PART III.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

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TALES OF MAIL ROBBERIES

Operations of Postoffice Burglars Throughout the Country.

LONG RECORD OF PROFESSIONAL RAIDS

A Chapter from the Secret Service Record of the Government—Noted Crooks and Their Crimes—Schemes to Defraud.

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The records of the Postoffice department of the United States are blotted with crime. More than one hundred postmasters go wrong every year. Over one thousand persons are annually arrested for trying in some way or other to pilfer from the mails, and on the average more than two postoffices are robbed every day year in and year out. Last year there was an increase of 35 per cent in postoffice burglaries, there being 426 more such crimes during that time than the year preceding, and within the past ten years there has been an increase of 247 per cent in postal robberies. The indications are that the present year will break the record, and that it will show more burglaries than any in our history.

MAIL ROBBING A SCIENCE.

The robbing of postoffices is now reduced to a science. It is known that there are in the country a class of professional burglars who devote themselves to robbing postoffices. They are experts in their line and their stealings equal fortunes. They have their fences through whom they get rid of the stamps they steal, and everything connected with them seems to be systematically organized. They operate in all parts of the country, though the headquarters of one of the biggest gangs seems to be in New York. During the past two or three years they have become bolder than ever. The Postoffice department has for some time known of their existence, and the inspectors are working night and day to wipe them out. Two years ago the matter was taken up by congress and an appropriation of $10,000 was made to be used by the Postoffice department in the shape of rewards for the arrest and detection of such robbers. Last year this appropriation was increased to $25,000, and the result is that the department now has standing rewards for noted postal burglars. They are now sending bills announcing such rewards to the different detective offices of the country, and two which were lately issued lie before me as I write.

POSTOFFICE ROBBERS AT LARGE.

One of these bills offers $3,000 for the capture of the three great postoffice burglars—Killoran, Russell and Allen—who escaped from the Ludlow street jail in New York on the 4th of last July, and the other offers $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of Sidney Yennie and George Carson, two other celebrated postoffice thieves. It is thought that all of these men belong to the greatest of these gangs of professional postoffice burglars. The posters describing them contain half-tone portraits of the men. Below these is the offer of the reward, and underneath this are very full descriptions of the men. As the rascals are still at large, it is interesting to know how they look. Take Yennie, for whom $500 is offered. The poster says his name is Sidney Yennie, and that he sometimes goes under the alias of Sidney Manning, and at others of Stephen J. Roberts. "He is a pickpocket and a general thief, and is wanted on the charge of postoffice robbery. He is 28 years old, five feet seven inches high, and he weighs 125 pounds. He is of medium weight, dark complexion, and his brown hair is thin on the top of his head. His left eyelid droops and his eyes are dark brown."

Carson is described as follows: "George Carson is known as a bank sneak and general thief. He is wanted for postoffice robbery. He is 41 years old, five feet one and one-half inches high and he weighs 165 pounds. His head is very bald, his mustache blonde, his complexion florid, his eyes hazel, and he has a dot of India ink on his right hand."

THREE FAMOUS POSTAL BURGLARS.

The other poster offers rewards of $1,000 each for the capture of Joseph Killoran, Harry Russell and Charles Allen. These men are the princes of postoffice burglars. They stand at the head of the profession and belong to a gang of which Killoran is supposed to be the leader. Killoran has been robbing postoffices for years, and it is said that he has stolen from two postoffices alone within the past six months more than $50,000. He was arrested for robbing the postoffices at Springfield, Ill., and Hoboken, N. J., and Russell and Allen were taken at the same time. The three men were entombed in the Ludlow street jail May 31, 1895. They escaped on the 4th of last July, and the Postoffice department is searching for them everywhere. There is no doubt but that these burglars have a large amount of money at their command. They have many confederates, and their capture will probably be exceedingly difficult. During their stay in the jail they tried again and again to bribe their keepers, and the manner of their escape has led to the belief that they may possibly have succeeded. They offered the jail cleaner sums ranging from $500 to $5,000 to aid them in their escape. They told one keeper they would give him $1,500 if he would allow them to knock him down and thus get out. This man was promised $5,000 more if they succeeded in making their escape. They offered one of the jail servants $500 for a revolver, and they tendered several other bribes. In some way or other they did get revolvers. They covered the jailers with them, seized the keys from the hand of one of them and locked him and his assistants in the reception room of the jail. They then ran out of the corridor into the street with a great crowd after them. They doubled this way and that. Two of them—Russell and Allen—took to the roofs of the houses of some of the New York side streets and thus eluded their pursuers. Killoran distanced the men who were after him until finally he was pursued by only three. He drew his revolver on them and warned them to go back. They left. He then went to the elevated railroad and took a train going up town, and this was the last that was seen of him.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS APIECE.

