

CROOKS MAKING A GETAWAY

Schemes of Fugitives for Outwitting Watchful Police.

ELABORATE PLANS OFTEN FAIL

Some Notorious Instances Gathered from New York and Scotland Yard Records—The Great Alibi.

How you know the identity of the individual, close-meshed net that the police lay out to capture the big criminal? The moment a big crime is committed and the identity of its perpetrator discovered the first thing the police do is to get a photograph and a good description of the criminal.

Just to show how careless people are in getting before a camera when the shutter is open, it may be recalled that "Gyp the Blood" and other New York gamblers sat for a tinsy group almost on the eve of committing the Rosenthal murder, a tinsy that duly fell into the hands of the police.

As soon as the police secure the desired photograph it is given to a half-tone man. It takes about an hour to produce plates from which good likenesses of the fleeing criminal can be printed.

Meanwhile the typesetter has done his work, and before the plate has had time to make more than a few trips around the clock's face circulars are sent broadcast over the face of the earth, giving one or more pictures of the fugitive, a full description not only of his physical appearance, but also of the clothes he wore when last seen, the occupation that he is likely to seek employment in or the variety of craft he is apt to ply and the class of associates he is likely to flock with.

International Convoy. Broadcast over the earth is no exaggeration. Every police chief and constable in the United States gets one. One is sent to every American consul, and the consul passes the word along to the proper local authorities.

More than this, the police communicate directly with the necessary foreign police if there is any reason for suspecting that the fugitive is headed for any particular foreign shore. International convoy in diplomatic circles is not a decorative flourish with international cities in police circles. The code is: You nab 'em for me and I'll nab 'em for you.

This means that there is a policeman at the end of every cable, of every telegraph wire, who will act, and act quickly, when the request is flashed from the proper authorities. To put this worldwide police force on the job, Scotland Yard dispatched cables costing \$1,700 when Dr. Crippen and his companion, Miss Levee, were missing after the strange discovery in Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Town.

Now to get back to headquarters. Even while the half-tone man was engraving the plates the department's official photographer was making and developing negatives from which to print hundreds of extra pictures of the missing man. These pictures are for the newspapers, and the police have good business reasons for giving them.

This plaster the hand with a mass of pictorial and printed information such as no police department in itself could ever hope to equal.

And this newspaper publicity struts into activity the most efficient detective force that there is in the world—the great inquisitive public.

Most people have a fondness for inquiring into other people's business. A man cannot move into a house, into a country village, into a backwoods shanty, but what his neighbors begin to pry into his antecedents.

Suspicion on the Job.

If the stranger dodges inquiry or the details of his story do not hitch together, that active though ancient individual, old Mr. Suspicion, immediately gets on the job. From the decision that there is something about the man he "mistrusts" he passes on to the conclusion that he's the runaway crook whose picture he saw in the newspaper, and a "tip" is forthwith dispatched to the official huntmen to come and capture the quarry.

How little it takes to arouse the ubiquitous individual is shown by the countless "tips" that pour in upon the police every time a crime is perpetrated that is given newspaper space. Every "tip" receives attention. It is usually found that old Mr. Suspicion is running around on false trails, but often he finally lands on the right one, and the much wanted "straight tip" is received by the police.

Disappearance Ruses.

And now for one of the most popular of all disappearance ruses. It consists of establishing the great and final alibi, in making those individuals to whom one wishes to bid a lasting adieu believe that one has departed this earth and gone to the Shining Shore.

The favorite method of working this ruse is to engage passage on a steamship. If the thing is done economically a river boat will do. The next morning a steamer is found that carries a stowaway, the contents of which are tossed about as evidence of a harrowed mind. The bed clothes are rumpled.

The suit of clothes that the late occupant wore aboard lay where they were flung on the floor; in the pockets, watch, letters, etc. All these mute articles tell the tragic story, to which a suicide note often gives emphasis.

But the cold, mangled passenger is not floating stark and lamed miles astern. In the early morning hours, when the decks were deserted, he climbed through the stateroom window, dressed in a rough suit that had been squeezed into his valise, and made his way to the baggage hold. Having already provided himself with the necessary ticket, he walked ashore with the other second-class passengers the moment the steamer tied up.

