NAB ENGLISH THIEF

HOW THE POLICE RECOGNIZED OLD CROOK.

Wilts When His Picture Is Taken From the Rogue's Gallery—Has Committed Many Thefts.

New York.—"Demme, sir, I'm the right man," said William H. Jarvis when confronted in police headquarters with a picture of himself taken by the Scotland Yard authorities.

Jarvis is the distinguished looking Englishman arrested at the Gilsey house, charged with unlawfully entering a room.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Jarvis, for submitting you to this ordeal, but it is a rule of the department," said Inspector McCafferty apologetically, as he paraded the prisoner before the masked detectives.

"Say, boss, don't apologize to that old guy," interrupted Lieut. William Brown. "His picture is in the gallery and he has served several bits."

Jarvis's indignations gave forth a Vesuvius blast. He was an English gentleman, he declared. He would have the embassy down on the police. His protest was so severe even Inspector McCafferty was inclined to go slow.

"Here's his very mug," said Brown, producing Jarvis's picture.

At police headquarters, when they know they are right, they make prisoners stand out and deliver. Inspector McCafferty says the picture made Jarvis wilt.

"Well, demme, sir, I'm the right man," he finally said, twirling his fine mustache.

Inspector McCafferty became jubilant, for in Jarvis they had captured the most versatile and picturesque thief of two continents.

Jarvis's real name is Walter, and not William. In 1899 he won international fame through his arrest in the Hotel Cecil, London. He was caught in the room of a Brooklyn man. When taken to the police station Jarivs said, "I went to the hotel to visit a lady, Mrs. Sadler Jackson."

The police found Mrs. Sadler Jackson at the hotel. She admitted that Jarvis had visited her there frequently, although she was a married woman.

The scandal aroused all England. The country divided itself—some defending Mrs. Jackson for sacrificing herself to save Jarvis, and the many condemning Jarvis for implicating a woman. There was a sensation when it was disclosed that Mrs. Jackson was Jarvis's sister.

Twelve years before that Jarvis had been arrested and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in Cork, Ireland. His father disowned and disinherited him, and upon his death left £80,000 to Mrs. Sadler on condition that she reassume the family name of Jackson.

Jarvis was given a three months' sentence for the Hotel Cecil act. Then he disappeared. It is said he served in the Boer war.

A year ago Jarvis appeared in New York. He went to live at 217 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, in the home of Ivers Bachelor. He was introduced to the latter as a rich Englishman.

Miss Laura Fegley, who lives at the Hotel Gilsey heard some one enter the room of O. L. Sherer next to hers, and, knowing Mr. Sherer was not home, opened the door and confronted Jarvis and another man.

Jarvis and the young man hurried down the corridor and disappeared. Miss Fegley gave the alarm, and Jarvis was caught downstairs but his companion escaped.

WOMAN FIGHTS BIG SNAKE

Uses Buggy Whip in Battle to Save a Squab From the Reptile.

Petersburg, Ind.—Mrs. Wes Brenton, living three miles east of here, fought with a big snake measuring over four feet long, and finally killed it. She went to the barn with Miss Edith Vance to look at some squabs and found the big snake in a pigeon's nest. The reptile had swallowed one squab whole and another partly.

Mrs. Brenton grabbed a buggy whip and struck at the snake, which showed fight. She continued to ply the whip and sent Miss Vance to the house for a gun, with which she shot the snake twice. On cutting open the snake the last pigeon swallowed was found to be alive and it is being kept as a relic.

Dog Saves Tots From Bear.

Altoona, Pa.—Defending its master's three young children against an infuriated bear, whose cubs the children had found in the woods, a small pet dog was torn into ribbons near the home of S. B. Waite, who lives on the mountain near Tyrone. The three children, the eldest only nine years old, while on their way along a mountain trail to visit an aunt, stumbled upon the cubs in the brush and picked one up to play with it. A moment later the mother bear came crashing through the brush. Seeing the danger to his young charges, the little dog gave battle, while the children ran home in fright. Mr. Waite and his neighbors at once went to the spot, hoping to find the dog still alive, but found his body ripped to pieces by the bear's claws. The faithful animal was buried, his grave surmounted by a marker reading: "He was only a dog, but he died for his little friends."

City Items in Terse Form

Metropolitan News of Interest to All Readers

Some Woes of Diet Treatment Victim

NEW YORK.—Three weeks on a limited diet in an endeavor to repair the internal damage done by a runaway appetite couldn't obliterate the memory of three-inch steaks and milk-fed clams and all the while that James McGowan sat in front of a mirror in the Memorial hospital at Orange watching his waistline assuming Polaire proportions his mind kept reverting to menu cards he had met. He talked constantly in his sleep, the burden of his oratory being "with mushroom 20 cents extra," and "dishes marked X are ready."