These men are worth $1,000 apiece. Uncle Sam will pay that to any one who will arrest them and hand them over to the government officers. Their pictures on the posters are good, but the men were shaved just after their arrest, and this will increase the difficulty of identifying them. The government, however, is very full in its descriptions, and it is probable that they will be captured. Killoran is described as an Englishman of 56 years of age. He is about five feet nine and one-half inches high and he weighs 160 pounds. He has dark brown hair, a light beard mixed with gray, and his complexion is fair. There is a letter "P" and a round dot on his right forearm and there are three dots on his left forearm, which are partly burned out. He has a slightly pockmarked dot between his thumb and the first finger of his right hand. The descriptions of the other men are equally full, and the postoffice inspectors are scattering these circulars throughout the police and detective offices of the country.

POSTOFFICE INSPECTORS.

These circulars are signed M. D. Wheeler, chief postoffice inspector. The inspectors may be called Uncle Sam's postal detectives. There are about 100 of them, and they are scattered all over the country. They have charge of all crimes connected with the postoffice and may be ordered by the postmaster general to go to any part of the country at a moment's notice. A number of them are on duty along the line between the United States and Canada, and they are especially busy just now in keeping track of the robberies in the western states and territories. Every day or so there is a telegram from Oklahoma or the Indian territory asking for the detection of some new postoffice crime. The inspectors are under the charge of Mr. M. D. Wheeler, who directs them from the Postoffice department here. Mr. Wheeler is a blue-eyed, gray-mustached, baldheaded man of about 50. He has been connected with the department for years. He is rather reserved in his manner, and, like all good detectives, he has learned the policy of keeping his mouth shut as to the cases which he has in hand. His department is thoroughly organized, however, and the wires are kept hot with the cases which are sent into it for him to settle. All complaints are classified. Those which relate to the registered mail are marked "A." Those which refer to the ordinary mail go into division "B." All charges against postmasters and postal employes and the improper use of the mails are assigned to another division, marked "C." The "D" cases are those which relate to the robberies of postoffices, and the "F" cases are complaints as to the foreign mail. There are daring crimes connected with all these cases. The registered mail is said to carry about $200,000,000 a year. It handles about 15,000,000 letters and packages annually, and last year it was alleged that over 2,500 of these were opened and their contents stolen. There were several thousand other cases, some of which embraced the entire loss of the letter or package. Of the cases investigated, it was found that losses actually occurred in only about 1,800 instances, and that in half of these the money was recovered by the inspectors. As to the annual ordinary mail it is impossible to estimate its value. At the rate of 25 cents per letter it would be worth $500,000,000. Complaints in this division amounted last year to about 57,000, and the loss was comparatively small. The chief increase in crime has been in postoffice burglaries, and connected with them the numerous defalcations in the territories of the west.

HE HELD UP FIVE MEN.

The action of Killoran, Russell and Allen in holding up the jailers at New York is nothing new in the records of postoffice crimes. The men who rob Uncle Sam's postoffices are among the most dangerous of our criminal classes. They are usually men of more than ordinary intelligence, and they seem to be adepts in the art of getting out of Uncle Sam's jails. There is a man now in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., who held up five men and succeeded in making his escape after he had been arrested by the postal inspectors. This man's name is Le Roy Harris. He was formerly in the employ of the New York postoffice. About a year ago he got possession of some money order and postal note blanks of a Connecticut postoffice. With those, by means of forgery, he succeeded in obtaining about $3,000 from the postoffice funds. He sent his bogus money orders all over the country. The inspectors soon discovered his fraud and within six weeks after the theft of the blanks they had arrested him. He was taken at Buffalo, N. Y., and was brought before a United States commissioner. While that officer was issuing the necessary papers Harris drew his revolver, made the five men in the room hold up their hands and escaped. He was captured, however, the same night at a little town in Canada and was sent to jail.

ESCAPE OF LETTER BOX THIEVES.

Last year the department had great trouble with a gang of letter box thieves, a number of whom escaped after being arrested. This gang made a specialty of breaking open street letter boxes. They carried on their work in different parts of the country. About a year ago the inspectors got on their track and arrested the three who were considered the chiefs of the gang. One of these was a man named Stratton, who was caught in Colorado, and who is serving a twenty-one year sentence in the penitentiary at Canyon City. He escaped four months after he was captured, but was retaken, and is again in prison. Two others of this gang who were arrested also escaped, but they were both retaken.

THE CASE OF RUBE BURROWS.