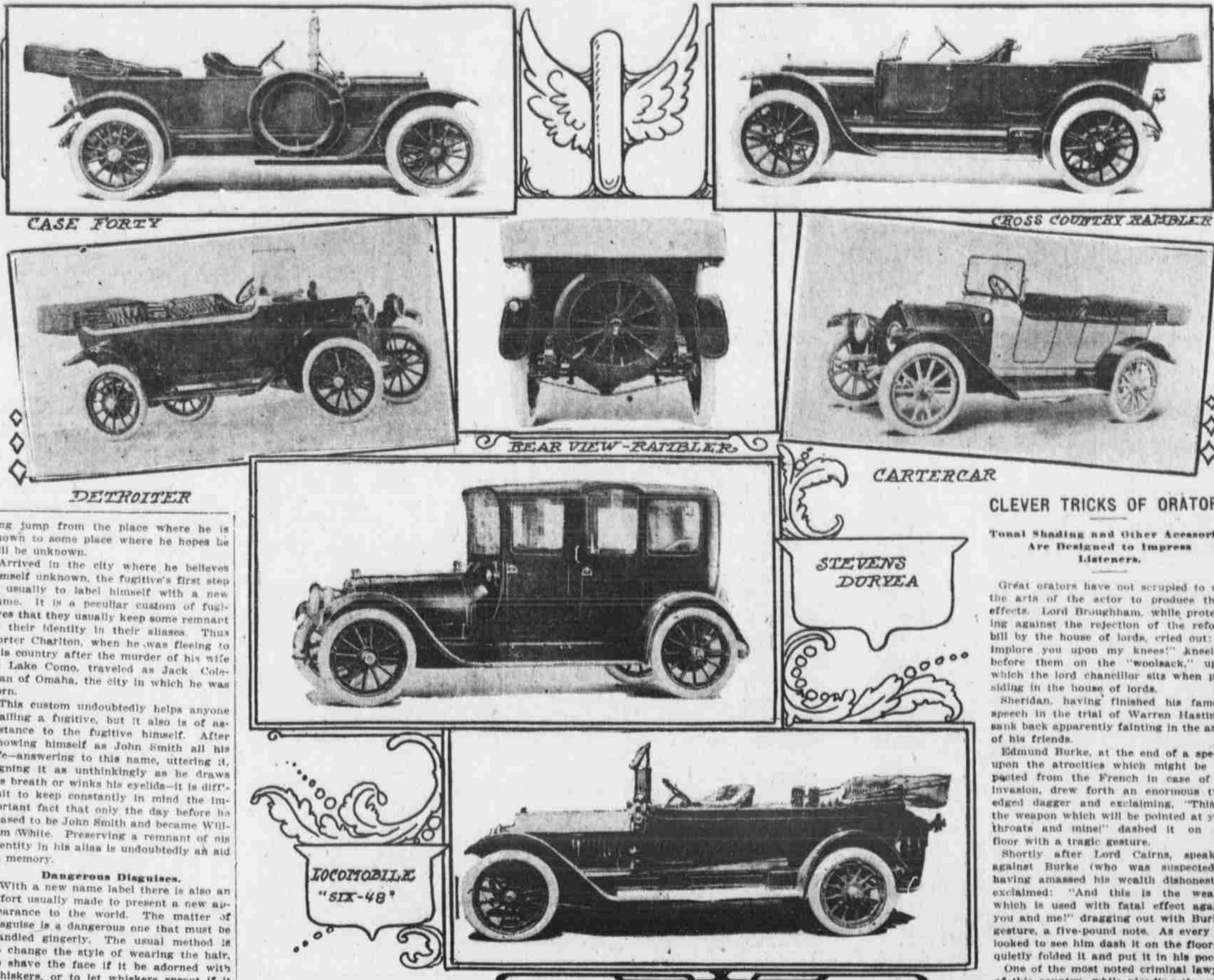
Dr. Crippen, when fleeing after the murder of his wife, contemplated trying this ruse aboard the steamship Montrose. He wrote a couple of touching farewell notes. On a certain night the ship's quartermaster, who was in the plot, was to desert Crippen in the cargo and then go to a dark part of one of the decks and toss something overboard that would make an audible splash. Crippen was to be smuggled ashore when the ship docked at Quebec. But the scheme struck a snag in the watchfulness of the ship's captain, who, through the use of the wireless, had been taken into the Scotland Yard net of the plot.

