

UP-TO-DATE PIRACY

Nothing Done by the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main More Daring Than the Hold-Up of the Steamship Buckman Off the Oregon Coast by Two Deserters from the Navy Who Planned to Loot Her Treasure Chest of Klondyke Gold, Rob All the Passengers, Turn the Ship Inshore and Then Flee with Their Plunder.

The exploit of the two pirates—deserters from the United States navy—who tried to capture the Alaska-Pacific steamship Buckman on the high seas, and almost succeeded in one of the most thrilling and daring crimes of the deep since the days of the buccaniers. In their previous days when lawless on the ocean waves in far-off, forgotten corners of the world, the story of their plot and how it failed narrowly of success has more of strangeness about it than anything set imagined by writers of melodramatic fiction. These pirates, however, had but a brief career. From the beginning to its end it was less than two hours long.

The way in which these two men—Navy and West—embarked to hold up an ocean steamship followed as closely as possible the lines pursued by the robbers on land who hold up trains. The adapting of these methods to piracy on the ocean is undoubtedly new. It is an untried device in freebooting that gives evidence that there are men today who are just as desperate and just as bloodthirsty and cruel and just as willing to take chances against tremendous odds as any man who ever drew a cutlass and sprang aboard a treasure-laden galleon.

The Buckman, a steamer of 1,000 tons burden, was a treasure ship that carried a greater store of gold than any vessel that ever tempted a pirate's greed in the days of old. In her strong room were hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of gold dust and in her hold the riches of the Klondyke. The robbers knew that at this season of the year the wealth of Alaska flows in a steady stream from every corner of that northern land to the states. They also knew that the Buckman's freight was especially precious, and that among her passengers, too, there was much spoil.

Details Carefully Planned. The two men planned it all out before they took passage on the steamer at Seattle, bound for San Francisco. Together they tested every link in the chain of circumstances which they were to set in motion. They would proceed as ordinary passengers, just as they would take a train which they planned to rob. It was to be a night affair, for that would be the easiest. People are less courageous in the dark than by day. A train robber, under the same circumstances, might deem it best to cut the signal cord that led to the locomotive. On a steamship there was the rope that led to the vessel's deep-toned whistle. That must be severed. But there was another thing that had to be done, they agreed, before the steamer could be gagged. The wireless must be put out of commission; the safeguard of the sea must be silenced. While one was cutting the line to the whistle the other in the darkness must sever the wires that led to the aerials between the masts. The wireless operator would be in bed, but they would take no chances of his sending a call for help.

The positions of the crew on watch were discussed, and it was decided that one of the robbers should silence the man at the wheel by holding a revolver at his head, while the other should watch to see that no one interfered with the ship being turned due east instead of southward. At midnight on a certain date they figured the vessel would be a certain number of miles off the coast of Oregon. Two hours' run would bring her to the land. There was nothing to be done during the first ninety minutes, but to keep things quiet. The last half hour one man's work would be to kill the guard, break open the treasure room and put the gold in a boat swinging from the davits. When land was but a few miles away they would make their escape under cover of the darkness.

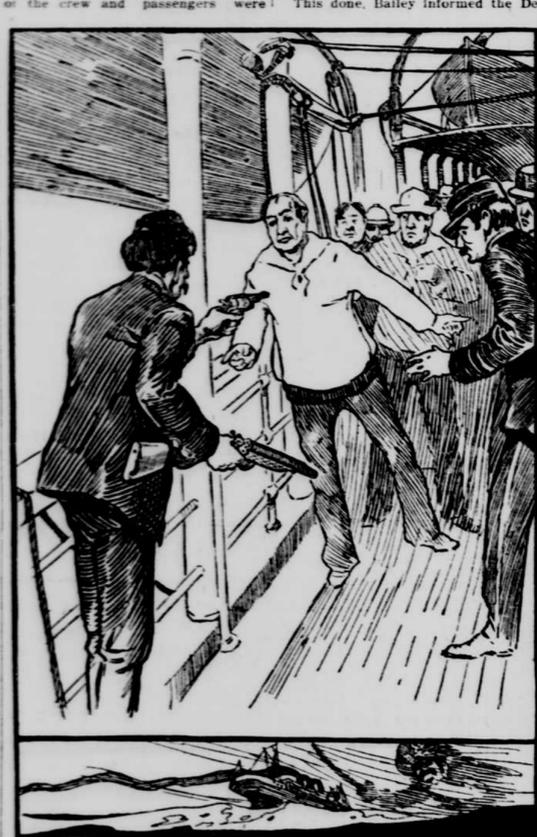
Scheme Promised Well. The scheme was marvelous in its ingenuity. These men were experienced sailors, just as the most successful robbers of trains have been former railroad men. They knew a steamer from end to end as well as a man knows the path from his house to his office. They even provided for

the contingency of the crew becoming alarmed.

