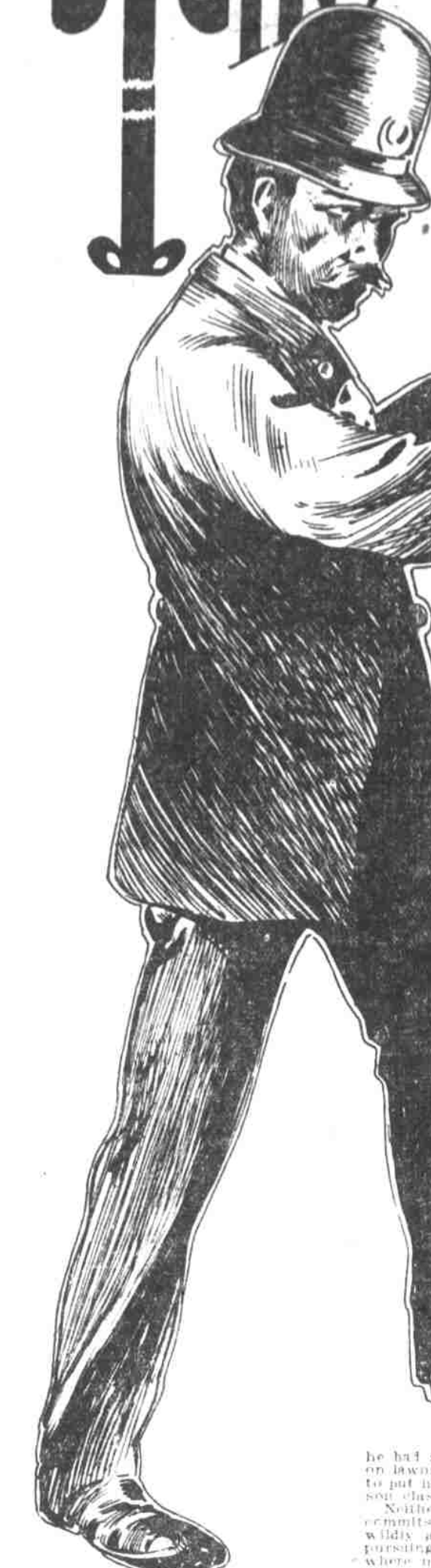


The Fearless Art of STOPPING A THIEF



By James V. Sayre

WHAT DOES a policeman do when there is no crowd to shout "Stop thief" and no thoughtful person ahead to trip the flying vagabond? That over-anxious one with little Oliver Twist? The "officer" in the police term, has to get his man and he is not to kill him unless he is certain the crime warrants drastic action. He must shoot only when it is necessary. Thrown on his own resources, he can usually rely upon two things, one that he is a better runner than the thief and the other that he has a revolver ready for use.

So far as thieves go it is a fact that the majority are physically unfit to hold their own in a foot race with a policeman. In Portland one of the regulations is that the police candidate shall run 100 yards in 15 seconds. There are few habitual criminals of the lower grades who can do as well.

Leaps a Fence.

Occasionally there is an exception, of course. Strunk, the "garden hose thief" who leaped a fence and escaped from a policeman recently, was not known to be a habitual thief, though

"WINGING" A MAN WHO SEEMS ABOUT TO ESCAPE.

he had stolen a number of articles left on lawns. The policeman would not put him almost in the Forrest Smithson class as a burglar.

