

FEMALE BANDIT IN WICHITA: BELIEF

Robbery of Three Trolley, in One of Which Motorman Was Shot, Charged to Fair Highwayman.

LIVED IN TENT, DISAPPEARED

Man and Man's Clothing Found Near Her Former Abode, Said to Belief, Was Successful in Laying Snares.

Wichita, Kan.—A woman is believed by the police of this place to have held up and robbed three street cars. The work of the robber was left for the officers to work on, but the sudden departure from the place of the robberies, had led to the belief that the occupant of the tent was the robber.

The robberies all occurred on the Riverside line, in the residence district, far from easy communication with the police station. The robber was always masked. In every case the carmen who were held up described the robber as being a man about 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighing about 170 pounds.

Some boys roaming along the bank of the Little Arkansas River found some men's clothes and a mask on the site where the tent stood for several months and the people believe that the robber was either a woman who operated in the clothes of a man, or a man who passed himself off as a woman.

No one knows where the supposed woman came from and no one appears to know where she went or when she went away. The tent was at a considerable distance from any house and its occupant was not an all communical. She was a large woman, with a masculine face, and a way about her that caused her neighbors to give her a wide berth. So far as known, no one ever visited her, and she seldom appeared. She bought groceries of a local dealer, and was generally spoken of as "the woman in the tent" by those who had occasion to refer to her.

On the occasion of one of the robberies the officers visited the tent and inquired of its occupant. If she had seen a man prowling about the neighborhood. She said she had not, but that she had heard shots about the time of the robbery. That was the time that Pete McGee, motorman on the Riverside line, was shot in the breast. The robber was seen to go in the direction of the tent, and a coat and mask were found in some bushes not far from the place, but no one at the time thought that the woman had any connection with the robbery. When the last robbery occurred, officers tracked the robber to within a short distance of the tent where the trail was lost. A few days afterwards the tent and its occupant were gone. About \$50 was all the money stolen in the three holdups. The most serious feature was the shooting of McGee, who did not give up his money quite so easily. Fortunately the bullet went clear through the motorman and he recovered from his wound rapidly.

LEAVES HOME AMONG DEAD.

Wife, thirty-six, Deserts Soldier Husband, Who is Seventy-three. Leavenworth, Kan.—A honeymoon in a cemetery wasn't just a joke for Mrs. Christine Saline, of Galveston, Tex., except when she was married to Capt. Vincent A. Menuez. Capt. Menuez is a Civil War veteran and is the caretaker of the National Cemetery at Fort Leavenworth, where he is the hero of war and the victors of peace side by side.

But Mrs. Menuez didn't know that her soldierly and gallant husband was the caretaker of a cemetery. When she did find it out an hour after her marriage, she put her foot down and declared that she wasn't going to live in a graveyard, even if it did hold all that was mortal of some of the nation's most illustrious dead, including Gen. Henry Leavenworth, who founded the fort and the cemetery, too.

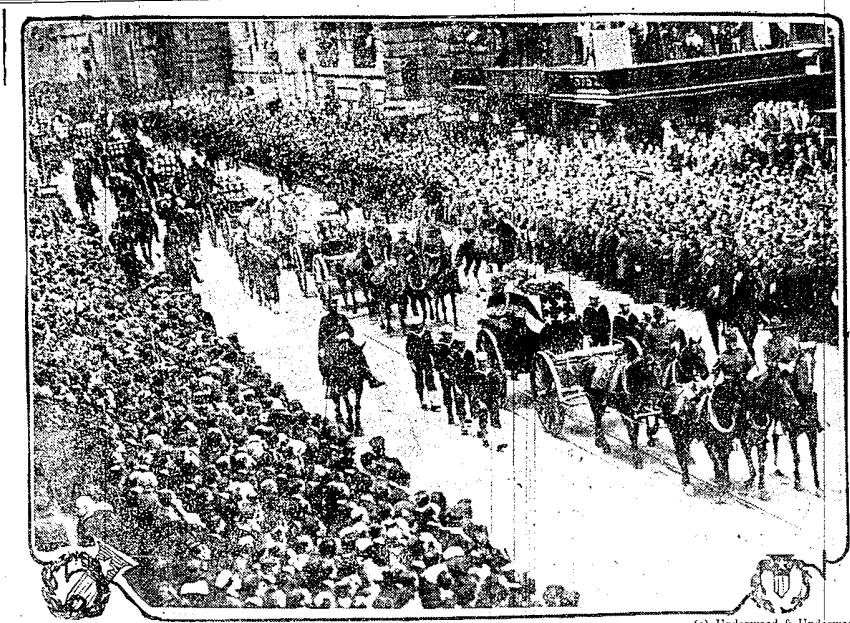
Thereupon she tramped out of the house without even having taken off her hat. She went over to Fort Leavenworth, a mile away, and spent the night at the home of Sgt. Edmondson. Next morning, despite the entreaties of her husband of less than a day, she came to Leavenworth, bought a ticket back to Galveston and left in the afternoon.