Try as he would he could not erase recollections of times when he had compelled the cook to beg for mercy. He read whole reams of antifat fiction and did everything possible to discourage his appetite, but it wasn't any use. For breakfast, luncheon and dinner he has been allowed a walnut, a sprig of lettuce and ten drops of diluted water. He tried hard to convince himself that he was overeating and begged the hospital authorities to cut the menu to one course.

But his dreams were haunted with sides of beef, acres of French fried potatoes and showers of gravy. He stood it as long as he could, but yesterday morning at precise'y a quarter of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a julienne potato for a musket, he sat up in bed and in clarion tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porterhouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brick-a-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

"Nothing doing in the steak line," said the sleepy nurse. "Go back to bed and I'll give you another walnut."

"Im done with walnuts," said Mr. McGowan. "I've eaten so many I'm beginning to feel like a squirrel. It's James for a little broiled cow and fixings."

The nurse assured him that it was against the rules to allow diet patients to break training. She left the room just then and her patient embraced the opportunity to take himself by the hand and make a dash for freedom and regular food.

Policemen McManus and Almond saw the white-robed figure and sneaked up behind it with drawn clubs. Believing it to be the ghost of some misguided commuter, they were getting ready to soak it on the head when Mr. McGowan saw them.

"Gentlemen," he pleaded, "have pity on me and get me something to eat."

"What you need is something to wear," said McManus. "What do you mean by frightening two honest policemen out of a night's rest with your night-shirt drill?"

Lawyer's Odd Plea Sets Negro Free

NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the court of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the samt shift you would give such a dog."

Mr. Cockran began his address to the jury by reminding the jurors that with one exception they had said they were not prejudiced against a negro.

"We accepted this one man with an avowed prejudice," said Mr. Cockran, "because we believed he was honest in his avowals that he would be fair in any case.

"But I am sure that you all feel a prejudice against a negro. I feel the same prejudice myself. I once stopped in a hotel, where there were private baths. I started to take a bath and found that a negro was using the tub. Do you think that I bathed in that tub afterward? I could not. It was prejudice that I could not rid myself of, and I do not feel that such prejudice can be avoided."

The killing, according to Mr. Cockran, was the outgrowth of the social and economic conditions in this country. He said that his client, while a high school graduate, had tried to secure decent work in this country, but had finally found himself driven to accept work as a scullion, in the house where Humphreys was introduced to him.

Trials of Girl at the Music Counter

ST. LOUIS.—"Young woman," said a motherly individual, holding two small children in her weary arms, "will you play 'When the Roses Bloom Again' for me, please?"

The music counter young woman, perched on her stool, selected the piece mentioned among a heap of others and prepared to "reel" it off.

The shabby woman listened attentively until the last notes died out. She ogled the children in the meantime.

"Thank you very much," she said, and strolled slowly off.

"There," grumbled the girl behind the music counter, "that is only one of the things that we've got to put up with. There are a hundred others, and as soon as I can get in the ribbons' I'm going to get out of the music, once and for all. The work is worth twice as much as any other job in the store. People think that you are there to entertain the public instead of to sell goods. I feel safe in saying that fully 65 per cent. of the people who ask for a concert do not buy a single ten-cent song."

Whereat the music counter girl whirled on her stool, dashed off a few chords on the piano and looked around just in time to catch the eye of an old gentleman who was studying a list attentively. Hesitatingly, he asked:

"I want to get a list of songs—here they are," he began. Then there ensued a long search for them. The songs were old ones and they weren't on hand, so the old gentleman asked if the lady would play over a dozen or so in order that he might "match 'em" as near as possible.

Large store managers realize that the people at the average music counter are busy, hard-worked individuals. There are so many things to contend with aside from the knowledge required of music lists, and the ability to play the piano. That is why the salesman and saleswoman in this department average higher wages than almost any others in the whole store.

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase

CHICAGO.—Bruno, a black cub bear late of Montana, mascot of the Cubs baseball team, was tamed a few days ago.

Bruno escaped from his cage home in the basement of the Monroe club, West Monroe and Green streets, and ran amuck on the West side, creating a panic among pedestrians and children, snapping at cats, growling at chickens, and attacking stray dogs.

Two baseball "fans" were in the midst of a heated argument over the merits of the Sox and Cubs when Bruno, running at full speed and pursued by a score of club members, pedestrians, policemen and children, rudely upset the Sox fan.

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan of the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, that was our mascot. And the team is traveling about as fast as Bruno," added the Cub rooter.

"Then the team is going some," admitted the Sox fan as he turned and watched the bear mascot disappear in a cloud of dust.

Bruno, closely followed by the small army of pursuers, continued to fight everything that came his way, until, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, the animal fell exhausted at West Adams and Morgan streets.