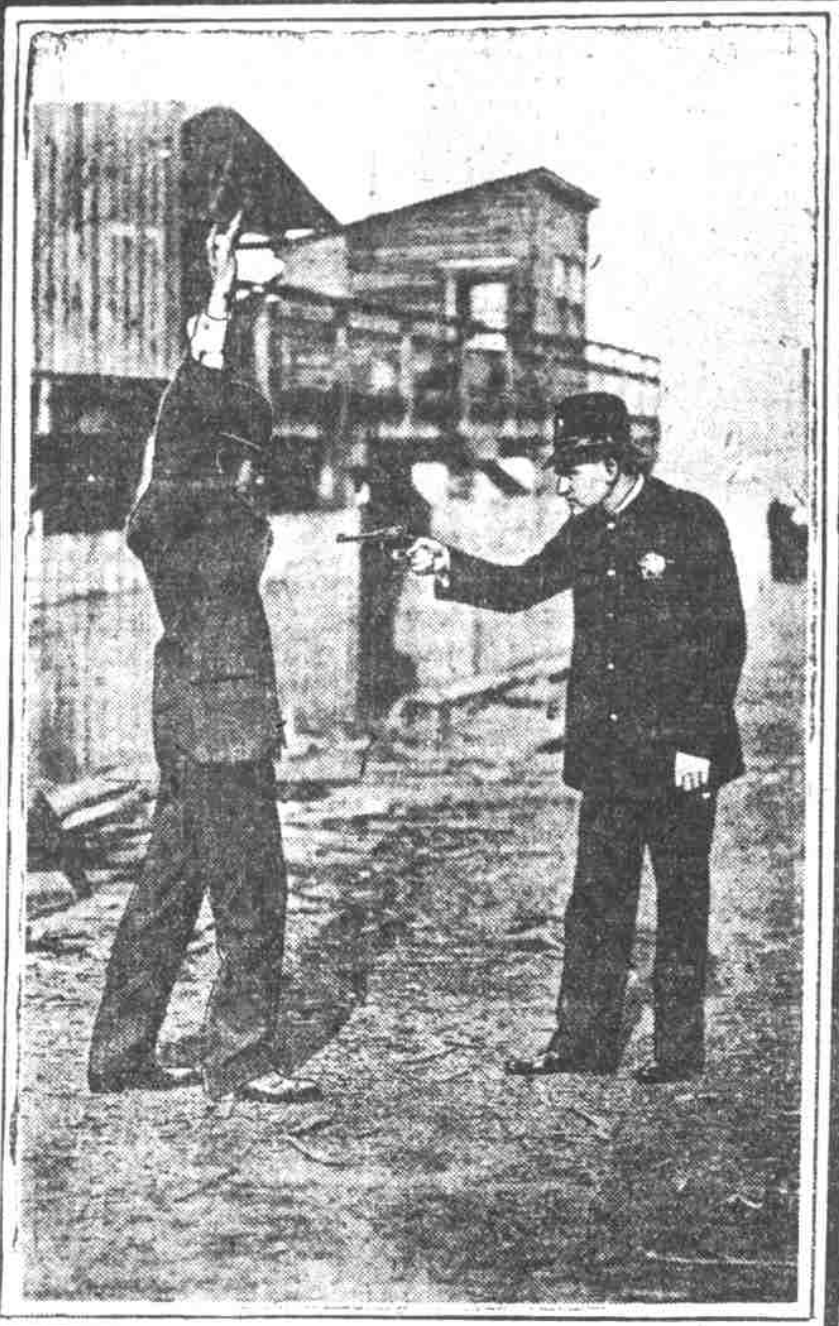
Neither has the ordinary man who commits his first crime and then dashes wildly away much chance to escape a pursuing officer if the latter has anywhere near an even break. Holloway, who has barely escaped a murder charge because his wife will recover from the bullet wounds he inflicted, was run down by Patrolman Drugg, who had to jump a fence to begin the race, in which Holloway had a big lead.

In the police annals of Portland the chase which will be always remembered is the memorable day when Harry Tracy, who afterwards made his escape from the Salem penitentiary, and a companion, fled from their hiding place and ran down the street, boarding the engine of a Fourth street train just as it started out. The engineer was told to go east on pain of death. The officers who were hot after Tracy and his companion had to stop the Fourth street train to think for the success of their chase.

Engineer Was Cool.

The engineer coolly decided that revolver or no revolver it was a physical impossibility to run faster up the grade. When arrested on the engine, Tracy and his companion were taken to the local police station where they were held until they had been taken to the state prison.

Danny Welner, formerly a city detective and now employed by the United States National bank, had an experience with Tracy before he achieved even the local fame of the train episode. Tracy had sworn to catch the crook with Welner. One day he saw his chance, for walking up behind the officer on



IT IS NOW ALL OVER BUT THE HAND CUFFS.

the street he coolly saluted and fell into step.

At the first sound of Tracy's voice Welner's hand went to his back hip pocket. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Tracy's right hand was in the same position. Cleanly they talked commonplaces and kept on walking.

The Men Separate.

The detective and the "bad man" walked side by side for seven blocks in the middle of the afternoon, each with his hand on his gun. Finally Welner said: "What's the idea in keeping your hand back there all the time?" Tracy smiled and said: "Well, I notice yours is in about the same place." At last both men got enough of it and they separated.

