

CRIME FINDS HIM OUT

POLICE CHIEF ADMITS HE IS
ESCAPED MURDERER.

For Thirteen Years He Hid Identity
and Became Famous for Rum
Crusades in Danville, Va.,
but Exposure Came.

Danville, Va.—Found after a search which had extended over a period of 13 years and right on the eve of his election for chief of police, which takes place every two years, Chief R. E. Ferris, who for six years has been the head of the force here, was arrested as an escaped convict from Georgia and carried to the jail, where he was locked up.

Showing perfect nerve, he threw aside his mask when confronted with a requisition and quietly admitted that he was Edgar Stripling, of Harris county, Georgia, convicted of the murder of William Cornett, and given a life sentence in the penitentiary. He said he escaped through the aid of friends, and a jailer who was bribed.

Ferris, or Stripling, was elected chief of police by the Prohibition element of Danville, and was a leader in the raids on "blind tigers." He would without doubt have been re-elected but for fate.

In discussing the arrest Ferris said that he and his brother-in-law were forced to shoot Cornett, who had attacked his sister, and he expressed the utmost confidence that he would be able to come back to Danville in a very short time, a free man. At the time the crowd was inclined to believe that his arrest was a frame-up to prevent his re-election, the sentiment on the liquor question running high in Danville, but it soon was understood that the arrest was genuine.

Feeling safe from all possible chance of arrest since he left Georgia, Morris began to take chances. He worked in North Carolina, where he was a policeman. Three months ago he took the biggest chance that he has yet taken and it was the fatal mistake that will send him back to Georgia. A man from Columbus, Ga., who happened to be in Danville, recognized the chief as the escaped criminal.

It was in 1897 that W. J. Cornett, a young farmer, while sitting by the fireside of his home, in Harris county, Georgia, was shot dead by a load of buckshot. For days the mystery was unsolved and then it began to be whispered around that Cornett had been too attentive to the beautiful young wife of Stripling. Finally Stripling and Terrell Huff, his brother-in-law, were arrested. At the trial Stripling exonerated Huff but stated he had shot down Cornett as he would a snake for the wrong done by him to his wife. Both Huff and Stripling were given life sentences. Huff has since been pardoned, but Stripling escaped.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS, NOT MEN'S

Bridegroom Who Makes Wild Dash
for Pretty Stenographers Is Firmly
Called Back.

New Rochelle, N. Y.—City business was seriously, but pleasantly interrupted by the activities of a kissing bride. The young lady, whose visit will long be remembered by several prominent officials was Miss Bertha Easton Barber of New London, Conn., who came here with Tyler Council McNamara, the bridegroom-to-be, and John O'Brien, Jr., a mutual friend. Mr. McNamara is an electrical engineer. The two made the trip from New London in an automobile. After obtaining a marriage license from the city clerk, they called on Judge R. McKinley Power to perform the marriage ceremony. He was trying a case, but declared a recess and took the bridal party to the private reception rooms of Mayor Harry E. Colwell.

City Clerk George H. C. Lischke and William J. McAloon, his deputy, stepped in from an adjoining office to be on hand for emergencies. When the ceremony was ended Mrs. McNamara threw her arms around Judge Powers' neck and planted two hearty kisses on his cheeks. Then ignoring the bridegroom she did the same for Mr. O'Brien. Mr. McAloon was standing in line and got his kiss on a claim that he had acted as bridesmaid.

"Don't forget the man who gave the license," said the city clerk, and Mrs. McNamara proved she wasn't stingy.

The husband meanwhile caught a glimpse of two pretty stenographers in the city clerk's office. He was making a wild dash in their direction when his bride caught his coat tails.

"No, you don't, dearie," she said, as she puckered her lips for a kiss. Women's rights are not for men—especially bridegrooms.

Mother of 19 Children.

Wichita, Kan.—Mrs. George Glover, thirty-eight years old, mother of seventeen children, gave birth to twins here. She is the mother of five pairs of twins and triplets. Her husband, a laborer, is forty years old.