Mrs. Menuez is 36 years old and her husband is 73. He met her two months ago when he was visiting in Galveston. He told her of his fine home at Fort Leavenworth. She supposed he was a regular army officer. After a correspondence of two months, Capt. Menuez proposed by mail and was accepted and Mrs. Saline came here to be married.

Immediately after the ceremony they started for his home, which is an old stone cottage. When she saw it she demanded an explanation. She found out that the Captain didn't have as much money as he had said, so her Southern temper rose and she seceded right there from the union.

Pearls at Ratio of 16 to 1.

Denver, Col.—Men have found found pearls in oysters and chorus girls have obtained diamonds from hobnobbers, but it remained for Frederick B. Hutchinson of this city to find pearls at the old fair silver ratio of sixteen pearls to one plate of fish. He found sixteen fine gems at his dinner recently.



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Funeral cortege moving up Broadway to City Hall. In New York on Monday the nation, state and city joined in paying the last tribute to the seventeen marines and sailors who lost their lives at the battle of Vera Cruz. The bodies, which arrived aboard the funeral ship "Montana," were conveyed to the New York navy yard, where the simple yet impressive funeral services, which concluded with the sounding of "taps," were held. The photograph shows the funeral cortege with the escort of honor on route up Broadway to the City Hall, where Mayor Mitchell joined in paying tribute to the nation's dead by placing a wreath on the casket of each of the heroes.

AN OLD LADY NAMED ROSE

By Anne Story Allen

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Smith's manœuvre was a handsome creature. Her lovely pompadour shaded regular features and a clear, pale skin. She polished and fled with a satisfactory lack of personal interest. His fingers might have been so many bits of ivory receiving a conscientious application of orange-stick, emery-board, and chambraskin. That was why Smith came. He had found a manœuvre who neither jabbered nor expected him to; who neither snubbed him on him for an unusually long time, nor frowned when he forgot one entirely.

So Smith had leisure to watch the other girl—the girl who looked as out of place in that long, narrow cell of busy workers as Smith himself did among the patrons of the "manœuvre." There was this difference, however, that whereas Smith was independent—could go wherever he chose, because he chose—the slim little lady whose profile he was scanning was decidedly dependent on the manœuvre part of her and the small, very small part of the busy brain that it took to keep the hands at their work.

Smith was a critic, naturally and professionally. He sat with his head slightly on a side, with keen, narrowed eyes and an inscrutable mouth; he watched the slim, long-fingered hands; then his gaze traveled up to the dark untidy hair—it had been artistically arranged, but had slipped from its inadequate fastenings and had been pushed back into unbecoming security. As he looked, the girl rose slowly, clutched at the back of her hair, and turned dutifully white.

There was a sudden jab of a file on Smith's hand; the dark-pompadoured face was across the room, and before he had quite realized that the manœuvre was fainting she had been hustled out of the room. In the shortest possible time operations were resumed on Smith's nails.

"Makes Miss Lawson awful mad when anybody faints," remarked the vis-à-vis, a trifle breathlessly. "I'm glad I got her out of there. From eight to six is a good long time to sit bumped over a table."

While he was dressing for dinner that evening Smith was surprised to find that he was thinking of the white face of the girl who had fainted. "Smith, my son," he said to himself, "you're getting so that you let little things worry you. Shake 'em off—shake 'em off!"

And his bitterest grief. Even now Smith would open the drawer once in a while, look at the box, and sigh. At the dinner Smith was rather more bored than usual. It was very long for one thing; and the flowers were too high—Smith had to keep bobbing his head to answer people opposite who would keep talking to him. "There is no such thing, is there, Smith?"

Smith caught the question, but not what had gone before. "I'll back you up in anything," he returned sententially. Then he caught the tones of another voice, the voice of a woman, and it was raised in dissent.

"I believe there is, only it's something that can never be said." "It sounds like a riddle," said some one. "It is a riddle," said the woman. "One of the riddles of the universe. Is there such a thing as disinterested charity?"

