "You have done well."

Instead of this verbal patting on the back from his superiors, however, Custer was ordered under arrest on the charges of cruelty and of exceeding his authority in the field. It was declared at the time that Custer had ordered a detail of men under a non-commissioned officer to go out from the main camp to bring back some men who, having secured some liquor, were having a jollification at a distance on the prairie. It was charged that he ordered the sergeant to shoot the men in case they refused to return. The men, being intoxicated with liquor, did refuse to return and the order of death was carried out. The army execution most pathetic in detail and surroundings and yet which was wholly justifiable apparently by the circumstances, was the shooting of private C. B. Henry by Dr. Greely, Lieutenant Greely in the far north. Greely's party was starving to death. His condition was getting more terrible every day. A few shrimps and a little edible moss was all that the explorers could get to sustain life. Some of them were already dead from starvation. Henry was detected on several occasions stealing more than his share of the food. He was warned three times and his offense was condoned. The other members of the party saw Henry gaining in strength day by day, while they weakened with starvation. One more he was detected stealing food. Greely wrote out an order of execution, loaded three rifles, two with ball and one with a blank cartridge and gave the weapons with the death warrant to three men. An hour later from far over the low flow came the reports of three rifles. Henry was dead. After the rescue the report of the execution was sent to Washington. One of the shortest orders ever issued from the war department was the answer: "No court of inquiry necessary. R. C. Drum, adjutant general."

VANDERBILT RODE WITH TRAMPS.

Young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt hurried in a special train from San Francisco to New York ten days ago, that the will of his father, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, might be read and the world know how the estate is to be divided. On the way, from Kearney, Neb., to Chicago, he had for his guest, a tramp. In fact, the tramp was on the train all the way, but young Vanderbilt did not know it. He was carefully stowed under the benches in a small hamper and got along nicely until Kearney was reached. There he was found smoking a pipe. The trainmen saw the smoke, thought it was a hot box and discovered him.

Young Vanderbilt thought it was a great joke.

He surveyed the outfit and asked questions. The tramp tells it this way: "What's your name?" asked Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Sam Marks," I said. It ain't tho', for my name is Bill Henderson.

"Well, Sam, what is your business?"

"I'm a traveler. My health ain't good, so I like a change of climate once in a while. Frisco is rather chilly, especially to strangers."

Then the young man laughed as he took a quick look at me and again examined my outfit.

"Who may you be?" I asked, as I closed in on him. "May I ask why you examine my outfit that way?"

"Oh, I meant no offense," he said, waving off the train boys who began to reach for me. "I'm Alfred Vanderbilt. I'm a traveler, too, and a bit of a philosopher like yourself. May I ask why you ride there when you might be in the car?"

I nearly fell dead and then rail-rovers looked at though they were asleep. It. Then I got myself together and said: "I reckon I'd had a devil of a time breaking into that car."

"Oh, I don't know about that," he said, with a funny grin on his face. "But we won't order an extra room or two, and we have an extra room for the rest of your trip? I would enjoy hearing some of your experiences."

"I think you, Mr. Vanderbilt," I said as soon as I got my breath. "But I'm perfectly safe and sound. You see I'm not a trumper. I don't ride in this sort of thing. Besides, I would not be at all comfortable in there. I will take off my rigging and wish you good luck."

"Not at all, Mr. Marks," said the young fellow. "Conductor, this man is my guest. For the rest of his journey. See that he is not disturbed. I am sorry you will not join us, but hope to see you at dinner."

Then he bowed to me, got aboard and I stood there like a fool. The brakeman came along and told me roughly to trouble in and not delay the train.

I dove in under the car and sung out, "All right!" and off we went. We got to Omaha before I got my senses back. To tell the truth, I don't know much about that run-in across the big Missouri. Then I received a message from the porter to come in and take dinner, but my nerves had gone back on me. I was wondering what next, when I heard this:

"Mr. Vanderbilt done sent these to you all, but what for I declare to goodness I don't know."

