

The Weather Today:

Local showers Sunday and probably Monday; moderate south winds.

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

Atlanta Edition of The American... BE SURE TO GET THEM ALL

VOL. I, NO. 7.

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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1913.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

JAPS DEMAND FULL RIGHTS WITH WHITES AS CITIZENS

Meeting at Tokio Condemns Efforts of Agitators To Start Complications.

U. S. REPLY IS PREPARED

Wilson Takes Charge of Statement Following Long Conference With Bryan.

Special Cable to The American.

TOKIO, May 17.—Representative Terakao Hinata and Kenzo Hayashi protested against the discrimination shown by the alien land ownership bill and condemned the lack of land and agricultural classes in the existing treaty. They were the chief agitators, who, they said, were merely playing the game of those seeking orders for arms and warships.

U. S. Reply to Japs In Wilson's Hands.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The complete reply of the United States to the protest of Japan against the California alien land law is in the hands of the President and, according to a statement, may be delivered to the Japanese Ambassador at any time.

Irish M.P. Prosecutes Militants in Court

Suffragettes Attack Home of John Dillon in Early Morning. Many Are Arrested.

DUBLIN, May 17.—John Dillon, member of Parliament, appeared in the Dublin court today against the militant suffragettes who were arrested after attacking his house early this morning.

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Mrs. Lincoln's 'Bitter Letters' To Be Sold

Collection Reveals Resentment Toward Congress for Not Providing for Her.

NEW YORK, May 17.—What are known as Mrs. Lincoln's "bitter letters" are to be sold at auction here next week. The collection consists of twelve letters written by the widow of the martyred President in the years just following his assassination.

Special Cable to The American.

LONDON, May 17.—One of the most sensational and romantic lawsuits ever heard in India will be tried in Calcutta shortly. Action has been brought by a Mr. Jacob, late of Simla, now living in Bombay against the late Nizam of Hyderabad.

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KIPLING'S HERO SUES TO REGAIN \$1,250,000 GEM

Action Against Indian Nizam Is Sequel to Amazing Diamond Transaction Years Ago.

STONE FINEST IN WORLD

Plaintiff, Now Poor Man, Once Was the Rich 'Uncrowned King of Simla.'

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Gov. Offers Reward of \$100 for Conviction of Persons Behind Death of Negroes.

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WHITELASH OF FIRE QUIET IS SCORED BY WOODWARD

All Charges of Mismanagement and Craft Against Cummings Proved, Declares Mayor in Scorching Message to Council.

Will Gladly Furnish the Proof to the Grand Jury if That Body Should Desire It. He Adds: 'You Hold the Vindication Report.'

Controversy Over Fire Engine Bid Recalled—Tells of Rebuke Formerly Given on Horse Which Were Turned Over to the City.

Mayor Woodward Saturday made public a scorching message to Council in which he terms the "white washing" of Fire Chief W. B. Cummings and the conduct of the Board of Fire Commissioners as "a charge of mismanagement and gross waste of money."

The message follows: "The members of the Board of Fire Commissioners have been guilty of a gross waste of money in the purchase of a new fire engine. The old engine, which was purchased for \$10,000, was sold for \$5,000. This is a gross waste of money and a charge of mismanagement and gross waste of money."

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Wild Flowers I Have Met

By Mike Chesterfield.

FARMERS do not like the daisy. They call it "poverty weed" and say it ruins their hay crop.

But they haven't met the real daisy. That's why they are farmers.

The daisy has a pale complexion with a peroxide crown of hair. But the Daisy I met was pink and white, and when I insinuated that her hair was peroxide she promptly became a wild daisy.

Daisies dot the fields and meadows in the country, but the Daisy I met did nothing of the sort; she got at under the great elm trees with the Daisy and talk and talk and talk. We picked the field daisies, pulled out their petals and snuffed them. "She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me," etc., etc.

And when I caught Daisy chattering by pulling out the petals and petals at once so he can make it come out. "She loves me," she once more became a wild daisy.

That was the day she carried a red parcel, and as we wandered through the meadows a gentleman friend of the cows on that farm caught sight of Daisy just as she opened the parcel.

He was certainly polite, for he apologized profusely by bowing and scraping his front feet and moaning, then he hurried up to meet Daisy.

Did Daisy run? She did not. She just closed her red parcel, stepped the beast across the face with it and then poked it in his eye.

Belle me, she was some Daisy, that girl—just then, in fact, she was a half-wild daisy!

One day we started to make a daisy chain. I decorated it with laurel leaves. At least, I thought they were laurel leaves. But later the doctor looked in both eyes and said they were poison ivy leaves.