"Yes." "No." "Don't believe it!" opinions traveled around the board. "If it were disinterested, one would want no one to know, not even the recipient, for one would want no gratitude. Charity would come like a blessing from heaven, apparently. What was needed would be sent by one who had to one who had not and there would be an end of it."

"Not an end, perhaps," put in Smith; "only the beginning." Then the woman changed the subject, and in a moment they were all at full cry after another topic.

Smith looked at his paint box late that night. It was a long time since that night. He was as he noted the little oblongs of color, some of them worn where his patient, unskillful brush had dabbed at them, and a tender feeling for all the disappointed ones seemed to sear in his heart and brood there as if it were waiting for something.

The next week the girl of the lofty pompadour looked unusually pale. "Where is the little lady who faints?" asked Smith during his half hour. "At home."

The reply was abrupt, ungracious, and apparently final. There was a curious twist of the mouth, however, that betokened some inward disturbance. "I'll!"

The girl raised her eyes to his for a second; they were filled with tears. She bent her head quickly and two big drops fell.

Smith was appalled. If the Statue of Liberty had suddenly developed tear-ducts and had let fall a sympathetic tear over her weather-beaten cheeks, he would hardly have considered it more of a phenomenon. But the wooden-faced one was talking in a low, breathless tone, and Smith bent to listen.

She was weak and worn out, that's what she is, and sitting up in a bed with her little paint-box trying to do some pictures." "I know a place," began Smith. "No, you don't," interrupted the girl fiercely. "Nobody knows any place where they'd take squares of cardboard with caws and trees and faces painted on 'em."

"There is a place—" But the black eyes had grown hard again, and Smith felt properly frozen. Late that night he sat again at his desk. The drawer that held the paint-box remained closed, but he could see it quite plainly. He could see quite plainly too, another paint-box, on a shabby bed, and, sitting propped up in

the bed, was the slim, pale little artist—she, of the "cows and trees and faces."

"Like manna from heaven it would come," he repeated, "but she probably is only a dauber like thousands of others—and he tried to stop thinking of it."

It was the next time that Smith was "maneuvered" that his forbidding vis-à-vis pulled from under her cushion a cardboard. Pushing it swiftly around the side of the table where it would be least observed, she hissed: "Want to see it?"

Sure enough, there was a cow, there was a tree—two trees; but to Smith's amazement they were real trees, not just branches and boughs with leaves on them. There was a spring breeze somewhere about those trees, or Smith was no critic; and the cow was just about to flop a lazy tail and turn her head.

"Why—" he began. "I've sold it," the girl whispered. "To Miss Ransom. She saw me undoes it to show the girls and said, 'I made her think of her father's place in Vermont. Lord! Vesta'll be pleased.'"

"You know I told you the other day," began Smith. "Yes, and I didn't believe you; but seeing's believing, and Miss Ransom's gaze crazy over it. If you'll give me the address, I'll go."

She slipped the card he gave her under the cushion, and Smith received another strange impression of an unaccustomed effort at courtesy. "It's exceedingly kind of you."

The "exceedingly" was badly done; it wavered and almost faltered, but the rest of the little speech was genuine enough. It took several weeks to think it out. Smith was intuitive, but not impulsive. He bought several of the little pictures from the dealer who had them. He scrutinized them carefully, he frowned and he smiled, and he looked at them wistfully. Then he decided. He scrutinized them carefully, he frowned and he smiled, and he addressed it to Miss Vesta Mathews, and sent it to the address he had given her friend.

There has been placed to your account, by one who has seen and found promise in your work, the sum of two hundred dollars. A like amount will be deposited every month for the next three years, to enable you to study under suitable masters. It is my earnest request that you make no inquiries as to the depositor of this money. I have every right to do as I please, and you have every right to accept. Suffice it to say that it comes from one who once hoped to be an artist, whom Destiny has led by quite different paths.

So accept silently, my child, and I shall send with the blessing and good wishes of— Here his pen stopped. He looked around blankly; then he stared out of the window. What vision he saw he could not, perhaps, have told, but he smiled very tenderly as he dipped his brush more and wrote, slowly and carefully: An Old Lady Named Rose. Three years went by. Smith worked pretty hard. He wrote a good deal, but though he was busy and time went fast, there didn't seem to be much in life for Smith. He told himself that he didn't get anywhere in his work. It was all right to know a good picture when you saw one, and to give lectures on art and know what you were talking about, but Smith had languished, with every fiber of his being, to create.

cally and without prejudice, when he came upon a picture that made him sink down on a convenient seat and look about to see if there was any one near that he knew. There was not and he was glad, for he had recognized the picture—his picture. It was the one of all the others that he had thought of, looked to do, and had failed miserably when he had attempted it.