The cub was penitent, and showed no desire to romp and play until one of the club officials had tied a red ribbon about its neck. Then Bruno brightened up, but did not try to escape again. The cub was to make its first public appearance at the West side ball grounds as mascot of the Cubs in the afternoon.

WHEN FACING DEATH

6T. LOUIS ARCHITECT'S HELPER TELLS HOW IT FEELS.

Odd Things Came to His Mind as He Thought He Would Surely Fall From Tall Building.

St. Louis, Mo.—Have you ever faced death?

Do you know what it means to be confronted by the grim destroyer, what great peril will do to your nervous system? Probably you have had some close calls in your day and know something of the emotions of a person who thinks his time has come. If not, the following incident related by George Bush of this city may give you an idea of the thrill of facing death:

"Being an architect's assistant, it was my duty to measure buildings which were to be altered or enlarged, and one windy day I went to see one of these, which was a three-story and basement brick house with the usual area and railings in front of it. Adjoining this was a little higher building and it was necessary for me to get the exact dimensions of the brick wall and chimney that projected above the roof of the house I was measuring.

"I found a very large and heavy skylight in the attic, which required all my strength to push up and out to open. It was held open by a pivoted stick of wood and by climbing through the opening I saw that I could stretch myself out on the roof and by holding fast to the edge of the skylight opening with my right hand I could reach out with my left and measure the gable wall with my six-foot folding rule.

"I was sprawled out in this manner, face down on the slate roof, with my left arm and the rule extended at full length, when I suddenly became conscious that the wind had shaken the skylight loose from the stick that held ft open and that it was falling shut. If I did not withdraw my hand instantly it would catch and crush it. If I pulled my hand out I would fall.

"When I first noticed that the support had given way the skylight had already begun its descent and it had not more than four feet to fall. During the time that it fell those four feet I had ample time to review the consequences of losing my right hand if I held on and the result of falling three stories if I let go. There was nothing at the edge of the roof but a little half-round gutter held up by a few holdfasts.

"It occurred to me that it might be possible to pull out my right hand and insert my left, as it would be better to lose my left hand than my right. I also discussed with myself the possibility of being able to hold my place if I withdrew two or three fingers and sacrificed the others; but I concluded that they would probably be cut clean off by the edge of such a heavy skylight and that I should slide down to the street anyway.

"This idea of the insufficiency of mangled fingers to support my weight on such a sloping roof suggested that it might be better to stick my arm into the opening and that perhaps the injury to it might not be so severe as to require amputation. I distinctly remembered trying to recall whether the muscles should be firm or relaxed, and thought it best to hold them firm.

"As well as I can remember, the outcome of my deliberations was a determination to change hands and to sacrifice the left instead of the right. I had no sooner come to this conclusion than it struck me that there would not be time to make the change and that I might lose my hold altogether. It seemed to me that I had already changed my opinion as to the respective merits of the two hands at least a dozen times.

"All this time, remember, the skylight was falling shut. As I look back at it it seems incredible that I did not spend at least half an hour thinking over the pros and cons of the situation, but it must have been less than a fifth of a second. My final resolve was a determination to hold on, as there was no time to change hands, and to trust to the shreds of my mangled fingers to hold me on the roof.

"But when the crush came and the skylight actually fell shut my hand was not in the opening. I was sliding down the roof on my way to the street below.

"The edge was at least ten feet below me and I was gaining speed at every foot.

"I distinctly remember the railing around the area and also the absence of any cornice on the eave of the roof—nothing but a rusty old drip gutter. The thing I could not remember, although I made desperate efforts to do so, was whether or not that area railing had spikes in it.

"I knew I should fall directly upon those railings and the spikes bothered me. The minuteness with which I recalled everything about the house—its number, the alterations that were made in it, the sketches we had prepared, the new ideas we had talked over—all these things were reviewed in the effort to recall in connection with one or other of them something that would answer the question, Were there spikes on that railing or not?

"I suddenly became conscious that I was no longer sliding down the roof. It was exactly like waking out of a dream. I then realized that my toes, in dropping over the edge of the slates, had caught on the little half-round iron gutter.

"In another minute the skylight was pushed up by people who had heard the crash and come up to see what was the matter. They soon hauled me to a place of safe'

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Fire Drill in the Big Printing

FIRE."

The word was passed around among amateur firefighters of the government printing office one afternoon recently. The fire brigade is said to consist of about a dozen laborers.

Really there was no fire about the big printing office, save in the engine room furnaces and under the smelting pots.

Some one high in authority at the printery had read a newspaper account of a disastrous conflagration in the west. The story of the blaze put the notion in his head to resurrect a "general order" of several years' standing which provides for a fire drill at intervals.