Talk about your wild daisies! This daisy was the wildest one on record. In fact, she never got so wild before, and only once as this that did she become a wild daisy.

That was when I let her and picked a modest little Violet and I'll tell you about Violet some day.

This Suffragette Had to Go Back to the Kitchen

NED MATTHEWS is a candidate for Mayor. Opposing him is a dark horse—a suffragette, who is known only as Elsie Smith. This Elsie Smith is none other than Ned Matthews' wife, she choosing to conduct her campaign incognito lest her husband make trouble.

Confidently expecting her election, Mrs. Matthews fits up one of the rooms in the house as her headquarters. Mr. Matthews comes in.

MR. M.—Look here, young lady, I'm not a politician!

MRS. M.—No, you're worse, you're a politician.

MR. M.—What are you, a saloon-keeper? Why you women, you're fighting against yourselves. You're fighting the tariff on hats, shoes and silk stockings. Why don't you let us men fight that? We buy most of them and then give them to you!

MRS. M.—Yes, that's just what we want to do. We want to pay for our own hats, our own shoes, our own stockings.

MR. M.—And will you pay the rent?

MRS. M.—Why of course I will!

MR. M.—Why, will you vote for yourself? I suppose you think you can do any old thing a man does?

MRS. M.—Well, you show me one thing a man can do that a woman can't do.

MR. M.—Do that. (Puts hands in pockets.) Now all this jesting aside. You don't really wish to vote for your former husband, do you?

MRS. M.—That has nothing to do with me.

MR. M.—And why hasn't it anything to do with you?

MRS. M.—You ask me why? You ask a woman why? I'll tell you why. We have been told that we're the weaker sex, haven't we? Yet we have to bear the most pain, the most slanders, the most abuse. Are there not in foreign countries women who have ruled and still rule successfully? If we own property we are taxed the same as you, yet we are given no voice in the affairs of the country. Now is the time for us to show you that as surely as our forefathers rebelled against taxation without representation, so will we have a say, and we'll vote!

MR. M.—I've got to leave here. I can see that. I'm going home to mother. But before I go I'll sell out. Do you want to buy my desk for a nickel? You're all right, Smiley, but tell me, where are you going to get all these votes from?

MRS. M.—I suppose you forgot that all my former sweethearts are going to vote for me.

MR. M.—And I suppose during these election times you vote for your former sweethearts just to get their votes?

MRS. M.—Why, certainly.

MR. M.—Now I know why you came home so late last night. You were out getting votes! But you women, you don't know what you want.

MRS. M.—I tell you we want land reform, school reform, domestic reform.

MR. M.—And I suppose during these election times you vote for your former sweethearts just to get their votes?

MRS. M.—I tell you we are serious in this matter, and some day a woman will be Speaker of the House.

MR. M.—Can you see a good-looking lady policeman coming down the street about 11

o'clock Saturday night. Instead of a club she has a hat pin in her hand. She walks up to a crowd of boys standing on the corner and she says: "Now you get out of here. If you don't get out of here I'll kick you." Now, gentlemen, are you going to stand by me? Do you see the point?

"Then she walks up to another crowd of boys standing on the corner and says: "Now look here, boys, if you don't go home I'll take the whole crowd to the house with me, and they all go to the house with her. Why, I'll go myself."

A Funny Scene from "The Suffragette," by Franklyn Ardell, as Played by Himself and Ann Walters.

(Stage Rights Reserved by Mr. Ardell.)

"Lady letter carrier! They don't need to carry the letters. Just call them to the window and whisper the news. Make it strictly confidential. Why, it'll travel quicker and farther than the mail could take it in a month!"

"Lady soldier! Well, it's true ladies would be all right for the infantry, but can you imagine all the powder they'd use up before they started in to fight! But that's not the worst of it. When they got into the thick of the battle some poor person on the other side would be shot! And they'd lose the whole war!"

"But a poor, kind natured, nice little man comes home Saturday night with his little sash in his pocket, and he's wandering along a little street, a man sometimes wander, and he goes into his house and lies down for a little necessary sleep, and as he lies there as innocent as a lamb, dreaming of the angels, the door opens and a woman enters with a murderous intent and like a thief in the night, she creeps toward the sleeping man, but toward his penis hanging over a chair, and with one of her woman's rights she quietly extracts ten, thirty or twenty-five cents. Now, gentlemen, I'm speaking from experience. I've been touched, but the question I place before you is this: If this candidate for mayor would take thirty cents out of my pocket when I am sleeping, how much would she grab out of your city treasury when you are all sleeping?"

MRS. M.—Well, many nights when you're come home you haven't had thirty cents left in your pocket.