SERIAL STORY

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

The BRASS BOWL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Copyright 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Dannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to wring from her the location of the gems.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"By the powers, I forgot for a moment! So you thought me Maitland, eh? Well, I'm sorry I didn't understand that from the first. You're so quick, as a rule, you know—I confess you duped me neatly this afternoon—that I supposed you were wise and only afraid that I'd give you what you deserve. If they had sent any one but that stupid ass, Hickey, to nab me, I'd be in the cooler now. As it was, you kindly selected the very best kind of a house for my purpose; I went straight up to the roofs and out through a building round the corner."

But the shock of discovery, with its attendant revulsion of feeling, had been too much for her. She collapsed suddenly in the chair, eyes half closed, face pallid as a mask of death.

Anisty regarded her in silence for a meditative instant, then, taking up the lamp, strode down the hall to the pantry, returning presently with a glass brimming with an amber-tinted, effervescent liquid.

"Champagne," he announced, licking his lips. "Wish I had Maitland's means to gratify my palate. He knows good wine. Here, my dear, gulp this down," placing the glass to the girl's lips and raising her head that she might swallow without strangling.

As it was, she choked and gasped, but after a moment began to show some signs of having benefited by the draught, a faint color dawning in her cheeks.

"That's some better," commended the burglar, not unkindly. "Now, if you please, we'll stop talking pretty and get down to brass tacks. Buck up, now, and answer my questions. And don't be afraid; I'm holding no great grudge for what you did this afternoon. I appreciate pluck and grit as much as anybody, I guess, though I do think you ran it pretty close, peaching on a pal after you'd lifted the jewels. By the way, why did you do it?"

"Because—But you wouldn't understand if I told you."

"I suppose not. I'm not much good splitting sentimental hairs. But Maitland must have been pretty decent to you to make you go so far. Speaking of which, where are they?"

"They?"

"Don't sidestep. We understand one another. I know you've brought back the jewels. Where have you stowed them?"

The wine had fulfilled its mission, endowed her with fresh strength and renewed spirit. She was thinking quickly, every wit alert.

"I won't tell you."

"Won't eh? That's an admission that they're here, you know. And you may as well know I propose to have 'em. Fair means or foul, take your pick. Where are they?"

"I have told you I wouldn't tell."

"I've known pluckier women than you to change their minds, under pressure." He came nearer, bending over, face close to her, eyes savage, and gripped her wrists none too gently. "Tell me!"

"Let me go."

He proceeded calmly to imprison both small wrists in one strong, bony hand. "Better tell."

"Let me go!" she panted, struggling to rise.

His voice took on an ugly tone. "Tell!"

She was a child in his hands, but managed nevertheless to rise. As he applied the pressure more cruelly to her arms she cried aloud with pain and, struggling desperately, knocked the chair over.

It went down with a crash appalling, loud in that silent house and at that hour; and taking advantage of his instant of consternation she jerked free and sprang toward the door. He was upon her in an instant, however, hard fingers digging into her shoulders. "You little fool!"

"No!" she cried. "No, no, no! Let me go, you—you brute!"

Abruptly he thought better of his methods and released her, merely putting himself between her and the doorway.

"Don't be a little fool," he counseled. "You kick up that row and you'll have us both pinched inside of the next five minutes."

Defiance was on her tongue's tip, but the truth in his words gave her pause. Palpitating with the shock, every outraged instinct a-quiver, she subdued herself and fell back, eying him fixedly.

"They're here," he nodded thoughtfully. "You wouldn't have stood for that if they weren't. And since they



His Voice Took On an Ugly Tone.

are, I can find them without your assistance. Sit down. I shan't touch you again."

She had scant choice other than to obey. Desperate as she was, her strength had been severely overtaxed, and she might not presume upon it too greatly. Fascinated with terror, she let herself down into an easy chair.

Anisty thought for a moment, then went over to the desk and sat himself before it.

"Keys," he commented, rapidly inventorying what he saw. "How'd you get hold of them?"

"They are Mr. Maitland's. He must have forgotten them."

The burglar chuckled grimly. "Coincidences multiply. It is odd. That harp, O'Hagan, was coming in with a can of beer while I was picking the lock, and caught me. He wanted to know if I'd missed my train for Greenfields, and I gave him my word of honor I had. Moreover, I'd mislaid my keys and had been ringing for him for the past ten minutes. He swallowed every word of it. By the way, here's a glove of yours. You certainly managed to leave enough clues about to insure your being nabbed even by a New York detective."