Of all the desperate postoffice robbers who have broken jail, however, the department has no more remarkable case than that of Rube Burrows. This man was a famous train robber and burglar. He had been engaged in a number of postoffice robberies and he ended his career through an attempt to rob a mail train in Mississippi in 1889. He had two confederates, and the three men entered the train by way of the engine. They covered the engineer and fireman with their pistols and then made their way back to the mail car. The Postoffice department offered $1,000 for the arrest of Burrows. The railroads also offered rewards, and a man named Carter finally captured him. He was taken to Alabama and was put into a village jail. Carter had gone off to sleep at the hotel. He left a white man and two negroes to guard Burrows. During the night the white man went off into a cabin to sleep, leaving the two negroes alone. Burrows had a little canvas bag with him at the time of his capture. He asked these negroes to get this for him, saying that it contained some crackers and he was hungry. They did this. Burrows at once put his two hands into the bag, and, notwithstanding the handcuffs on his wrists, pulled out two pistols. With these he covered the negroes. He made them go and bind and gag the white man, and then made one of the negroes bind the other. The unbound negro he compelled to lead him to the room in the hotel where Carter was sleeping. He made him knock at the door and say to Carter that he was wanted at the jail. The result was Carter opened the door and found himself facing the cold steel of Burrows' revolvers. He did not flinch, however, but pulled his pistol and began firing. A number of shots were exchanged and Burrows was killed. Carter received several wounds, but he recovered and got his reward.

BIG STAMP ROBBERIES.

One of the biggest robberies of stamps that the department has ever known was that which occurred here last fall at the bureau of engraving and printing. The government up until a short time has been having the stamps made by the American Bank Note company of New York. It cost the government 7 cents a thousand. Now Uncle Sam makes his own stamps and saves $100,000 a year by doing so. Last October, however, it was found that two of the employes of the bureau had been stealing stamps by the thousand. The officers woke up one morning to find 90,000 2-cent stamps missing and it was discovered that these men had sent out short packages to the various postoffices and had sold the stamps they stole. There were two women mixed up in the case, and just before discovery the men took a satchel filled with stamps and ran off with the girls to New York. They returned within a day or so and went back to work. They denied their crime upon being arrested, but were convicted and are now serving out their sentences in the penitentiary.

A big stamp robbery occurred at Minneapolis nine years ago. The thieves stole 800,000 stamps. They did it at night, breaking into the postoffice and crawling through the stamp window. The stamps were locked up in the safe, but the burglars opened it with a diamond drill. The value of their steal was about $14,000. They took their booty to Chicago and tried to dispose of it there through some men who acted as postage stamp fences. They had still $4,000 worth of stamps left when they were discovered, arrested and sent to prison. The gang of burglars in New York do not seem to have this trouble in disposing of their stamps. A vast amount of stamps come into the big cities in the transmission of small sums through the mails. The merchants sell them through brokers at a small discount, and millions of stamps are disposed of in this way. It is estimated that New York uses $3,000,000 worth of stamps which she does not buy of the government. There is no way of detecting a stolen stamp and the postage stamp fences thus have little trouble in getting rid of the amounts they buy from the robbers.

SOME SOUTHERN ROBBERIES.

The officials of the Postoffice department tell me that robberies and defalcations are most common during hard times. Just about the time of the panic there were a great many postoffice burglaries and the robberies were most in those sections where the times were the hardest. A number of arrests were lately made in South Carolina and not a few in Texas. It is now about a year since General Maxwell got a telegram describing the robbery of the mail stage on its way from Robert Lee to Ballinger, Tex. The stage was stopped by two masked men and the registered mail stolen. In this mail it was stated that there was a letter containing $3,100 of money order funds, which had been sent from the postoffice of Robert Lee. General Maxwell handed the case over to Mr. Wheeler. An inspector was at once put to work and it was found that the assistant postmaster, one of the postal clerks and the stage driver had conspired with W. F. Buchanan, the president of a bank at Robert Lee, to steal this $3,100 from Uncle Sam. The postal clerk and the stage driver the night before the robbery slipped out of town with the three registered letters in their hands. Two of these they had taken from the mails. One contained $5 and the other $2. The third letter contained nothing, but it was labeled to contain $3,100 and the register account at the postoffice was manipulated to show that it had been received. These two men took these letters to the point where they decided that they would swear the robbery occurred. They tore up the two bona fide registered letters and took the money, leaving the envelopes on the ground. They tore also the bogus $3,100 envelope, which contained nothing, and then went back to town. The next morning the stage driver left with the mail. As soon as he got to this point he cut open the mail pouch. When he arrived at the next postoffice he told how he had been held up and the mail pouch cut and rifled. The idea was that the government would pay the $3,100 supposed to have been stolen. Uncle Sam's inspectors, however, discovered the fraud, and all the parties to the conspiracy were convicted.

Frank G. Carpenter

IF THE COURT PLEASE.

Interesting Incidents Concerning Lawyers and Judges.

Some time since, in southwest Georgia, a murder case was being tried before a certain judge, relates the Atlanta Constitution. The state's attorney had seen the shooting, and they had an old negro on the witness stand. The negro became intensely interested in the story he was telling. His big eyes were fixed upon the lawyer who was questioning him and he seemed to think there was no other person in the room. He was trembling with excitement, so much so that he stammered, and he told his story as if he was having a strictly private and confidential conversation with the state's attorney.

"An' den, boss," he said, in solemn and awe-struck tones, "j-j-jes' ez I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, sah, I see him long o de lamp pos'. I—"

"What time was this?" asked the judge.