A revolver duel in the dark is a desperate performance, but police duty sometimes calls for it. One such affair occurred in Portland last spring when Patrolman Vessey shot and killed a negro who had committed several hold-ups that night. The dark treacherous freight yards around the east side depot was the scene of the shooting. Vessey saw the negro and a companion running into the darkness from the lighted end of the steel bridge. Another hold-up, accompanied by pistol shots, made them prefer darkness and in a hurry. Vessey was slightly wounded, but the negro, afterwards shown to be the guilty man, was killed.

It is the duty of policemen to "wing" his man in the dark rather than to kill when he can't get a shot. The knowledge that the patrolman has a gun and will use it is enough to induce the thief to stop. The young man who recently robbed three jewelry stores and was afterwards

adjudged insane kept on going when told to halt and he received a wound in the heel as punishment.

Hoboes a Nuisance.

The east side freight yards are the bugaboo of the patrolmen of the second night relief, for it is their duty to rout out the hoboes who ride in on the cars and the brake-beams from the box cars, where they have encamped themselves for what's left of the night.

What few lights there are in the freight yards are in the shape of a long line of cars, dark buildings with many sheds, in fact it is an ideal neighborhood for a man to dodge a policeman.

At the police station any morning a few minutes before 9 o'clock and see the type of men routed out of the box cars. One will wonder how such rough fellows are able to stand up in their dirty clothes for a dollar or better a night. Here at the end of the line is a boy with dirty cheeks and frayed clothes. He is a young hobo, perhaps, but in the life of the road by the tales of the old tramps. He is confident that all he will need is "get out of here within an hour." He may graduate into a dangerous man some day, but his youth protects him now.

And in the midst of the emaciated figure of the moribund friend chased out of the city for a few weeks before. As a rule, the hobo is a good fellow, but his starting point does this non-work grumble back to his favor. He will do anything to get a job, but his detection is usually simple. A rockpile sentence awaits him on general principles, and he will not stand on one foot and looking sheepishly at the officers is a working way to get out of the city. He will be next to that selected by the tramps. If his hands are rough from recent labor he will be told to get work here or move on.

But look at the next man. A hobo, who has been in the city for some time and is prepared. Until you notice

THIS MAN HAD TO BE THROWN TO STOP HIM.

that colorless face with cruel, hard eyes told to halt and he received a wound in the heel as punishment.

"Where you come from?" "Los Angeles. I'm trying to beat me way to Walla Walla and work in the harvest."

"Say, when did you get out of Portland? This from another detective. Around go the eyes."

"Never there in my life."

"I was just looking at your mug a minute ago."

"Never was mugged in my life; you're thinking of the wrong man."

And so the questioning goes. If any of the bluff questions makes him hesitate, so much the worse. He is suspected of being a vagabond, a criminal tramp, one of the class which knows no such thing as fair play in beating a man to death for a dollar or better a night because they dislike the railroad. He will probably remember Portland because he broke rock for 30 days.

Getting the hoboes out of the box-cars is not grumbling. It is seldom that a policeman tries it alone, for he may stumble upon a dozen all ready to fight because their sleep has been broken just where it began.

Patrolman Van Over ordered an ugly crowd from a boxcar a few weeks ago. Several jumpers, who were sitting on the boxcar, were thrown out. "Get up our hands there, quick, see!" snapped a voice in the darkness of a half-open door. Revolver in hand, the man crossed the policeman. Patrolman Van Over obeyed the man who actually had the drop on him he would have been reloaded of his weapon, and would have been killed. What he did was to back away in the sheltering gloom until he could whip out his own gun. By the time the voice and the revolver had gone by the other door.

It is but three months ago that a policeman was held up on a street, almost taken from him. Patrolman Arnold, suspicious of a man on Union avenue, stopped him and began a search early because the stranger had carried a revolver in his left hand all the time. He drew this in a flash, and with its muzzle against his body Arnold could do nothing but hand over his own pistol.

AN UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY--Roofs of the Cities as Camp Grounds--A Few Hot Weather Suggestions

By Frederick D. Greene, Assistant General Agent New York Association for Improving the Conditions of the Poor.