All the baggage these men had was a steamer trunk, which they had placed in their cabin. It contained little else than arms; two heavy shot-guns with their barrels sawed off—the favorite weapon of the train robber—and half a dozen revolvers of large caliber. Also there was plenty of ammunition to feed the guns.

It is an axiom of lawyers and detectives that the great criminal, no matter how calculating and farseeing, is tripped inevitably by some trifling thing, some insignificant trifle that he has overlooked in planning his crime. Thus it was with these two twentieth century pirates. They did not know, or, knowing, deemed it of no importance, that in an out of the way place on the deck there was a bell. The captain of the Buckman dreaded a fire at sea above all else. Usually the whistle calls the men to quarters for fire drill, but this cautious skipper argued that if the whistle should be disabled at some critical moment when a fire was discovered such time would be lost in summoning the men. Therefore he had a fire-bell installed and trained his men to rush to their stations when it rang. It was this fire bell that made the plans of these freebooters go awry just at the time when their adventure hung in the balance.

Death for Steamer's Captain. The helmsman had been silenced and had steered the ship due east for an hour with a pistol at his back. He shuffled to and fro all he dared, and at last awakened the captain, who was sleeping in his cabin a few feet away from the wheelhouse. The captain stirred. His death was inevitable, according to the stern rules of piracy. One of the robbers fired thrice and killed him. The shots brought forward the crew and the officers who were on watch. One of the robbers leveled these aft at his pistol's point, just as it had been planned. The rest of the crew and passengers were



sleeping. All would have gone well with the robbers if the second officer had not slipped over to the fire bell and sounded the alarm. Then the crew tumbled out and the situation got beyond the control of the freebooters. One jumped overboard when he was cornered after a desperate fight, the other calmly went to his cabin and slept the rest of the night out. Only the next morning when he failed to appear at breakfast was he suspected and seized.

Whatever else this attempt at piracy may have been it was above everything else a unique. Nothing of its kind has ever happened before, and it is not likely that it will happen again. If they had not shot down the captain the daring of the pirates would have compelled the respect that is always accorded to those who take tremendous risks, no matter how evil. The only thing they did succeed in was in showing what might be accomplished by such daring and determined men on a big steamer on the high seas.

Shows What Might Be Done. About the only thing in the ancient annals of piracy that comes anywhere near the audacious achievement is that of Richard Worley, who flourished in the eighteenth century. He

set out from New York with eight men in an open boat captured two armed sloops and a square-rigged ship, dodged a man-of-war and alarmed the whole coast as far as Charleston before he was captured. But he had eight men with him, and the total tonnage of all the ships that he captured would not anywhere near equal that of the Alaska-Pacific liner that these two men almost had at their mercy. The exploit of West and Wise is unique in the criminal history of the civilized seas. Had they lived two centuries ago they might have swaggered with the richest at Port Royal, the old pirate stronghold, or have grown to be terrors of the seas in the same class with Morgan and LaFitte. But steam navigation, with its bigger ships, would have put the pirates out of business if the nations had not declared war without quarter on them.

Francis G. Bailey, another twentieth century pirate, who got away with a steamship laden with rich stores, and defied two great powers, is now in Sing Sing for a long term of years. His story needs no fancy trimmings to make it interesting. It tells itself, and here it is:

Francis G. Bailey and his brother Albert came to New York from Pittsburgh in 1905. They secured financial backing from some wealthy men with whom they became intimate, and organized the Export Shipping company. Then they began a world-wide campaign to make connections with hundreds of houses that sold their goods in foreign countries. A large number of export merchants began to use Bailey's company as a channel through which to send their goods abroad.

The warehouses of the Export Shipping company were jammed with coastly merchandise. Bailey chartered the steamer Goldsboro—an old Clyde liner—and loaded her with a cargo valued at \$400,000. He armed the ship with rifles and small cannon. In his cabin safe was \$50,000 in currency.

This done, Bailey informed the De-

partment of Commerce and Labor that he was inaugurating a "floating exposition of American manufactures" to arouse interest in American industry in foreign lands. A license was taken out under the British flag and the Goldsboro steamed away from New York May 2, 1908.