The witness paused for a second, as if something had disturbed him, but then, without turning his head, he went on:

"J-j-jes' as I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, boss, I seen him 'long o' de lamp pos'. I—"

The judge rapped the desk before him smartly with his gavel.

"Stop!" he said. "The court is asking you a question. At what time did you come around the corne?"

Again the witness stopped and made a motion with his hands as if he was brushing away a fly from his ear, but he never turned around, and again started to tell his story.

"Ez I wuz a-sayin', boss, I rounded dat dah cornah, an' seen him 'long of de—"

The judge brought his mallet down with a noise that almost caused the witness to leap off the stand, and roared out:

"What do you mean, sir? If you do not answer my question instantly I shall commit you!"

The witness turned, faced the court, and said, in deprecating tones:

"L-l-look er yere, boss, doan' you see I'm talkin' to dis gen'lman?"

The lawyers were almost convulsed with laughter, the judge bent his head and shook with merriment, and the witness was allowed to finish his story undisturbed.

One of the old-time members of the bar of Chicago was John Ast, a German, who had a large clientage among the people of his nativity. He was before Judge Storer in the superior court in some case, relates the Inter Ocean, and the point in the litigation was dependent upon a law which had been enacted shortly before the trial of the case. Attorney Ast referred to that law and said to the court that that law settled the question involved. Said Judge Storer: "Show me that law. I want to see it before I am bound by it." The attorney sent for a book which he believed contained the statute. He got the book and began turning over the leaves, and continued to do so for some minutes, yet he could not find what he wanted. He became nervous and finally gave it up and passed the book to the judge. The official said: "I don't want the book. Show me the law you mention."

"Dat law vas in de book, ef your honor please," said Ast, "and I vould like to haf you find it. Vat vas de tagsepayers put you der fer but to find de law and dell us vat it vas. Id is in de book, unt I vant yer honor ter find dat law. It vas in de book."

And the judge had to take the book and search for the law the attorney had cited to him. It is not recorded whether he succeeded.

Another story from the same source gives the experience of a Mr. Pugh before the examining committee for admission to the bar of Chicago:

"When the day arrived Mr. Pugh was on hand promptly at the hour which had been named. He found that a platform had been erected in the library for the examiners, and directly in front of it a smaller one for him to occupy. The hour arrived and by that time there had been placed upon a table beside the platform where the examiners were to sit a pile of law books that seemed to be about half the number the library contained. Mr. Pugh did not like the looks of that and was nervous. He was made more so by the presence of a large number of the members of the bar, several of whom told him to keep cool, as they had seen the list of questions, and though they had been practicing for years they could not answer them. The examiners took their seats, and Mr. Pugh took his. Judge Storer, as he looked over his spectacles, said:

"'What's your name?'

"'William H. Pugh,' was the reply.

"'Ahem! What did you say your name was?'

"'William H. Pugh.'

"'Are you a brother of George E. Pugh?'

"'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Pugh, wondering if he was never to get away from the reflection of his brother.

"'Well, Mr. Pugh, the first question we will ask you is, do you know which end of a cigar is the proper end to light?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'The next important question we will ask you, Mr. Pugh, is whether you know which end of a bottle is the proper one to open when a man is thirsty?'

"'I do, and if the examiners will come downstairs with me I will give them a practical demonstration of that fact,' said Mr. Pugh, seeing that he was being made the butt of a joke.

"'This examination is adjourned,' said the presiding examiner.

"Thereupon the examiners, the attending attorneys and Mr. Pugh repaired to the DeBolt, and before they left they were not in a condition for further examination. Mr. Pugh was admitted to practice."

"One day," said Judge Baker of Chicago, "we were making up a jury before Judge Moran, in a case where a colored woman was suing a railroad company for personal injury. An Irishman was examined as to his fitness to serve. He gave me satisfactory answers. Then Attorney Sleeper took him in hand.

"'Is there any reason why you can not try this case?'

"'No reason.'

"'Have you any prejudice against corporations?'

"'Not a bit.'

"'Will you try the case between the parties fairly and justly?'

"'Of course I will.'

"'So far so good, and Sleeper was about to pass him when he happened to ask, merely as a formula:

"'Then, at this present time you have no notion how this case should be decided?'

"'Certainly,' replied the candid would-be juror; 'my mind is made up. I'm for that black woman against the company.'"

Three Ages of Man.

Chicago Times-Herald: "Only one thing in the world, my boys," said the man of 60.

"True," said the man of 40.

"True," echoed the man of 20.

"And that is rest," said the man of 60 softly.

"It is success," said the man of 40 grimly.

"Oh, no!" said the man of 20 eagerly; "it is love—it is love!"

DIVORCES WHILE YOU WAIT

Life Among the Matrimonial Misfits in South Dakota.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN THE COLONY

Women Socially Ostracized, but the Men Have a Gay Time—The Law and the Lawyers—How Residence is Acquired.