That wonderful crook, Mme. Dis de Bar, played the game on a commonplace Jersey City ferry boat, and so successfully that she was believed to be really and truly dead until a year later, when she bubbled up in Joliet prison.

There are many other ways of trying to establish the great alibi. The detective of the life insurance companies run across it in all its variations.—New York Times.

Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ads.

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CASE FORTY

CROSS COUNTRY RAMBLER

BEAR VIEW RAMBLER

CARTERCAR

STEVENS DURYEA

LOCOMOBILE "SIX-48"

CLEVER TRICKS OF ORATORS

Tonal Shading and Other Accessories Are Designed to Impress Listeners.

Great orators have not scrupled to use the arts of the actor to produce their effects. Lord Brougham, while protesting against the rejection of the reform bill by the house of lords, cried out: "I implore you upon my knees!" kneeling before them on the "woolstack," upon which the lord chancellor sits when presiding in the house of lords.

Edmund Burke, at the end of a speech upon the atrocities which might be expected from the French in case of an invasion, drew forth an enormous two-edged dagger and exclaiming, "This is the weapon which will be pointed at your throats and mine!" dashed it on the floor with a tragic gesture.

Shortly after Lord Cairns, speaking against Burke (who was suspected of having amassed his wealth dishonestly), exclaimed: "And this is the weapon which is used with fatal effect against you and me!" dragging out with Burke's gesture, a five-pound note. As every one looked to see him dash it on the floor, he quietly folded it and put it in his pocket.

One of the most noted criminal lawyers of this country, while pleading the cause of his client, was invariably so overcome by his innocence and wrongs that his voice would fail, his utterance would become choked, and he would sob so that

FRENCH "ROMANCE" AS IT IS

Artemus Ward's Abridged Imitation of the Fashionable Lovin' Story.

On the sad sea shore! Always to hear the moaning of these dismal waves! Listen, I will tell you my story—my story of love, of misery, of black despair. I am a moral Frenchman.

She whom I adored, whom I adore still, is the wife of a fat marquis—a lop-eared, bear-eyed, greasy marquis. A man without a soul. A man without sentiment, who cares naught for moonlight and music. A low, practical man, who pays his debts.

She, my soul's delight, my empress, my angel, is superbly beautiful. I loved her at first sight—devotedly, madly.

She dashed past me in her coupe. I saw her but a moment—perhaps only an instant—but she took me captive then and there, forevermore!

I followed her after that wherever she went. At length she came to notice, to smile upon me. My motto was en avant! That is a French word. I got it out of the back part of Worcester's dictionary.

She wrote me that I might come and see her at her own house. Oh, joy, joy, unutterable, to see her at her own house! I went to see her after nightfall in the soft moonlight.

She came down the gravelled walk to meet me on this beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances. The marquis, always a despot, had lately misused her most vilely. That very morning at breakfast he had cursed the fishballs and sneered at the pickled onions.

She is a good cook. The neighbors will tell you so. And to be told by the base marquis—a man who previous to his marriage had lived at the cheap eating houses—to be told by him that her maner of trying fishballs was a failure—it was too much.

Her tears fell fast. I, too, wept. I mixed my sobs with her's. "Fly with me!" I cried.

Her lips met mine. I held her in my arms. I felt her breath upon my cheek! "Fly with me! To New York! I will write romances for the Sunday papers—real French romances with morals to them. My style will be appreciated. Shop girls and young mercantile persons will adore it, and I will amass wealth with my ready pen."

Ere she could reply—ere she could articulate her ecstasy, her husband, the marquis, crisp snake-like upon me, said: "Shall I write it?" He kicked me out of the garden—he kicked me into the street.

I did not return. How could I? I, so ethereal, so full of soul, of sentiment, of sparkling originality! He, so gross, so practical, so lop-eared!

Had I returned the creature would have kicked me again. So I left Paris for this place—this place, so lonely, so dismal. Ah, me!