I peered out and there stood the porter with a roast fowl, some nice biscuits, a pie—which I think was bought at the station—and a big red-topped bottle. I can face a porter all right, so I reached out and got the things. Then I looked the colored man over carefully and said:

"To eat and drink, my boy. My compliments to your master and say Mr. Marks hopes he will enjoy his dinner and a pleasant rest tonight."

Well, I wish you could have seen that ducky. It was the best thing of the whole trip.

Once in awhile, when we made a stop, the conductor or some brakeman would climb on me and ask after my health. They wanted to know if they hadn't better bring out a pillow and some more blankets. I thought they were joking and about 10 o'clock at night told the conductor I would be grateful for a pillow. I hope I may be struck dead if that soon doesn't bring me one with the compliments of his boss.

CONNUBIALITIES.

According to a romantic story a man who was married in Chicago last week got his fortune in the Klondike and his wife in Ireland. He will decide later as to which place furnished him the greater treasure.

A New Jersey man who sued a neighbor for \$10,000 damages for alienation of his wife's affections has been given a verdict of \$25. Of course the plaintiff is disappointed, but think of the feelings of the wife whose affections are thus marked down! Is there anybody she can sue for damages?

The young countess of Cromartie, whose engagement has just been announced, is the oldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland's deceased younger brother, who succeeded to the titles of his mother, heiress of line of the great Scottish lawyer and antiquary, Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, created earl of Cromartie. The queen by letters patent in 1895 confirmed the Duke of Sutherland's title she bears, one her majesty re-created in favor of Anne, duchess of Sutherland, with limitation to her second son.

BATTLE OVER A PIRATES BOOTY.

Cincinnati, O.—(Special.)—With treasure trove as the motive and with stage settings of exceptional interest and romance two men have commenced a legal battle in the county court at Jackson, O. The suit recently commenced involves the ownership of a large amount of treasure found in one of the group of islands in the South Atlantic known as Tristan d'Acunha. The plaintiff to the action is Howard F. Summers, a young man who claims the treasure as son and heir of Captain William H. Summers, while the defendant is Captain Charles A. Henderson, old, grizzled and determined.

Young Summers alleges that he is the only son and heir of Captain William H. Summers, who before the war was master of the clipper-bull bark the Lark. At that time she was a smuggler, but during the war she turned privateer and was so successful that her captain and crew grew rich. The captain was especially fortunate and succeeded in amassing a fortune of \$175,000, all of which he kept in gold and notes in a heavy chest in his cabin. In 1864 the bark ran into a terrific hurricane and was blown away into the South Atlantic, near the Tristan d'Acunha islands, where she was sighted by a man-of-war and was run ashore and scuttled by the crew. All of the crew were taken prisoners of war and sent to the island of St. Helena, his first mate Charles A. Henderson, who succeeded in getting the chest with the fortune in it ashore and concealing it.

After living the lives of Robinson Crusoe there for some time they finally managed to escape, but could not take their treasure with them. In 1878 the large home Captain Summers caught the smallport and died, leaving Henderson the sole possessor of the secret. Henderson finally reached home, but was unable to secure the money necessary to fit out a vessel to go after the treasure. For three years Henderson tried to earn money, eating his heart out with knowledge of the great fortune that lay beyond his grasp. After many failures it was not until last year that he finally started from New Orleans in the Rover.

He reached the island in April, without incident. He got home safely and since that time has been living quietly, enjoying his fortune.

It was not until a few days ago that any one applied to dispute his ownership of the money. Then a man about 30 years of age, named Howard F. Summers, reached Jackson and after a short investigation and a conference with Captain Henderson, filed the suit noted above. He asks for the sum of \$48,500, or one half of the treasure secured by Henderson. He claims that the treasure was his, that his wife and son at Baltimore; that the wife has since died, and that he is the son.

His father sailed away on what was to be his last trip in 1863 and his family never heard anything more of him. It was known that the bark had been captured in a violent storm and it was supposed that she had foundered. Mr. Summers knew that her husband was possessed of a large fortune, but supposed that it had gone down with him. She died in ignorance of his fate, and it was only recently that his son has learned of her whereabouts. He has the money and at once took steps to recover his share of it.