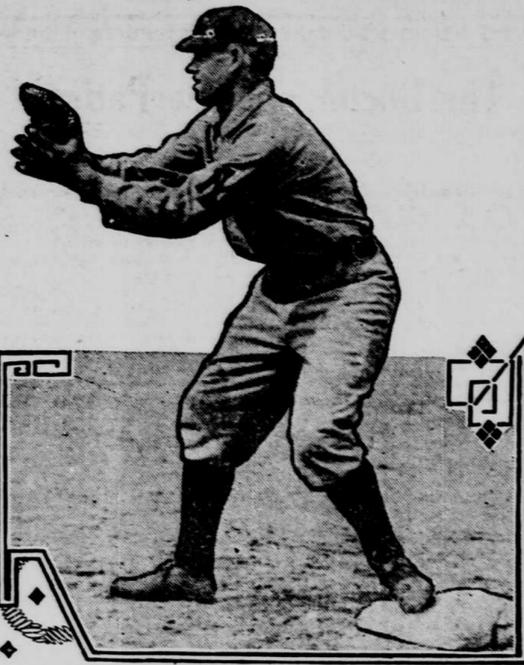
Search for the Looters. Six days later receivers were appointed for the Export Shipping company. Its warehouses had been looted. No one knew exactly where the Bailey brothers with their ship were bound for. American consuls in all the South American countries were warned by cable to keep a lookout for the Goldsboro. But this modern pirate craft had disappeared, and it was at first thought from wreckage that was seen that she had been lost with all on board. It was proved afterward that Bailey had set the wreckage afloat. At sea Bailey had the vessel repainted and her name changed to the Atalantida. For a time he roamed the ocean aimlessly, and then put into one of the chief ports of Honduras. Bailey knew that there was no extradition treaty between that country and the United States.

condition of pettedness or servitude. For thirty years Matron Travers was substitute mother for all New York's lost babies. Now this time-honored arrangement is changed. Babies under two if lost are taken at once to Bellevue hospital.

Babies over two years of age are kept at the various stations where there are police matrons until 9 o'clock at night, when they are sent to the charge of Superintendent Walsh of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, at the corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, and delivered over to nurses; the society now has twenty-one nurses, and in a room full of cots and lounges on the ground floor a nurse is in attendance through the night. The room is crowded, on Saturday nights and the night of big parades or any unusual celebration. But only a very small proportion of the lost children are babies.

There are many who excuse their own life spent on a lower plane by applying the wrong epithet to those who live on a higher one.

CHASE IS WONDERFUL PLAYER



Hal Chase.

There is but one Cobb, likewise but a single Chase. Fans are used to seeing the wonderful young first sacker of the Yankee team in action. He's no newcomer in baseball. But there probably isn't any one who wouldn't willingly pay every day to see him perform if that were possible.

There is probably not another player in the American league who possesses the brain to invent seemingly impossible plays and to put them into execution with amazing celerity. His own team mates, accustomed to his speed, are unable to meet its requirements.

In a recent game between New York and Detroit, Sam Crawford, the first

man up in the sixth inning, poked a fast grounder between Chase and Laporte. It was too far removed from either man to be fielded. It was a hit, if ever one in that territory was one. Chase swept over in the direction of the smash, and with a sweep of his gloved hand, speared the ball. Manning, who figured that the smash would go safe, did not start to cover the bag until Chase had made the stop. Then it was too late. Hal had to wait until he reached the bag and then throw hurriedly. The toss was faulty and Sam went to second.

In two of the rounds, which followed Chase made stops of throws that drew further words of admiration from the crowd.

GREAT CATCH BY SULLIVAN

Duplicates Feat of Catcher Street in Getting Ball Thrown From Top of Monument.

Catcher "Billy" Sullivan of the Chicago Americans, while in Washington the other day, duplicated the feat of Catcher Charles Street of the Washington American league team last year in catching a baseball thrown from a window at the top of the Washington monument a perpendicular drop of 542 feet.

The ball was tossed from the top of the monument by Pitcher Ed Walsh of the Chicago team. It was only after twenty-three attempts that Sullivan finally caught the ball, although he succeeded several times in so gauging the sphere as to get it in his mitt. The speed of the falling ball was so terrific, however, that he was unable to hold it. It is estimated that the ball was traveling at the rate of 161 feet a second when caught.