He faced about, tossing her the glove, and with it so keen and penetrating a glance that her heart sank for fear that he had guessed her secret. But as he continued she regained confidence.

"I could teach you a thing or two," he suggested, pleasantly. "You make about as many mistakes as the average beginner. And, on the other hand, you've got the majority beaten to a finish for 'cuteness. You're as quick as they make them."

She straightened up, uneasy, oppressed by a vague surmise as to whether this tended.

"Thank you," she said, breathlessly, "but hadn't you better—"

"Plenty of time, my dear. Maitland has gone to Greenfields and we've several hours before us. Look here, little woman, why don't you take a tumble to yourself, cut out all this nonsense, and look to your own interests?"

"I don't understand you," she faltered, "but if—"

"I'm talking about this Maitland affair. Cut it out and forget it. You're too good-looking and valuable to yourself to lose your head just all on account of a little moonlight flirtation with a good-looking millionaire. You don't suppose for an instant that there's anything in it for yours, do you? You're nothing to Maitland—just an incident; next time he meets, the baby-stare for yours. You can thank your lucky stars he happened to have a reputation to sustain as a village cut-up, a gay, sad dog, always out for a good time and hang the expense! Otherwise he'd have handed you yours without a moment's hesitation. I'm not doing this up in tin-foil and tying a violet ribbon with tassels on it, but I'm handing it straight to you; something you don't want to forget. You just sink your hooks in the fact that you're nothing to Maitland, and that he's nothing to you, and never will be, and you won't lose anything—except illusions."

She remained quiescent for a little, hands twitching in her lap, torn by conflicting emotions—fear of and aversion for the man, amusement, chill horror bred of the knowledge that he was voicing the truth about her, the truth, at least, as he saw it, and—as Maitland would see it.

"Illusions?" she echoed, faintly, and raised her eyes to his with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "Oh, but I must have lost them, long ago; else I shouldn't be—"

"Here and what you are. That's what I'm telling you."

She shuddered imperceptibly; looked down and up again, swiftly, her expression inscrutable, her voice a-tremble between laughter and tears: "Well?"

"Eh?" The directness of her query figuratively brought him up all standing, canvas flapping and wind out of his sails.

"What are you offering me in exchange for my silly dream?" she inquired, a trace of spirit quickening her tone.

"A fair exchange, I think—something that I wouldn't offer you if you hadn't been able to dream." He paused, doubtful, clumsy.

"Go on," she told him, faintly. Since it must come, as well be over with it.

"See here." He took heart of desperation. "You took to Maitland when you thought he was me. Why not take to me for myself? I'm as good a man, better as a man, than he, if I do blow my own horn. You side with me, little woman, and—all that—and I'll treat you square. I never went back on a pal yet. Why," brightening with enthusiasm as his gaze appraised her, "with your looks and your cleverness and my knowledge of the business, we can sweep the country, you and I."

"Oh!" she cried, breathlessly.

"We'll start right now," he plunged on, misreading her; "right now, with last night's haul. You'll chuck this added sentimental pang-of-conscience lay, hand over the jewels, and—I'll hand 'em back to you the day we're married, all set and—as handsome a wedding present as any woman ever got."

She twisted in her chair to hide her face from him, fairly cornered at last, brain a-whirl devising a hundred maneuvers, each more helpless than the last, to cheat and divert him for the time, until—until—

The consciousness of his presence near her, of the sheer strength and might of will-power of the man, bore upon her heavily; she was like a child in his hands, helpless. She turned with a hushed gasp to find that he had risen and come close to her chair; his face was not a foot from hers, his eyes dangerous; in another moment he would have his strong arms about her. She shrank away, terrified.

"No, no!" she begged.

"Well, and why not? Well?"—tensely.

"How do I know? This afternoon I outwitted you, robbed and sold you for—for what you call a scruple. How can I know that you are not paying me back in my own coin?"

"Oh, but little woman!" he laughed, tenderly, coming nearer. "It is because you did that, because you could hold those scruples and make a fool of me for their sake, that I want you. Don't think I'm capable of playing with you—it takes a woman to do that. Don't you know,"—he bent nearer and his breath was warm upon her cheek—"don't you know that you're too rare and fine and precious for a man to risk losing? Come now!"

"Not yet." She started to her feet and away. "Wait. There's a cab!"