Captain Henderson says that Captain Summers never mentioned his family affairs to any one, and that he never heard anything more of him.

The island where the treasure was so long secreted and but recently unearthed is situated about half way between the coasts of Africa and South America, in latitude 38 degrees 22 minutes south, longitude 64 degrees 32 minutes west. It has been called by Henderson's name. It was discovered several years before the rebellion one of the most exciting dramas of the high seas.

While yet a mere boy Captain Henderson ran away from home and shipped on a vessel to the Southern Yacht Club. He returned to the United States after a cruise to the West Indies and in Philadelphia fell in with Captain Summers. He said he was shipping a crew in his clipper-bull bark, the Lark, engaged in the fruit and spice trade with the West Indies. Captain Henderson offered Henderson a position as mate. Henderson accepted the offer. Just about the time the civil war was opening the Lark started homeward from South America and ran into a violent hurricane, which blew her to pieces off the coast of America and southward for over a week. During this time there had been no opportunity of taking an observation and Captain Summers had no idea of his location. On the ninth day the weather cleared and an observation showed that the vessel was far out in the Atlantic, only about thirty miles south of the Tristan d'Acunha group. That same afternoon the lookout discovered an American cruiser steaming at full speed, apparently directly for them.

There were lively times on deck when Captain Summers gave orders to put the ship about and try to run away. It was evident from the first that the brig was no match in speed for the cruiser and the captain and his crew were fast losing hope of escape when land was sighted straight ahead. As a last desperate effort to elude the cruiser the brig ran into a little cove sheltered by a long reef. The cruiser could not enter the cove, but hove to outside and prepared to lower her boats. The only refuge for the crew was on the island and there they were safely landed in a hurry. It was at this moment that Henderson learned the secret which had puzzled him. Captain Summers took him down into the cabin and closing the door, said:

"Henderson, I have here a chest containing \$175,000. I want you to help me take it ashore and hide it. We succeed in getting away we will divide the money. If one of us dies the other shall have it. We can find a place on the island to conceal it."

Henderson agreed. After the crew had got ashore he and the captain lowered the chest into the boat and rowed toward a part of the beach as remote as possible from where the crew had landed. Although all this had been done in less time than it takes to tell it, they were none too soon for a moment later the coasts of the cruiser dashed into the cove. Henderson and the captain jumped into the lurid underbrush which grew down to the water's edge, dragging the heavy chest between them. After traveling a considerable distance they reached a place where they could hide, and entering it as far as they dared, concealed the chest and lay down to rest, not, however, before hiding the entrance as well as they were able.

They remained there the rest of that day and all the following night, and did not until the afternoon of the next day that they ventured out. Then, creeping cautiously down to the beach, they discovered that the cruiser had disappeared. They also saw that the Lark had been scuttled and sunk in the waters of the cove. Soon afterward almost all the members of the crew joined them, and it was evident that the crew of the cruiser had made only a superficial search for them. That night the captain and Henderson carefully prepared two accurate charts of the location of the cave, each taking one.

An exploration of the island, which was made the next day, showed how small it was, and Captain Summers determined to try to reach the Tristan d'Acunha group, which he calculated was about thirty-four miles to the north. So the captain and the mate set sail in the small boat and the crew in the larger one. The treasure was left behind, as the officers did not dare to let the crew suspect its existence. The boats were separated during the night and the larger mate never heard of again, but on the morning of the second day the captain and Henderson sighted land and finally reached the largest of the Tristan d'Acunha group. Here Summers contracted the smallport and died and after several months' delay Henderson was picked up by a passing vessel and landed at New Orleans.

Henderson returned to Jackson and managed to save enough to buy the Louisiana B. at New Orleans last January. He overhauled her and rechristened her the Rover. Claude Thompson of Jackson was taken along as mate being a man upon whose honesty Henderson could rely.