Several members of the Chicago team, including Collins and "Doc" White, Trainer Quirk of the Washington team, and a few government officials witnessed the feat.



Catcher "Billy" Sullivan.

While the feat has been attempted many times in past years, only Street heretofore was able to accomplish it. His feat was performed during the summer of 1908 upon the thirteenth attempt.

Sullivan subsequently caught two more balls thrown from the monument window. After observing Sullivan's

first attempts and ultimate success "Doc" White suggested that the balls should be thrown farther afield. He ascended the monument and standing well back within the window hurled ball after ball as far out as he could. Sullivan caught the first one, and to show that it was no accident he also caught the fifth. Of ten balls thrown by White the catcher could get under only one other, but he was unable to hold that one.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

Ford of the Highlanders has pitched eight shut-out games during the season. That is not bad for a newcomer.

Ed Almsmith, the new catcher from the Connecticut league who was tried out by Washington the other day, played like a veteran.

"Johnny, the shingles on your roof are getting pretty thin," said a Chicago fan to Kling when the Cub catcher lost his cap in going after a foul.

Lefty George, the new pitcher secured by the Indianapolis team from York of the Tristate league, pitched a one-hit game as a farewell to his old team mates.

Presidents C. F. Moll of the Wisconsin-Illinois league and John A. Elliott of the Minnesota-Wisconsin league, have closed arrangements for a post-season series between the pennant winners of these leagues.

Lefty Russell, the \$17,000 beauty Connie Mack is soon to have with the Athletics, is showing as strong as ever in the Eastern league. He hit ball after ball with one hit the other day and three bases on balls.

Dummy Taylor, the old Giant pitcher who is now with the Buffalo team of the Eastern league, was a visitor at the Polo grounds the other day and nearly broke up the game when he walked across the field, for the crowd would not quit until the dummy was told to take off his hat as the crowd was cheering.

Shortstop Hadley of the Evansville team in the Central league is said to be an exact duplicate of Hans Wagner. In broad shoulders, bow legs, big hands, and hook nose. Nobody knows Hadley's first name, so they have had to call him "Hans." Hadley is on his way up the ladder of baseball fame as he is climbing each year.

The Troy team of the New York State league released Ernest Lusk, a player that the New York Giants had a claim on. The case was decided by the national commission the other day and was the cause for a new rule to be made by the supreme court of baseball. Hereafter when a minor league club releases a player that a major league club has a string on without giving that club notice it will be held responsible for the salary of the player.

CLEVER FIRST BASE PLAYER

Jake Daubert of Brooklyn Nationals, One of Season's "Finds," Tells of Early Start.

BY JAKE DAUBERT.

You ask how I got my start. The fact is I started and slipped back so often that it is hard to tell how. I know that at first I didn't want to start at all. I loved baseball, and played ever since I can remember. I was on the "first nine" in my home town when I was 15 years old. But the idea of getting into the big leagues did not come to me for a long time. I was in the little Williams Valley league down in Southern Pennsylvania, and was hitting pretty well, but my arm was bad. I was a third baseman then and never had played much except as a pitcher, and sometimes a catcher or the outfield. I got an offer to go out again when our league went up, but wanted to stay at home. I finished up the season there and saw I could hold my own with them, except that my arm was so bad I wanted to quit. I couldn't leave them across from third base, and besides I didn't know much about playing the game, or how to take care of my arm. I went to the manager and told him either I would go home or go to first base. He asked me if I could play first and I said I thought I could, although I never had tried it, and that a left handed thrower belonged there rather than at third. He must have liked me, for he gave me a chance and I made good and hit well. Then Cleveland got me and I thought I was started, but somehow they could not see me. I thought I was doing fairly well, but they chased me again and finally I got discouraged and couldn't hit and everything broke wrong, and I was sent to the Southern league.

I didn't like the way Cleveland had treated me and I wanted to show that bunch I could play the game. I work-

ed hard at Memphis and studied the game. I learned a whole lot and suddenly I settled down and started hitting. After that I was all right. I began correcting faults and working harder to get along and pretty soon Brooklyn grabbed me. That time I was ready and knew I was ready. I had the confidence and I knew that I could hold my own.

There will be no Cuban trip for the Tigers after the league season closes. President Navin has put his foot down on such a trip, and no members of the Detroit team will be permitted to play ball in Havana and other places. Any player disobeying this order will be fined \$500. But this threat may not make any change in the players' plans. One of the party said that nearly all the regular men have made preparations to play ball on the island.