From out the frame a gentle old face looked into his. The frail, bent figure in the big armchair leaned a little toward him, slender fingers rested on a bit of delicate sewing, and a whole long lifetime of loving kindness shined itself in the withered features.

Looking closer he could see that it was not a portrait. It was an idealized creation. Whoever had posed for it had probably felt nothing of the radiant spirit that looked through those dim eyes into the artist's.

Smith opened his catalogue. "Matthews," he read. "Miss Vesta"—An Old Lady Named Rose."

DISCOVERS A NEW SILVER ORE

Colorado Professor Tells of Great Waste Now Going On.

Denver, Colo.—Russell D. George, geologist and professor of geology at the University of Colorado, announces that in his search for radiating-bearing ores he has discovered an ore hitherto unknown to science which contained 46 per cent of silver. This ore, said Professor George, was being thrown away on dumps of copper as useless.

MILK SNAKES PREY ON COWS

Shelbo, Sask., Canada.—Milk snakes are much more numerous in this vicinity than in other years and are larger than usual. They are the worst enemies of dairymen. The reptiles twist themselves around the legs of cows and one of them is able to milk from three to five cows in a day or night. The average snake consumes from twelve to fifteen quarts of milk before taking a rest.

BIG TARANTULA GROWS IN DEATH

Palmdale, Calif., O.—When a huge tarantula appeared from a bunch of bananas, Harvey Gerald, a clerk, smashed it against the wall with a box. The original size of the tarantula is in dispute, but measurements taken on the wall after death show that it was at least a foot long.

FINDS A MOUSE IN HER BLOUSE

Butte, Mont.—When Mrs. X. Brown pulled a mouse from her waist in the rear of a cobbler's shop she did not faint. However, the creature caused a panic among the other women. It is thought the mouse must have been in the waist all morning.

JAW IS DISLOCATED WHEN MAN YAWNS

Red Wing, Minn.—Hilmer Olson, living at Frontenac, yawned and his jaw was dislocated. He managed to inform his friends of his predicament by gestures. An auto was pressed into service and Olson was taken to Lake City to a physician. A wooden stave pipe thirteen and one-quarter feet in diameter, and almost a mile long, is part of a water-power plant in the State of Washington. It is thought to be the largest construction of the kind.

GOOD NEWS

Many of Our Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby.

"Good news travels fast," and the had back sufferers in this vicinity are glad to learn where relief may be found. Many a lame, weak and aching back is had no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands upon thousands of people are telling the good news of their experience with this tested remedy. Here is an example worth reading:

Mrs. W. B. Phillips, Sixth street, Perryburg, Ohio, says: "I know from personal experience that Doan's Kidney Pills are a reliable kidney medicine. I was in bad shape from disordered kidneys. My back ached and often sharp pains darted from my kidneys to all parts of my body. Other symptoms of kidney complaint annoyed me. When Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I began their use. They brought prompt and satisfactory relief."

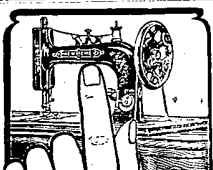
Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Phillips had at Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—14 room rooming house with six room cottage on same lot. Located at Huron, Ohio, on Lake Erie, catering to summer resort folk. The above property will rent for \$75.00 per month and can be purchased cheap. F. E. Conners, Huron, Ohio.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Send anywhere, enclosed, 10c for a bottle of Daisy Fly Killer. It kills all flies, house flies, stable flies, etc., and keeps them away from your food. It is a sure thing. Write for details, send 10c to: HAROLD SOMERS, 122 DeSales Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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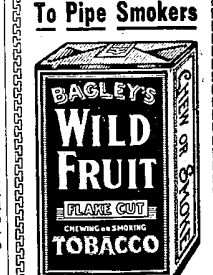
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HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days, I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holstein Friesians running in age from one to three years old, a number of them marked in front with red numbers, well marked, and in good condition. They will sell at 7/8 and 15/16 Holstein and are registered 3-11-15. Will also offer 100 head of fully developed, heavy milking cows, part of them registered in the Holstein herd book. Also have 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls, and will have a few choice heifers and bull calves at the above prices. Call on me at 15/16 and 31/32 Holstein, at \$15.00 each, and I will take them.

Write me for particulars. H. H. HUBBARD, Dept. P. P. Gilbert, Kane County, Illinois.

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