The rapidity and facility with which divorces are obtained in South Dakota are fruitful topics for resident correspondents. The more or less salacious history of divorce seekers, the legal leeches and grasping landlords who thrive on the business, have been written and rewritten, surfeiting the public and bringing reproach on the state. But there are features of the scandalous business that have not been touched and could be truly detailed by other than a member of the divorce colony at Sioux Falls. A woman who has seen and was a part of the inner life of the colony presents in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat a graphic account of her experiences. She writes:

To one who has never breathed the same air, nor lived side by side with the men and women who compose the "divorce colonies" in South Dakota, it is almost an impossibility to describe the mortification felt by the sensitive, refined, shrinking, well-bred woman, who exiles herself to this far-away prairie town and finds herself the cynosure of all eyes; the daily pin pricks, in the innuendoes, the slurs, the slights, the ostracisms to which she is subjected by the inhabitants and the press; the constant annoyance at finding herself an object of public property, her comings and goings criticised, her dress and manners questioned, her motives pronounced without trial as the worst possible to be imputed to woman.

And yet such is the case; and in order to place before the world the true facts of this "colony" and the series of events which have led up to the existing condition of affairs, it would need a Zola's scalpel, a Bourget's psychological pen. Though not so gifted, yet as one who has lived and suffered there, may these words, which are honest and heartfelt, go forth to help the unhappy, and to act as a warning to the careless.

To the heartbroken woman who comes to this town to unloose in secrecy and obscurity the bonds which bind her to some worthless man the suspicion, the "engarde," the fence of outraged propriety which encircles, shields and emanates from the "inhabitant" is as a knife to stab that bleeding heart, a bitter draught of gall and wormwood to those parched lips, crying out in anguish for a cooling sip from the cup of sympathy and human kindness; and the burden of the secretly carried cross becomes so heavy that even God seems far away, in this Sioux valley, where such beauties as the flat Dakotas can boast of are here in all their pleasingness.

TWO CLASSES IN THE COLONY.

The "colony" consists of two distinct classes. The first and smaller number is composed of good, honest women, who, unwilling to air their grievances and expose their family skeletons to the eyes of their townspeople, or to see their names bandied from one newspaper to another, come out here, knowing that the divorce laws are not as strict as those of the eastern states and that you can obtain release from fetters which bind you to some Old Man of the Sea by other means than the proving of the breaking of the seventh commandment. These women come here and bury themselves in some private family, hoping to escape all notice, fallaciously thinking that no one will suspect their errand, and bravely bending their backs to the burden, prepared to take up their new life in this far away primitive town as cheerfully as possible, looking forward for cheer and comfort to the bright star on the horizon of the future, their divorce and release. For such a woman the awakening to the real position which she holds in the town is something awful.

The second class is composed of women who have violated their marriage vows, who have formed a mad infatuation for some man, and whose only object in coming here is to take advantage of the loose divorce laws and in nine cases out of ten to live in open shame with their paramours; while putting themselves under the protection of these laws, their daily life being an open defiance of any law, human or divine. To these women the opinion, good, bad or indifferent, of man or woman is a matter of perfect indifference, their notoriety and the criticism they call forth being only so much incense burned before the shrine of their sensual vanity. And to these women may be given the credit for the ignominious scourge which flays their honest, suffering sisters.

The actions of the "divorcees" have been so open to criticism that the inhabitants judge one and all by the same standard. These colonists form a distinct population by themselves. There is an air, a style, a bearing about them which is entirely unlike the townspeople. The majority of them are well-to-do, in fact, they must be, as Sioux Falls is not a cheap place to live in, that is for a divorcee, and a poor woman going there in the hope that she can earn her living while gaining her residence would find her hopes dashed rudely to the ground. It is not an exaggeration to say that she would not be received in the kitchens as a servant, and this assertion is made with the stern fact staring one in the face that servants are as gold out there, they are so scarce.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

The question has its funny side, too; indeed, how could life be borne out there were there not some ludicrous incidents to distract them? Women, heart-broken, paralyzed with the horrors of their position, with the knowledge that, in order to gain their ultimate freedom, they must pass through Zola's nauseating kitchen—viz., six months' ostracism in this desolate place; so listless that life or death would be equally welcome; so homesick that sunshine or rain matters not, in their longing for a breath of native air; so prostrated by the long six months required for a residence as to be almost willing to throw the whole thing up; so indignant at the fact that they were spotted the very first day they reached the town and their secret mission made public property; these women, before they have been a week in town, have started out and gone to the postoffice, and on their return were brighter, more cheerful, announcing with all the aplomb of an old colonist, this bit of gossip, "That there was a new divorcee in town," forgetting their own heartaches in the wonder as to how the new member felt; sympathizing with her, and fairly carried away by the impulse, which is strong within them, to be a prop, a guide, a shield to the stranger; there is a freemasonry among them which draws them to one another, and a few hours' acquaintance, united by one common tie, will open up an intimacy, a friendship, which it would have taken years to cement in the east.