It was near to the hour for closing down "the works," 4:30 o'clock, when the edict went forth that the fire brigade was to assemble quickly and from the new building attack an imaginary conflagration in the old structure across the alley, which separates the new from the old.

Upon the receipt of the c the front office the amateu got busy without delay. Th dragging forth of hose and paratus for fighting "the re A tall man, who seemed to preme command of the fir the orders in cool, confident

Innumerable hose lines nected with fire plugs in building. Nozzles were al venerable structure across ley. As the streams of w to play and the spray was clouds, like the mist fro Falls, the printers, bookbi man folders and other work to file out of the buildings.

There is an order that t the workmen and workwom through the side doors alo ley and G street. Conse the head of the line of work ed the doors on the alley nessed the deluge of wate against the walls of the o and flying back in foamin they tried to force thier w to the new structure.

Hundreds of toilers b aware of the conditions pressed forward and forced rank out into the alley a torrents of flying water. a scene of excitement.

"Con" Men Find Virginian Easy

A STORY told at police headquarters by Clarence Davis of Glenallen, Va., recalled to older members of the force the day when confidence men had full sway here. The Virginian related that three men had inveigled him into matching twenty-five-cent pieces in a room at the Raleigh hotel, and that they had disappeared, one of them taking $458 belonging to him.

When Davis reached the city and he registered at a hotel near John Marshall place and Pennsylvania avenue, he was seated on the coping at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 7th street when a stranger spoke to him. He did not hesitate to tell the stranger he was from near Richmond, and the latter said he was acquainted with people in Richmond.

The Virginian informed the stranger that he was thinking of going to New York, and that he was a bricklayer by trade.

"So am I a bricklayer," the stranger said, "and I'm out of work."

"Come to New York wit vis told him, "and I will s get a job."

Soon a second man, a re dividual, who said he was man, appeared and was in drink was suggested. Th one in a saloon on Penns nue.

Davis said he would Richmond and draw his bank in order that he funds enough to see him trip to New York. Acco Smith, the man who fi him, Davis went to Rich his money and returned t The red-haired man and a them and the quartet wen tel where the alleged sw taken a room.

A game of matching indulged in and Davis lost change he had. It was th for him to get out his roll was the first time Lawre kins, as the two "con known, had seen the roll. gestion of one of the handed his roll to Hopki Lawrence then said he w a check cashed, and it was pretending he was man to cash it that those became separated.

Army of Bees Sting Horses to

A TEAM of horses, stung by a couple of bees, plunged madly into twenty hives, upsetting them, releasing an army of 80,000 angry bees, which stung the horses to death, a few days ago, over on the Virginia side of the Potomac river.

The negro driver, who ran at the first alarm, did not escape unwounded. Thousands of bees pursued his flight, and he was terribly stung, but lives.

A dozen or more irresponsible bees were flying about the grounds at the home of Dr. Reginald Munson, on the Columbia pike, near Arlington, where he has forty hives. The horses, attached to a coal wagon, worried by their humming, slapped at the bees with their tails. The bees retaliated, stinging the horses.

The horses, wild with alarm at the unusual attack, plunged madly about the yard, upsetting twenty hives and releasing some ten bushels of bees—about 80,000 in all.

These bees immedia the horses, stinging th that both animals died w

Dr. Munson has long thusiastic apiarist. His cated in the yard at o house.

The coal wagon, driv Low, drew up in front about 3 o'clock in the af was a little dubious ab inside. He could plainl casional buzzing that gether music to his ear

A black swarm of bu mediately flew toward t Low. The latter wen down the road with hi his face, brushing away more of the insects wh ered about him.

The frightened horse instantly covered with They started to turn to but sank limply in the neying wildly with pain.

The entire neighborh stantly aroused. A cr at a safe distance to usual event. No one to go to the rescue of

Fervid Vocabulary Cause of

THE lone policeman who stands guard by the District building in Washington was making his rounds placidly when there dawned upon his horrified mind the fact that a horse was standing with his fore feet upon the District building's own sidewalk.

The horse was hitched to a two-seated surrey. Upon a seat of the surrey sat a gentleman with a broad black hat.

"Get that horse off the sidewalk," said the policeman.

"If you want this horse to get off that sidewalk you put him off yourself, you—" The remainder of the sentence was more in the way of expletive than explanation.

"You better shut up and get that horse where it belongs," the policeman pursued.

And then there follo versy. It was heated, worn but perfectly go In the end the policem the buggy and took th gentleman around to No. 1, where it becam the prisoner was a was being charged w and lots of it, varied, v personal and original.

The southern gentle ing to some extent ev being examined at N quit in time to let the was not the owner of

About this time a less real estate agent the District building.

"Somebody's run and buggy! Where shouted.

Meantime No. 1 h cool the southern gen where he would disc lateral, the price of h all this time no one that the southern ge the owner of the hor