Oh dear!—From "Artemus Ward's Best Stories."

HOLLAND'S SCENERY CHANGES

Steam and Other Forms of Power Bantling the Hallowed Windmill.

It is said that there are 10,000 windmills in Holland. The number is said, however, to be less than it was fifty years ago, for the Dutch have, in a measure, substituted steam and other forms of power for the capricious wind.

On the eastern end of Long Island there may be seen old windmills. The curious may observe that there is a tiny windmill in many cases, perched on the top opposite the great arms, a feature that suggests a pug dog's curled tail. Those who have investigated the mechanism of the windmill know that the little windmill is the Yankee method of automatically keeping the sails on the great arms always in the wind. As soon as the wind changes, it puts the small wheel in motion, and this quickly rolls the top of the tower and the big wheel around until it again faces the wind, then, being itself out of the wind, it stops. Whenever the wind changes in Holland, hundreds of millkeepers come forth and laboriously turn the tops about by hand. They may be seen pushing and straining on the galleries surrounding the towers midway between the ground and the top or tugging at the spokes of a wheel on the ground.

Zaanland is especially the home of the windmill. It lies to the north and west of Amsterdam, and every town or village in this district begins or ends in "zaan."

Zaandijk, according to one traveler, perpetually reminds one of the old query: "Do you see anything green?" Every fence, door, windows, walls are green, ranging from the green of peas to that of apples, olives, grass, malachite, beryl, old bottles and verdigris.

It was at Zaanland, a town of this district, that Peter the Great learned the art of shipbuilding. In a little museum of this place there are shown many models of windmills, among which is that of the first windmill erected in Zaanland. It stood in the water, and when it was desired to turn the sails towards the wind the miller was obliged to get into his boat and, taking a line, tow the whole structure around until it was in a working position again. Later on the mill was set on a post and the whole turned about this as an axis, in the same manner that one revolves book-shelves. Then another method was devised. The entire edifice was turned about from the bottom like a monitor's turret. Finally, the comparatively modern type was adopted, that of a cap holding the axle and sails with a cog wheel and spindle inside and easily moved from below by a hand wheel or windlass to secure the proper frontage at will.

The Lord of Oerest and the Overijssel monastery were parties to a suit involving the question as to who owned the wind and enjoyed the right to employ it. The old feudal master asserted that Boreas and all the puffs of his cheeks that frisked over the country were his. The bishop of Utrecht, to whom the suit was referred, decided (perhaps he knew on which side his bread was buttered) that the great lord

was right in his contention.—Harpers Weekly.

Where Hundreds of Dollars Go at the Show

When you visit the show go see the car of extra values amounting to hundreds of dollars. Hidden values that go into every Case Car.

Values in the construction and metals that show only on the road, after the car has been run 5,000 to 10,000 miles. That save in the cost of upkeep and repair bills. These are the salient features of the Case Forty.

You want a stylish car of course. The Case, from the standpoint of style, is perfection. But you're also buying a car to keep, so consider these facts.

We could make large savings on the cost of our motors by using cheaper materials and leaving out vital features. The roller push rods in these motors are found elsewhere only in the highest priced cars.

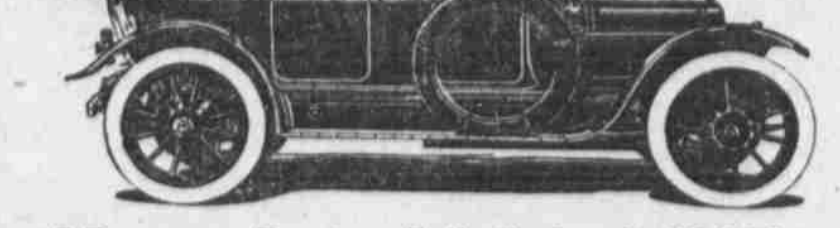
We could save on our clutches, transmissions, drive shafts, wheels and other essential points.

We could make large savings on axles if we used other than complete Timkens. We use the same radiator that \$5,000 cars employ. We could cut our assembling cost in two, and this cost is one of the greatest.

We are paying extra costs in this manner throughout the entire car. These vital, unseen values amount up to hundreds of dollars a car.