MR. M.—How do you know that?

MRS. M.—There goes the ticket. Now you see who wins. Here you are, Election Reports, District 7—Smith, 2,000; Matthews, 28. District 4—Smith, 1,000; Matthews, 17. District 12—Smith, 3,000; Matthews, 8.

MR. M.—Let me see that ticket. And how you are. They're off. Elsie Smith gets a good start, she's doing nicely at the first quarter, now at the half, King Lee by head, Elsie ranks second, Queen Bee third. Now in the street, sack and neck. Elsie Smith will win by a head. Why that's a horse race. Who put that in there? They've got your "old" limit paper from headquarters. Ned Matthews wins by a majority of 3,000. Smith, go back to the kitchen.



MRS. M.—I tell you we are serious in this matter, and some day a woman will be Speaker of the House.

MR. M.—Why, a woman has always been speaker of a house! When a poor man wants to say anything he goes out in the back yard to say it.

MR. M.—You couldn't put up a decent argument for your own campaign.

MRS. M.—I'll show you what kind of a speech I can make. (Pumps out talk.) "Friends, Fellow Citizens, Townsman and Poor Misguided Woman: Do you realize that if this candidate for mayor is elected what will happen? We'll have a lady for department, lady letter carriers and lady policemen, will we not?"

MR. M.—Can you see a good-looking lady policeman coming down the street about 11

"Lady fire department! Can you see a firehouse, six pretty girls as they lie sleeping in six dainty little cots. It's 2 o'clock in the morning and an alarm comes in for a fire. They've got to jump out of bed without a moment's notice to get dressed. Do you follow me or am I alone? They have to slide down those brassy, greasy poles. Now you boys keep away from that street! Then as they are madly dashing along the chief says: "Stop. Why that's Little Jones's house that's burning. I hate that lousy. Let the old house burn!"

Mickey and the Golden Rule

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TEACHER told us once at school to observe the Golden Rule—

"Do as you would be done by."

But I want to tell you, see! No such rule does we'll see. Any time I'm done drey's goin' to be a fux.

I wants to say right here, I licked fifty kids this year; An', fudermore, no gink kin bully me. While I ain't a pickin' fight I stands up for all de rights Our fathers' fathers' won in history.

Dat rule may be alright For a gink dat's scared to fight. But I'm a scrapper, wid a sawful punch; An', if I should wait to see, Wet some guy'd do to me, I'd lose me reputation wid de bunch.

Teacher can't make it go down Out in de end of de town.

"De gink dat smiteth my cheek," like she said, Ain't goin' to be no "brother," Ner have me "toin de othe," Not me! I'm goin' to punch his bloomin' head.

Yours have heard about de way I put Troy Schmidt away. Everybody talks about de scrap. He was twice as big as me, Weighed a hundred fifty-three. Cheer! I pushed dat heavy-weight clean off de map.

Wot dat guy "did unto me" Wam't "as I'd have him," see! An' dat's where teacher's wrong. De rule is mine. He called me "bones" an' "skanky." Cause I tripped him, playin' shindy. I couldn't stand for dat. We had to mix.

De trouble is, no guy I willin' to try. To start de rule a "wotkin," cause de rule is follow, an' come 'tough. Like de rule says dey should do. Dere's always someone wants to get de beat.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR

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THE Newspaper Humorist was very busy trying to fit a laugh to the latest item of news when his door opened and in brushed an individual of girth, baldness and apparent jollity.

"Name's McFee," said the stranger. "Ought to be a funny man with such a funny name." Think I am, too; that's why I'm here: I want to hear if you think my stuff's worth getting into print."

The N. H. held up a hand in protest. "I don't pay for kids; have a hard enough time getting money for myself."

McFee laughed. "Don't want your money; just your opinion. Franchise, in Boston now the rotters are calling for kids instead of fans. That's not so, of course, but I'm telling a joke. They're called garters because they support the Red Sox."

The N. H. groaned.

"You think," continued the visitor, "I'm like the fattest man—have designs on myself, eh?"

"Not quite, but—do you know that to be a successful humorist you must have plenty of talent, outside talent, friends who are funny and who are willing to relinquish their goods to you?"

"Oh, I have. There's one fellow I know who's funny without knowing it. Went to a doctor the other day because he always awoke with a headache. Doctor told him to take a pickle just before going to bed. If he could keep it on his stomach he'd wake up feeling fine. My friend tried it, but said the pickle insisted on rolling off his stomach just as soon as he fell into a dose. Good yarn, eh?"

Again the N. H. groaned.