As a rule, the women are pretty, stylishly dressed and well educated. The majority are young, and, being young, love life, excitement, pleasure, all three of which are forbidden a colonist. Does she assert her youth, her vivaciousness, her natural desire for something besides the seclusion to which she is doomed, the eyes of every man, woman and child in the place are upon her, and the secret police system of All the Russias is as nothing compared to the espionage of her every act, word and thought. What she does is bruited over the place; what she does not do is magnified into a heinous crime, because she has failed to do what the townspeople thought she should do.

And this detective system is practiced by people whose own morals are not of the highest. The old people shake their heads and ascribe the wrongdoings and shortcomings of the younger generation to the example set by the colony. It has often struck me what broad shoulders the colonists must need to carry the many loads laid upon them. This blame can hardly be called just, because the inhabitants associate so little—in fact, not at all—with the divorcees that it seems unjust to blame a young girl's fall to the example set her by the colony. It is true the fine clothes and the high living may be an opening wedge, and the victim may imagine that should she do likewise she may fare as well.

SOME MEN THERE.

A new feature, and a strange one, too, is the number of men in Sioux Falls seeking a dissolution of the marriage tie. At present there are more there than ever before at one time since the place became a divorce center. These men have very trivial excuses. Mental cruelty, drunkenness, nonbearing of children, not more than two or three unfaithfulness. It seems a small thing for a man to allege cruelty against a woman. Mental cruelty is but another way of expressing incompatibility of temper, really; putting it as mental cruelty, it sounds more legal.

In the man's case there is always a woman in the background, and when the man who has willingly borne the burden of a bad wife for many years meets a younger, more attractive woman his shackles become too irksome and he needs must hie himself to South Dakota to loose them.

Mme. Grand's theory that a man should be held equally guilty with the woman does not hold good in this case; for, while the woman is ostracized, the man is feted. The damsels ogle him, the matrons pet him, he is invited to sing at the concerts and the female portion of the audience listen entranced, while the male members anathematize him. He is invited to the swellest houses and is a favored guest at dinners, lawn parties, sociables and card reunions; his life, so to speak, is a bed of roses.

On the other hand, let me quote an instance which came under my own personal notice. A divorcee, a woman who had held herself most decorously, attended services at the Episcopal cathedral and was in a certain measure cordially received, conceived the idea of giving a little supper to some of her kindly disposed lady friends in the church. She prepared as dainty a repast as the limited resources of the town permitted, sent out invitations, and, everything being prepared, sat down to await the coming of her guests. She waited and waited, and still she waited, and no one came. Not one woman in that list of invited guests came to her supper, nor did they trouble themselves to send a regret. This is the woman's side in contrast to the man's. In what way had the woman sinned more than the man? They are both out there for the same purpose, yet a cold shoulder is turned to one, a warm welcome given to the other.

TRICKS IN THE TRADE.

Hundreds hie themselves to South Dakota under the mistaken impression that the divorce laws are lax and the obtaining of a divorce a mere matter of form. In the first instance they are no laxer than those in some of the eastern states; in the second, to obtain a legal divorce in South Dakota—one which cannot be assailed on any point—is anything but a form.

The laws of the two Dakotas are the same, but since March 1, 1893, a six months' residence—thanks to the unceasing efforts of Bishop Hare—is now required, while ninety days is all that is necessary in North Dakota. The eastern states gaze with suspicion upon a North Dakota decree, but obtained in South Dakota, after conforming with every letter of the law, it has been upheld in many states.

Any one going to South Dakota with the idea that it is only a matter of 180 days now, instead of half that number, as it was formerly, is making a grave mistake. They must make up their minds to remain from nine to ten months, unless an amicable arrangement can be made with the opposite side, in which case the time is very materially shortened, often not exceeding seven months.

The first thing to be done is to gain a residence by living in South Dakota six months. Here is a point where trickery and living up to the letter of the law, and not the spirit, comes in. Nine-tenths of the people who go to South Dakota for a divorce have no intention of gaining a bona-fide residence, either through disinclination or inability. If the party seeking redress is well-to-do he or she hires a furnished cottage for six or nine months. They pay the rent either in advance or by the month. After moving in and remaining perhaps a month, they close up the house and disappear, to reappear at intervals for a short period during the six months, or not to appear on the scene of action again until their term of residence has nearly expired.