The street without was echoing with the clattering drum of galloping hoofs. "At this hour!" she cried aghast. "Could it be—"

"No fear. Besides—there, it's stopped."

"In front of this house!"

"No, three doors up the street, at least. That's something you must learn, and I can teach you—to judge distance by sound in the darkness—"

"But I tell you," she insisted, retreating before him, "it's a risk. There, did you hear that?"

"That" was the dulled crash of the front door.

Anisty stepped to the table on the instant and plunged the room in darkness.

"Steady!" he told her evenly. "Steady. It can't be—but take no chances. Go to the trunk closet and get that window open. If it's Maitland,—grimly—"well, I'll follow."

"What do you mean? What are you going to do?"

"Leave that to me. I've never been caught yet."

Cold fear gripped her heart as, in a flash of intuition, she divined his intention.

"Quick!" he bade her, savagely. "Don't you want—"

"I can't see," she invented. "Where's the door? I can't see."

"Here."

Through the darkness his fingers found hers. "Come," he said.

"Ah!"

Her hand closed over his wrist, and in a thought she had flung herself before him and caught the other. In the movement her hand brushed against something that he was holding; and it was cold and smooth and hard.

"Ah! no, no!" she implored. "Not that, not that!"

With an oath he attempted to throw her off, but, frail strength magnified by a fury of fear, she joined issue with him, clinging to his wrists with the tenacity of a wildcat, though she was lifted from her feet and dashed this way and that, brutally, mercilessly, though her heart fell sick within her for the hopelessness of it, though—

CHAPTER XI.

"Dan"—Quixote.

Leaving the hotel, Maitland strode quietly but rapidly across the car tracks to the sidewalk bordering the park. A dozen nighthawk cabbies bore down upon him, yelping in chorus. He motioned to the foremost, jumped into the hansom and gave the fellow his address.

"Five dollars," he added, "if you make it in five minutes."

An astonished horse, roused from a droop-eared lethargy, was yanked almost by main strength out of the cab-rank and into the middle of the avenue. Before he could recover, the long whip-lash had leaped out over the roof of the vehicle, and he found himself stretching away up the avenue on a dead run.

Yet to Maitland the pace seemed deadly slow. He fidgeted on the seat in an agony of impatience, a dozen times feeling in waistcoat pocket for his latch keys. They were there, and his fingers itched to use them.

By the lights streaking past he knew that their pace was furious, and was haunted by a fear lest it should bring the police about his ears. At Twenty-ninth street, indeed, a dreaming policeman, startled by the uproar, emerged hastily from the sheltering gloom of a store entrance, shouted after the cabby an inarticulate question, and, getting no response, unsheathed his night stick and loped up the avenue in pursuit, making the locust sing upon the pavement at every jump.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRICE OF LAMARTINE'S POEM.

Pecuniary Value Which the French Poet Put Upon His Work.

The Paris Gaulois tells a good story of Lamartine's estimate of the pecuniary value of his poetry.

It was in 1848, when he was at the acme of his glory and a cabinet minister. He had just contributed "La Marseillaise de la Paix" to the Revue des Deux Mondes, and Buloz, the editor, called on him at the ministry. "I believe I owe you £80. Here is the money," said Lamartine, producing a bundle of banknotes.

"Pray deduct the amount of the Revue's indebtedness to you for your poem," said the editor.

"I meant to make you a present of it," rejoined the poet.

"Not at all; I insist upon paying you."

"How much?"

"Your own price, whatever it may be."

"Ah, well; if you will have it so I must oblige you," said Lamartine; and with a magnificent gesture he swept up the whole bundle of notes representing the £80 and restored them, with solemn dignity, to his pocket.

The Whistling Boy.

But woe betide the hand that bids the whistling boy be still! He is the sole survivor from an age of innocence into one of ill-starred knowledge; he binds the disparities of the present and the past. The same in country lane and on the city pave—cosmopolitan, blithe, bohemian, a little pagap Pan!—is he, Amphibian of truant idleness and endless preoccupations is he; without rest, without haste, he shuttles back and forth between things as they are and things as they are dreamed. If, in these transmigrations, from the inner to the outer world and back, he impinges on the edges of things a little sharply, he cannot arouse our ire—for there is a whistling boy within every man who keeps his courage up as he passes through the graveyard of his hopes.—Washington Post.