"But," said McFee, "I've got a keen sense of humor myself. Was chewing a clove the other evening when it dawned on me—fairly took my breath away—that I didn't like 'em."

"What's the joke?" asked the N. H.

"Clove—look my breath away."

"Some men are born humorists," paraphrased the enfeebled N. H., "some men read humor, and others have humor thrust on them. Every man thinks he's a humorist—that's why there are so few."

"Don't you find it easy to write jokes?" thundered McFee.

"Easy; but not to think of them. That is harder to do than to have the last of the neck or to talk easy to the wife."

"But you make easy money."

"My money, my friend, is the money that goes easy, the only kind I know. There are many ways of committing suicide, and committing one's self to the field of humor is one."

McFee was interested. "How's that?"

"Why, these conspicuous outside have only to sit down, write jokes, send them to the editors, and—stare to death."

"Then you'd advise against my entering the game?"

"Most assuredly. Just forget the jokes you have, and—well, if it's a good one I'll smoke it; if it isn't, I'll give it away. Thank you. Good day."

McFee closed the door, after promising not to write humor. Then the N. H. heaved out the jokes of McFee on the typewriter, put them in an office envelope, used some office station, called the office boy, and had the stuff mailed. And did he sell the jokes?

Just for Fun

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Unlucky Hans.

A WAITER in a certain cafe has foreworn nightshirts for pajamas, and thereby hangs a tale.

This waiter, Hans by name, was for a long while accustomed to come home at night with his pockets full of silver, his "tip" for the day, and his wife, when he had fallen asleep, would raid the silver supply. Hans, of course, was quite aware of this unkind proceeding on his wife's part, but he said nothing as he raked his Teutonic brains for a scheme that would put an end to this sort of thing.

One night he waited until his spouse had sunk in slumber. Then he got up, took all the silver from his pockets, crept silently back to bed and tied all the money in a corner of his nightshirt. He congratulated himself on his cleverness, figuring that he had devised a means to stop the raids.

His surprise the next morning may, therefore, be imagined, when his wife addressed him thus: "Thank you so much, Hans, for the present."

"What present?"

"Why all that money tied in my nightie."

Historic Girls.

THE Queen of Sheba was a maid of pronounced views, and yet no history ever said that Sheba was a Suffragette.

Misunderstood.

FAT OLD LADY—Could I get a "rest near the stage, please, Box Office—Why certainly, what row do you want?"

FAT OLD LADY—Don't get fresh, young man.

Unwritten Law.

A ALWAYS wears pretty low cut dresses, doesn't she?"

"Yes, seems, to think self-revelation is the first law of nature."

At the Boarding House.

NEW COOK (anxiously)—There are fourteen more to be served Ma'am today, and we're nothing but dirty dishes.

Landlady—Hey, George, get the gravy!

Budding.

SHE used to wear a high-necked dress.

The proper thing, no doubt; But now her dress is décolleté— She's slowly coming out.

Cautious Criticism.

JIMMY DE MUTT—Say, Billie, ye'd oughter read the Evening Howler.

It's de best paper on the island.

Bowery Billie—Aw, say, wotchu giv' me? Wot 'all do you know about literature?

Crushed.

WHEN Mrs. Hillier divorced her first husband she told him, ere long, that the first was a model. And yet there was no sign of strife! But shortly the second stayed out with morning. Came home with no sign of remorse! He said, when she scolded, "I've been with the party. From whom you obtained a divorce."

Joshing the Diplomatist.

THERE is a certain youth attached to one of the foreign missions at Washington whose habit it is, shortly after introduction to some fair lady, immediately to turn the conversation into caustic fireworks for the discussion of the tender passion.

"I observe," said he, on one occasion, when he had just been presented to a charming young woman, "that you have a most attractive job." "Tell me, does it contain the tokens of some past affair of the heart?"

"Yes," smiled the lady, who had been warned of the diplomatist's weakness, and who thought to have a bit of fun with him. "I do not contain a love token—a lock of my husband's hair."

"A widow?" exclaimed the susceptible foreigner, as he edged closer. "Why, some one told me your husband was alive."

"He is," answered the young woman, "but his hair is gone."

The late King Edward was noted for his marvelous memory for faces, and he rarely forgot a name.

One day he was taking a stroll in the park, accompanied by an equerry. As he walked, the equerry bowed, as he held his silk hat level with his knees he happened to see a lady allow the King to pass.

"Good morning, Your Majesty," he ventured.

The general King halted and looked at him a moment, apparently at a loss to put a name to him.

"I seem to know your face, sir, but I regret your name has escaped me."

"Oh! I made your breeches, Your Majesty," the court tailor, humbly answered.

The King smiled and held out his hand.