One case in point which illustrates what I have said very clearly and which came under my personal observation was that of a very wealthy Brooklyn woman, who appeared in Sioux Falls about December 1, 1893. She flashed like a meteor upon the astonished Sioux Fallians. Her costumes were as dazzling as her profuse golden locks. She was a woman with a daughter fully 25 years old. Her diamonds were a nine days' wonder and her hats the envy of all the women. She first went to the Cataract house, but as the then proprietor would not accede to her request for a private parlor, she folded her tent and moved to the Commercial, where she hired six rooms, turned them topsy-turvy, exchanged the carpets in her private parlor for a handsome new one, hung new lace curtains and furnished gossip for a week. Then paragraphs appeared in the papers referring to her anxious search for a furnished house. Finally one of the finest in town was offered her furnished at a rental of $125 per month, which is an exorbitant sum to pay out there. She engaged it for six months and moved in, criticising furniture, architecture and everything in it, and remarking in an audible aside that she had refused $600 per month for her own house in Brooklyn. January 1 my lady closed the house and left the town. The last week in May signs of life were seen about the premises and on June 1 the family returned, just in time to serve her papers on the husband in New York.

That woman went before the judge and swore that she had come to Sioux Falls in good faith, and that she was a bona-fide resident, did not come for a divorce and intended to reside there permanently, and out of the whole six months she had only lived there one.

Others who are not so well off in the goods of this world hire a furnished room, paying so much a month in advance, and if they wish to go east they merely leave a trunk in the room and pay rent for it while they are gone. Others, again, are honest enough to remain permanently the requisite time, but they are few and far between.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

The lawyers! Their name is legion! They are the vultures feeding on the carrion! The town teems with them. The business blocks are perforated with their offices. They are good, bad and indifferent; the latter are in the majority. The bad ones prosper, the good exist. They are like wolves at bay—the quickest, smartest snatching the coveted morsel from his hungry brothers.

The divorcee is the natural prey of this horde of snarling, biting wolves, and the poor unfortunate, fortunately for her, as she means money and a living to the pack, is treated kindly if fattened and cared for previous to the plucking; and oh, how she is plucked!

These men, as a rule, are intelligent, clever fellows indeed; they must be, for there is so much competition among them that a man to live must keep his wits about him. They are villainous backbiters and hesitate at nothing, tearing their rival's character to shreds if necessary to gain a point.

They pay the conductors of the different incoming trains to report any new arrivals, and the hack drivers to locate the final selection of a home made by the newcomer. Then they start in on their fine work, and, like the spider, invite the pretty little fly into their beautifully swept parlors.

By hook or crook they obtain an introduction to the victim and offer their services to the poor stray creature, who falls an easy prey to their wiles: It is so soothing to have some good, kind man attend to a new home for you, initiate you into the mysteries of the mail hours, procure a postoffice box for you, for which they doubtless receive a commission—I can assure you they do nothing for nothing in South Dakota—show you around, introduce you at the different banks and stores, alding and smoothing the pathway immeasurably for you.

The woman is seen on the street once or twice with this kind lawyer and that settles it. No one would openly attempt to take her from the first one; that would be a breach of professional etiquet, but at any and every chance the most frightful tales of such and such a one's immorality are poured into her affrighted ears and friendly warnings are given to be on her guard against the man whom she must of necessity trust implicitly during her stay in the place.

The poor woman's state of mind may easily be conceived. He whom she had first looked upon as her best friend now appears in the light of her most dangerous enemy. The man to whom she has confided her innermost secrets she is told to beware of. In some few cases the lies are invented and the moral depravity depicted totally at variance with the man's character.

One lawyer with whom I was brought into close contact bore the worst reputation for immorality in the place. It is said that his clients visited him in his private office at all hours in the evening. And yet this man to me was always a gentleman—I cannot say a Chesterfield, for he was roughly western—but his heart was virgin gold and his natural kindliness smoothed many a rough place for me during my acquaintance with him.

I know of a case where a poor woman, through some hitch in New York, was stranded penniless in town. Her lawyer not only paid her board bills, but advanced her the money for her fare and sent her home. It is true he held her decree, but what was that? What security was that paper in the payment for the act of friendship extended to a woman in distress?

Then, again, as a contrast. One poor woman, not only poor because she was out there and was to be pitied, but poor in pocket, had paid $100 retainer fees. Before her six months' residence had expired, before her lawyer had put his pen to paper for her, the husband died. Did he give her back that $100? Not a penny of it, in spite of the fact that at the time of the husband's death the woman was penniless and was sent home through charity of friends in the colony.

BACCHUS.

William Reed Dunroy.

He comes with rosy cheek and flashing eye
His head is crowned with flower and clinging vine,
He presses to the feverish lip, a cup
Filled to the brim with sparkling, blood-red wine.

And soon the senses swoon in languorous sleep
And rosy dreams of bliss throng through the brain,
And on the eyelids flowers seem to pelt
And enchanting music on the ear to rain.

A dreamy kiss of love lies on the lips
And in the veins new life begins to start,
And cupid seems to stand and softly throw
A shower of scented roses on the heart.

But alas! the waking hour at last arrives
And sense breaks loose from flowery, blissful thrall,
Then Bacchus is a bony skeleton
From off whose head the withered flowers fall.