What can the club do if twelve of us go to Cuba to play right after the season opens? This player says: "If we are fined we will not report in the spring, and I guess that would settle the matter. It seems absurd and unjust to object to us going to Cuba. We go right after the season is over and spend about two weeks there. That certainly will not injure us. So far as it being detrimental to our future, why just look at the Athletics; they made a trip to the coast last winter and it does not seem to have affected their work in the least."

Bobby Byrne leads the National league in two-base drives.

Does Engineering Work. Mile Bandurin is superintendent of an engineering firm in Russia. She was graduated from the Women's Technological Institute in St. Petersburg, and has had practical experience in engineering. She built a steel warehouse for an army co-operative society, has been assistant engineer in building a bridge across the Neva and has done other important work.

Outlining Treatment. "I want you to take care of my practise while I'm away."

"But, doctor, I have just graduated. Have had little experience."

"You don't need it with my fashionable patients. Find out what they have been eating and stop it. Find out where they have been summering and send 'em somewhere else."

Not Impregnable. Horace Avery, K. C., just appointed a judge, is one of the mordant wits of the British bar. One day cross-examining a recalcitrant witness he asked:

"What are you?"

"A retired gentleman," proudly asserted the ex-cheese-monger.

"Well," snarled Avery, "when you achieved the position of gentleman, why did you retire from it?"

A Business Transaction. "So Mr. Pennwise married his typist!" said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes."

"I wonder whether she gains an allowance or he merely saves a salary?"—Washington Star.

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"He did; but he didn't use it on the cash register."—Christian Advocate.

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an of- ficial visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Ever read the above letter? A new use appears from time to time. They are wholesome, true, and full of human interest.

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MURINE'S WITCH SOAP HAZEL SOAP

Makes the skin soft as velvet. Improves any complexion. Best shampoo made. Cures most skin eruptions. Murine's Hair Invigorator cures dandruff, stops hair from falling out, makes hair grow. If you have Dandruff, or any liver trouble, use Murine's Hair-Powder. They cure Biliousness, Constipation and drive all impurities from the blood.—BUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Asst. Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. EYE DROPS & ADVISE FREE BY MAIL. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

STRANGE.



"Is the proprietor in? I want to get some screen doors." "He's in, but he's out o' doors."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that a Catarrh of the Bladder is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for particulars. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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NEW YORK BABY STATISTICS

Thousands Born Yearly, and Thousands Die, and Thousands Lost on Every Conceivable Occasion.

There were 123,276 babies born in the five boroughs of New York last year. This figure is exclusive of imported babies, of which there were many, but they were offset by the export of babies to the country, which is equally heavy.

Of these 123,276 babies 5,171 came only to depart at once, and 15,976 failed to survive their natal year. So it is fairly correct to assume that there are about 200,000 babies in the city of New York between three and four years of age.

Where are the babies of New York? What industries do they foster? Who supplies the hundreds of thousands of nursing bottles and teething rings and other abstruse articles of which the bachelor wots not? What proportion of the babies are mislaid in a year and where are they taken when found? These questions and a score of others are being asked about the

thought of that great helpless army.

The average baby under one year old consumes about forty-five ounces of milk a day. This amount increases with the hunger of advancing years to about two quarts, and 200,000 quarts is consumed by the babies of New York in the course of a single day. And how much of it is pure milk? For the cow's milk the answer rests with the health commissioner. Dr. Ernst J. Lederle and Dr. Josephine Baker of the child hygiene bureau of the department of health have done much for the health of the infants of New York city.

Where are the babies of New York? repeats a writer in the American Baby. Some of them spend their days in the day nurseries, of which there are eighty-four in Greater New York. Sixty-three are in Manhattan and take care of about 4,000 children every day. At the Sunnyside Nursery, 221 West One Hundred and Fourth street, more babies are cared for than at any of the others.

As for lost babies, police headquarters was once their gathering place, regardless of age, sex or previous con-

Curious Baths in Penang

One of the many curious things that strike the tourist as curious at Penang is the type of baths with which the hotels are provided. Penang is in the Straits Settlements, a British crown colony in the Malay peninsula, deriving its name from the Straits of Malacca, which forms the great trade route between India and China. From each of the first-class rooms opens a dark, cement-paved,

dipper. The proper procedure is to soap the body well, then throw several dippers of water over it, repeating the process until satisfied. There is water enough to keep it up for an hour or so, and a huge crash towel, as large as a sheet, to wrap up in when the bath is over.—Unidentified.

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