February 22 last the Rover started from New Orleans. Her departure and the purpose of it were noted at length in the New Orleans papers. The Louisiana B. had formerly been the Frolic, one of the boats of the Southern Yacht Club, and was a staunch little vessel. On April 12 the Tristan d'Acunha Isles were reached. On April 14 Captain Henderson landed on the treasure island, and with but little trouble discovered by the aid of his charts the cove and the entrance to the larger mate had been touched, and scarcely showed a trace of the years it had passed in the depths of the cave. Its contents were found intact. The wreck of the Lark still lay undisturbed at the bottom of the cove.

Two weeks ago the Southern Yacht Club was distributed among the members of the crew.

FEMALE ROBBERS.

Two weeks ago the two women bandits are now awaiting trial in the United States jail at Oklahoma City. They were members of trials of law, and the story of their exploits is interesting as part of a chapter of history which will soon be closed.

Mary Smith, the last of the young women counterfeitters to be taken into custody, was acting as a housekeeper and school teacher. She formed the acquaintance of Huffman, the leader of a gang in the Indian Territory, and forsook her home and friends to come with him to the Indian Territory. In a short while Miss Smith fell in love with Huffman, and the two were eloped with him. Huffman vowed vengeance upon the man who had supplanted him in the girl's affection, and the taking of his revenge led to the discovery of wholesale counterfeiting which the outlaws had carried on.

Two weeks ago Huffman was in a saloon near Caney, Kan., and when the smoke cleared away, two men were lying bleeding upon the floor, each holding an empty six-shooter. They were placed under arrest. By telling each that the other had confessed the officers got the prisoners out of jail and the fact was disclosed that they were members of a counterfeiting gang, and that Mary Smith, the ex-Missouri school teacher, was the person relied upon to get the money into circulation. In the meantime Mary had been carried off to the Missouri county. Over \$100,000 of spurious money put out by the school teacher and these men has been located and seized.

Jessie E. Findley, the second woman outlaw, is only 17 years old, but is one of the most desperate criminals in the country. She is an unerring shot with a revolver, a dashing horsewoman, and absolutely fearless. The present indictment against Jessie Findley is based on the fact that she introduced weapons into the county jail of Oklahoma county last June to assist the prisoners in making their escape, which they accomplished June 30, resulting in the killing of Chief of Police Jesse of Oklahoma City.

STORIES TOLD BY MEN WHO CATCH HORSE THIEVES

There was a convention in East St. Louis last week of an organization which has done more than the constituted authorities to prevent horse theft and all other forms of theft in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. The organization is the Anti-Horse Thieves Association. It was an Illinois state convention, which met in East St. Louis, but the organization is strong and flourishing in all of the states named.

The organization is what its name indicates and more. It is an anti-horse thief association, but it is also an anti-association to every other kind of thief.

The association was organized to make war on horse thieves. That was just at the close of the war, when the middle western states were overrun by marauders. In the northern part of Missouri they were particularly troublesome. It was so easy to drive off horses from the northern tier of counties and run them over into Iowa or swim them across the Mississippi to Illinois that it was next to impossible for a man to keep a horse around the place.

The situation finally became so serious that some sort of united action was necessary. A meeting was held in Kanoka, the county seat of Clark county, and an organization was effected. Its primary object was to run down horse thieves. It was called the Anti-Horse Thieves Association.

It did such good work in Clark county, which was then the stamping ground of one of the most dangerous gangs of criminals which ever infested a section of the country, that its fame soon spread and inquiries were made about the form of organization and the modus operandi.

Gradually the organization spread over Missouri and Illinois and Kansas and Oklahoma. Wherever it infested, stealing practically went out of fashion. It is said that in the old days, when a horse thief was caught it often happened that he was never heard of again. Anyway, it came to be understood among the fraternity of members of the association, and in later years the efficacy of the organization has been chiefly in the line of prevention.