And in his bony hand he holds a cup
Filled full of blood, and dregs of wine, and fire,
And this he presses to the burning, reluctant lip
And fans again to flame the slumbering desire.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Speaking of Wilbur F. Storey, who created the Chicago Times, the "Listener" of the Boston Transcript says: "He had a theory that the editorial chair was the hub around which the whole newspaper wheel should revolve. He always sat in the editorial chair himself, and looked at all the business from that point of view. As he owned the whole establishment himself, refusing to take in any partner, he could safely do that. His business manager simply came to him for orders and took them meekly. Every one of these orders was dictated by news considerations. If any news feature appeared to Storey likely to make a hit and confound a contemporary, it made absolutely no difference how much it cost. When Storey became feeble and could no longer come to the office at night, a managing editor once woke him up, some time before midnight on the first Sunday night in December, with this speech:

"'Mr. Storey, by going in with a New York paper we can get an advance copy—stolen, of course—of the report of the secretary of the treasury.'

"'Well,' said Storey.

"'But it will cost the two papers $2,000. I didn't like to pay out $1,000 for a piece of news, not counting the tolls, without consulting you.'

"The managing editor heard a rough murmur, something like a growl, over the telephone. Then Storey said:

"'Never wake me up again to know whether you may spend $1,000 for a big beat! I don't want to be disturbed for so small a matter!'

"The operation of this principle left the Chicago Times worth at least $2,000,000 when Storey died, which was a considerable property for one man to build up out of nothing in less than thirty years."

Harry Marks, who was elected to the British Parliament last week, is the son of a London rabbi of prominence. He came to this country, says the New York Sun, when a young man, and, drifting to Texas, helped to edit a country paper. After a while he came to this city, and was a reporter for the World when Manton Marble was its editor. About 1880 he started a small financial paper in Wall street, which he soon sold out. Returning to his native city, Marks, with the aid of a rich American whom he had met when in this country, established the Financial News, which, in spite of its disrepute, is regarded as the only journal in the British capital which really gives the news of the money market. Marks has made his paper, which he now owns entirely, worth £20,000 a year to him.

Mr. Hamlin was a true gentleman, says a writer in the Century. Punctilious himself in the observance of all the requirements of gentlemanly intercourse, he was equally exacting of every courtesy due him from others. He permitted no man to be rude to him or to assume the attitude of a superior. On one occasion one of the able men and leaders of the senate, distinguished for a self-conscious, lordly air in his deportment, in the change of seats which occurs once in two years in the senate chamber, had gained a seat by the side of Mr. Hamlin and began at once to practice upon him those little exactions and annoyances which he had been accustomed to impose upon others. After a few days of yielding to these encroachments Mr. Hamlin turned and in a tone that did not require repetition said: "Sir, if you expect to be treated like a gentleman, you must prove yourself one." There was never occasion afterward to repeat the admonition.

Writing in the Commercial Travelers Home Magazine about old-time Fourth of July celebrations, ex-Governor Flower of New York says: "From the time I was 18 years old until I was 25 I was usually placed on the committee of the town in which I lived that had charge of the arrangements for the Fourth of July celebration. I remember one Fourth of July in Watertown, when we had decided to have the militia out in the procession; we were also desirous of getting some soldier or soldiers who had fought in the battle of Sackett's harbor, in the war of 1812-15. They were scarce, but we succeeded in finding one patriot. We rode him around in the procession; we dined, wined and toasted him. But the next day we learned that he fought on the other side!"

The new life of John Cairns, the celebrated Scotch divine, contains a remarkable pen sketch of Neander, the great Jewish ecclesiastical historian. Cairns attended his lectures at the University of Berlin in 1843, and describes him as a little man with a face that was pale, sallow and expressionless, a low forehead and nothing striking in his features but his black eyebrows. He was dressed in a dirty brown coat, blue plush trousers and dirty top boots. As the distinguished man stood and lectured to his students he punctured every sentence by spitting, so that the floor had to be cleaned when he had finished. And this was the old man who "for knowledge, spirituality, good sense and indomitable spirit of the finest discretion on moral subjects was a marvel."

THE DEXTEROUS TICKET MAN

Marvelous Deftness of the Circus Pusher of Pasteboards.

7,000 TICKETS SOLD IN FIFTY MINUTES

Men Who Have the Rare Privilege to Sit and Trample Money Under Their Feet—Daily Expenses of a Circus.

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The strangest scene in the whole circus day comes with the darkness, when the multitude, gathered from afar, stands waiting for the doors to open. Sometimes 2,000 people are packed together between the line of booths before which eloquent orators cry the attractions of the side show and the refreshment stands. A continuous murmur rises from the multitude and everywhere hissing torches flame up. Part of the crowd push against the iron chains across the entrance; others surge around the red ticket wagon, whose barred windows frown back at them, for, like the circus itself, the ticket wagon will not open for business one minute before the appointed time.

Sharp at 6:30 p. m. the double chain across the entrance is drawn away and four men station themselves there to receive the crush. Now see the crowd press through, like water escaping from a funnel.