No other car that we know selling at the Case price, \$2,200, contains them.

CASE FORTY The Car With the Famous Engine



5-Passenger Touring, Fully Equipped, \$2,200

Westinghouse Electric Starter; Westinghouse Electric Lighting System for all Lamps; Side and Tail Lamps, Combination Oil and Electric; Warner Autometer; Electric Horn; Rain Vision Ventilating Wind Shield; English Mohair Top, Side Curtains and Cover; 3 1/2-inch Tires; Firestone Universal Quick Detachable Demountable Rims; 124-inch Wheel Base; Three-quarter Elliptic Springs; 4 1/2 x 1/2-inch Cylinders; Browne-Lipe Transmission; Timken Full Floating Axle; Rayfield Carburetor with Leash Adjustment; Bosch Magneto, Dual System Single Point Ignition. The usual Tools, Tire Repair Kit, Jack, etc. And in addition Extra Tire and Tube on Rim, Extra Tube separate, Tire Chains, Tire Cover and Handy Work Light on long wire.

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he would be obliged to sit to recover himself.

"I should think," said a judge to him one day, "that the jury would understand your little drama by this time."

"Ah, your honor forgets," said the lawyer, his eyes twinkling, "that there is always a new jury before whom I play." Bismarck held profound contempt not only for such tricks of oratory, but for oratory itself. "It is but the gloss that hides the truth," he would say. "Your eloquent fellow is like a woman who has a naturally fine figure and who screws it into stays and covers it with tasteless finery."—Washington Star.

Nuts to Crack. Lots of men have been spoiled by success, but we have yet to hear of a weather forecaster in that class.

These wouldn't be much excitement in the world if men were as perfect as their wives expected them to be. It is often difficult to swallow a hard-luck story without coughing up. Love is a cannibal that feeds on its own kind.—New York Times.

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Vanished in From One to Five Days at Home.

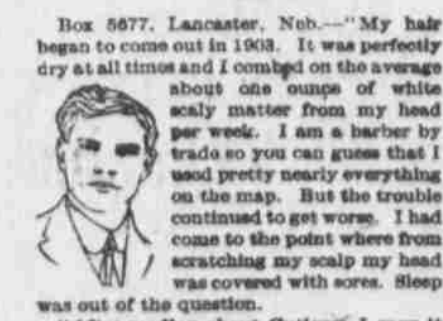
The Elders Sanitarium, located at 1950 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition, to banish the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping. As the book is being distributed free anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.—Advertisement.

Powell Blue Ribbon Metal Polish Outshines and Outlasts Them All. It is a thick cream polish—an emulsion. The quickest and best for metals constantly exposed to the weather; best for inside work; best all around polish. "It removes the tarnish—not the metal." Ask for free sample. Get our prices. POWELL SUPPLY CO. 2110 Farnam.

HEAD COVERED WITH ERUPTION

Barber's Hair Began to Come Out. Combed Ounce of Scaly Matter from Head per Week. Had Become Bald. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured.



Box 5677, Lancaster, Neb.—"My hair began to come out in 1903. It was perfectly dry at all times and I combed on the average about one ounce of white scaly matter from my head each week. I am a barber by trade so you can guess that I used pretty nearly everything on the map. But the trouble continued to get worse. I had come to the point where from scratching my scalp my head was covered with sores. Sleep was out of the question. "After reading about Cuticura's I gave it a trial, and after I had used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment twice, my head ceased to itch, and in three weeks the sores were nearly gone. I had become bald, but after three months' use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment I have a full head of hair again. My trouble lasted me from 1903 until the spring of 1912, and when the Cuticura Remedies did what all others had failed to do. I recommend it to my customers, and the public in general." (Signed) Luther B. Gibson, July 16, 1912.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Cuticura Soap (25c) and Ointment (50c) are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Sample of each mailed free, with 25-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Be sure you get the genuine. Do not use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

Note the Style. Go see the Case Forty—Booth No. 58, at the Omaha Automobile Show. Note the style and refinements. You can judge those yourself. Write for letters from owners. Or come through the factory and see how we make Case Cars. There never was built so much car for the money. We guarantee that. See, also, the Case "30" at \$1,500.