The members of the association are not sworn in the pursuit of a thief, but that it is next to impossible for one to escape who has stolen anything from one of the members. Each subordinate order has special constables sworn in and exercising all the functions of regular officers. Besides these are the members are subject to being called out for a chase and it frequently happens that a whole order is on the trail.

While in recent years exciting chases have not occurred frequently in Illinois, there were a number of good ones in the East St. Louis convention who had been in some of the very warm pursuits and the reminiscences that exchanged were full of interest.

A. R. Long of Prairie City, Ill., told one which illustrated the thoroughness of the work of the organization at that vicinity. He said: "During the life of the organization in my county there have been only two thefts of horses and they were both from the same man. We recovered the horses each time. William Orrin owned a pair of seven-year-old horses. One Saturday night he used one to go somewhere and left the other in the stable. When he returned home he put the two together in the stable and gave them some food. He went to the house and went to bed. Before he fell asleep he heard one of the horses neighing and knew that the two had in some way become separated. He went to the barn and found that one of the horses had been taken out."

"That was about 10 o'clock. He spread the alarm and at 1:30 the next morning there were 104 men at the lodge room. The president, T. L. Nebergall, reported that he had had 1,000 postal cards printed and they were ready to go out in the morning mail."

From the lodge room all but eight of the older men took the trail. By daylight there were men at the bridge at Keokuk, at Beardstown and at all the other surrounding towns where it was possible a trace might be obtained of the fugitive.

"They got him cornered so closely that he had to abandon the horse and hide in the brush on the river."

"A year later, on Decoration Day, both horses were left standing at a hitching rack at Bushnell. It happened that J. W. Bushnell, who was the president, lived in Bushnell then. In a very little while he had sent nine men out to ride the neighborhood. At about midnight we were again convened in the lodge room and by daylight the men were scattered all over that part of the country."

"A few of the older men who could not do hard riding went to Bushnell in the early morning. They learned that the authorities had been after all of the horse thieves who had been drawn to town by the Decoration Day celebration and that they had fled from town in company with Clayton Cleveland. The vehicle in which they had gone away answered the description of the stolen one. Two men started on a horse in which Cleveland had driven. After following him eighteen miles they came in sight of him. He dashed the tired horses into a run and drove them until they were ready to drop."

A WOMAN HELPED BUILD IT.

Had it not been for a woman the Oceanic, Leviathan of the seas, would never have been built. The wife of William J. Pirrie, designer of the biggest steamship in the world, and not Pirrie himself, is directly responsible for the mighty ship. She kept him from going to parliament, where he might have spent the rest of his days.

"Don't go to parliament, Willie," said good Mrs. Pirrie. "You can build a better ship than you can make speeches."

"I've got your right, my dear," responded her husband, and so the Oceanic was built.

At least that was the way Mr. Pirrie put it Friday, seated in a big arm chair in the lounging room of the Waldorf-Astoria with Mrs. Pirrie at his side. The firm of Harland & Wolff, of which he is the head, built the Oceanic at Belfast.

"Yes," laughed Mr. Pirrie, "it is my wife who is responsible for our big boat. In fact, she knows as much about the ship as I do. She followed the plans as keenly as I did for the two and a half years we took in designing and building the Oceanic. It was she who suggested many clever things about the arrangement of the ship. She suggested all the decorative touches. Mrs. Pirrie is a handsome woman of blonde type, with fair blue eyes and a rosy complexion. She is young and full of life and vivacity."

drop with exhaustion, seeing that he would be overcast, he jumped out of the vehicle and took to the corn-fields.

"The association had him indicted by the grand jury, he was located at Garden City, Mo., some time after, brought back and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary."

There has been only one horse stolen in the vicinity of East Carondelet in the seven years that there has been an organization there. "That was in 1894," says Oscar Adelsberger. "The horse was stolen from Dr. J. Smiler. It was recovered by quick work. Two men were sent to Waterloo, two to Chester, two to the Eads bridge, two to each of the ferries and two to the sales stables in St. Louis. Telegrams were also sent to all the orders in the state. The two men who went to the sales stables had not been there long when a young fellow presented himself with the stolen horse. He was placed under arrest. He was Steve Simpson. He said he had only taken the horse to ride in St. Louis. He was sent to the reform school."