ONE OF THE most remarkable and pathetic aspects of hot weather suffering is the failure of people in one means readily at hand for making themselves comfortable. What, for instance, is more easy than for a gentleman to leave off his coat. It costs no time or money, and would often bring immediate relief. And yet in offices on the street, on trains, everywhere multitudes of men apparently sane, can be seen sweating in hot coats, with the mercury at 80 on a humid day. Moreover, these men are often accompanied by ladies whose dresses are not made of coolness and good taste. Surely they cannot be held responsible for the cruelly senseless over-dressing of their gentlemen friends.

Cannot the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals take some action, and if necessary, have its legal powers enlarged to meet so serious a situation?

Just as, for many, the discomfort of the day might be greatly reduced by simply sleeping on the roof, so it is possible to exchange a close, hot, debilitating night for one that is cool, quiet and refreshing by simply sleeping on the roof.

In New York as well as in many other cities there are whole square miles of flat roofs without a single occupant, while beneath them human beings are packed more densely than anywhere else on earth. Many of these cities are lands where the population is wise enough to take to the roof en masse in hot weather.

The fact that New York roofs would not accommodate all who have been allowed by social negligence to herd under them to a degree that no intelligent breeder of hens would permit, is not an argument against the relief that can be afforded to the relief from night discomfort and congestion that they can afford to large numbers. That this distress is real among the well-to-do as well as among the poor is shown by the following item from the New York Sun of recent date:

"The odd sight was seen last night

at least one case of courting on the roof.

As a further hot weather suggestion the writer would call attention to a home-made sanitary crib designed originally for his own family. It is on the principle of open plumbing. The usual mattress, a hot and unwholesome thing, is dispensed with and the ordinary cot frame is fitted up as follows: Eight-inch boards an inch thick and 30 inches long are fitted at the head and foot of the crib. A strip of canvas with a three-inch hem on each side takes the place of a mattress and is held in position by two poles or broomsticks which run through the lumbar, elbow and into holes bored at the upper corners of the head and foot boards. This locking them into a solid frame over the canvas may be followed a rubber sheet, quilted pad and an ordinary sheet, and the bed is ready. The air in circulation beneath the canvas makes it cooler than the usual mattress, and if soiled the canvas can be wiped off, washed and replaced with the greatest ease.

The use of this crib was suggested by the staff in charge of Junior Sea Breeze, the summer camp for six boys at Sixty-fourth street and East River, maintained by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. After a test it was adopted for all the 45 boys and has met with enthusiastic approval. With slight modification this crib can be used for camping out. Grocery boxes or ordinary camp stools can be used for supports for the poles without the use of a crib, and the cost is a very insignificant item.

Much Ado About Nothing.

We turn our business upside down
And grow with frenzy spent
That we with wisdom may select
A president.

That job accomplished once again
That plunges in excitement
That we may choose a fine and great
Vice-president.

We wish the president advised,
And so we fume and fret
That he with caution may appoint
His cabinet.

When summer comes we find they all
Assistant secretaries then
Hold down the lid
McLanburgh Wilson.

It's all right to follow your inclination
If they are going the right way.

BEN FRANKLIN'S PAPER 159 YEARS OLD

Tells of Life in Early Philadelphia

By Leah Mitchell Hodges.

THE Philadelphia news is confined to a price list of goods such as flour, best sugar, pipe-staves, Madras, fine, West India rum, port-wine, London stout, superior, and a list of the vessels which had arrived and departed through the custom house.

All this, there is 44 inches of "news" containing 152 inches of space for advertisements, and a few lines for news items, and a list of the vessels which had arrived and departed through the custom house.

It is a six-page number, eight by 11 inches, printed on handsome paper, which time has soured considerably. The provincial coat-of-arms decorates the first page, which announces that the Pennsylvania Gazette contains the freshest advice, foreign and domestic.

The freshest advice in this issue, is, "signifying speaking, consist chiefly of a list of names of the vessels which had arrived and departed through the custom house. The date of this communication is March 14, so its freshness is a news item in itself. It is a subject which is pretty thoroughly threshed out in these columns some 17 years later, and in the through the printer of which Benjamin Franklin played no small part.

From Stockholm, under date of April 1, it is a six-page number, eight by 11 inches, printed on handsome paper, which time has soured considerably. The provincial coat-of-arms decorates the first page, which announces that the Pennsylvania Gazette contains the freshest advice, foreign and domestic.

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