"We have never had a chase after a horse thief in my part of the country," said William H. Rowe of Jacksonville. "We caught a man once, though, with a piece of cloth. He had gone into a grain bin and taken a lot of grain. In climbing out he was caught on a nail and a piece of it had been torn out. We hunted until we found a man wearing a coat with a hole in it which that piece of cloth fitted and with the piece of cloth we recovered him."

"Six years ago," said R. B. Gardner of Christian county, "a mare was stolen from W. E. Beaton, now county treasurer. The theft occurred on a Saturday night. The mare was nursing a young mare. The mare manifested unusual interest in the thief and kept on the train at the station. They called a policeman for their assistance and waited at the Baltimore & Ohio crossing. The thief got on there and rode past the policeman and two men on the platform at the station."

"We caught him afterward, though, in Jasper county. We learned that he was in a community twenty miles from the railroad and some of our men went down there. We located him through a postal card. He had written on it to his folks, but had failed to put the address on it. The postmaster was holding it until he should come to the postoffice again. When he learned who we were looking for he showed us the postal card. He no longer refused to taking the horse, but that he had stolen a buggy near Decatur. He confessed because he thought we were going to hang him. We took him to our hall, questioned him, drew a complete confession from him, drew it up in writing and he signed it. He got 25 years in the penitentiary."

Edward Dunn of Calhoun county said: "One of my oddest adventures had to do with a female horse thief. There had been a number of thefts in the neighborhood. A suspicion fell upon a woman who lived in a houseboat on the Illinois river. Men were assigned to watch her. One night she left the houseboat. Our men followed her. She went to the barn of one of the prosperous farmers, a member of the association. She brought out the stolen horse. She hid her horse in the house of one of the farmers. He was following her run forward to catch her. She jumped onto the back of the horse and dashed off down the road. The men did not want to fire on a woman and she got away from them."

"They got their horses as soon as they could and went in pursuit. She was cornered at the mouth of the Wood river and the posse swooped down on her. They thought they had her. She fooled them. As they dashed up she forced the horse into the water and swam it across the river. The current was swift and it seemed almost like sure death, but she got across all right and disappeared in the underbrush on the other side. The posse, either through fear or secret admiration for the woman's bravery, did not attempt to follow her across the river."

"A week later the horse was recovered in the southern part of Missouri through the efforts of the association. Three years after the woman was arrested in the northern part of Illinois. A strong case was made against her, but she was a good-looking young woman and the jury acquitted her. She is now married and is living a respected life in central Illinois."

There was one sub-order not represented at the East St. Louis convention. That was because there are financial difficulties in that sub-order. A horse was stolen in that vicinity while ago and one of the members was put on the trail. He followed the thief 1,000 miles and incurred an expense of \$1,000. As this had to be paid by the members of that sub order there was no money left for sending a delegate to the convention.

"Why shouldn't I have helped with the Oceanic?" she laughed. "I knew as much about the big boat as any one. Mr. Lemay, you know, used to come over to see us at Belfast, and we three, Mr. Pirrie, he and myself, talked it over for six months before the keel was laid. But when it came to suggesting comfortable things for the ship and in devising decorations I was glad to help."

"I spent months thinking it all over. The American people know now what has been done. I'm proud of the ship, too; for I'm a shareholder myself in the company. We are very proud, too, of her small coal consuming ability. Why, do you know, she burns 28 tons a day, when some of the smaller liners burn 550 and 600 tons?"

"I suggested something else, too—building a ship that would be absolutely certain to keep to her time schedules. You will see the Oceanic will give every time at 10 o'clock Wednesday mornings. Had we put in coal bunkers big enough to have her beat all records we would have taken up all the room which is now given over to the comfort of the passengers. The side of fifty miles at a choice to build the ship. If it had been for the Oceanic we would have done it, too. Would it not have been fine if we could have built both? But that was impossible."