"Ah, yes. Good morning, Major Breeches."

Some sundry meat and drink has given way to meat and drink.

The Sunday school teacher had discoursed long and eloquently upon the wonders of heaven, the glories of the tropical foliage in the gardens, and the angels with their beautiful white wings walking up and down the marble steps.

"Now, I want one of you little girls to ask a question about the Heaven which I have described to you," he concluded.

There was a long pause. Finally after a lot of coaxing, a little girl rose from her seat and asked:

"Please sir, if the angels have wings, why do they walk up and down the steps?"

The teacher was considerably taken aback; in sheer desperation he turned to the boys of the class and invited them to answer the question.

"Presently a small boy with a grin on his face said:

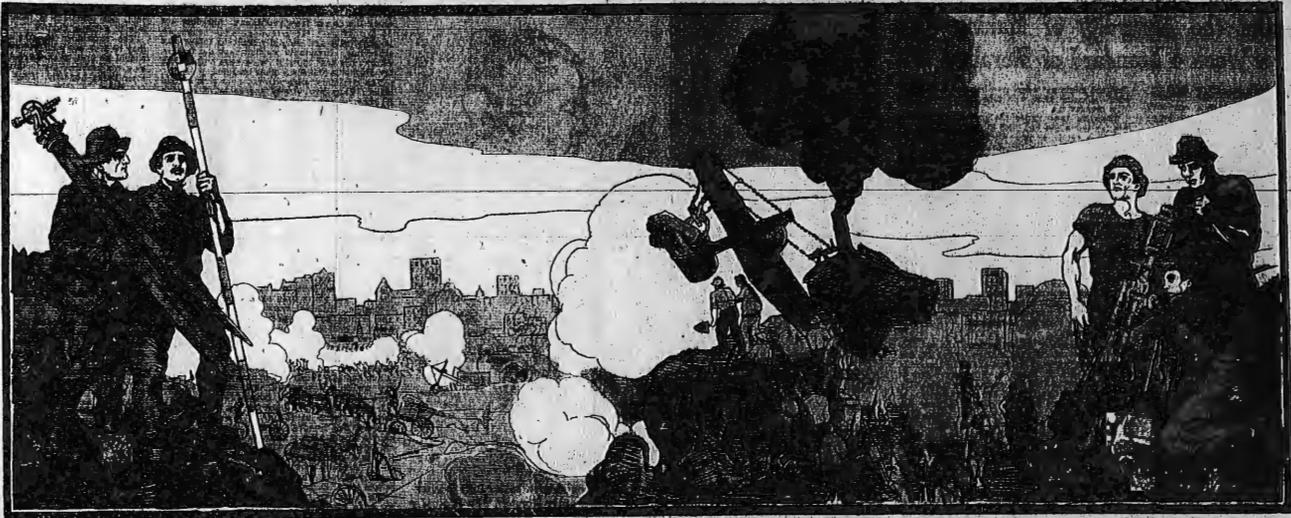
"I know, teacher."

"Well, my little man. Speak out—the class can hear you."

"I guess they was molting," came the instant reply.

LAYS with short runs give the players long walks.

Man Makes Nature His Slave



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FRED DANA MARSH, one of whose paintings we reproduce here by permission, has succeeded in putting on canvas the real battle and the real triumph of men in our century.

That is to say, he has painted the battle against Nature, and the triumph over material difficulties.

Such pictures as Marsh paints should be hung up in every school, in every library, to make children and grown people realize what the real fight of men is today, AND WHAT THE REAL GLORY OF THE HUMAN RACE IS TO BE IN AGES TO COME.

This painting shows one of many giant steam shovels at work, digging out a great railroad excavation in the city of New York.

It shows the leaning monster of steel ripping up rocks, dirt and sand, every mouthful filling a wagon, every groaning and grunting of the engine deepening the hole and hastening the task.

Only yesterday the work done by this giant of iron and steam must have been done painfully by the feeble hands of men.

Until our day all the work of the world has been done painfully by men, miserable slaves attached to the soil, stunted by labor, bodies merely fed and worked, and then worked and fed again, and at last put away in a shallow grave dug by some other working body.

Where a hundred men, getting in each other's way, bending their backs and wearing themselves out, would have worked throughout an entire day with picks and shovels, ONE MAN now sits in the big steam shovel slave, directs the work of the monster with a slight movement of his hand, and in a minute pulls up from the earth's depth into the wagon huge rocks that men could not lift. Every minute this monster does a day's work of half a dozen men. And no one suffers, no one is tired, no one is driven—science that found men slaves of each other and afraid of nature is setting men free, free of slavery, free of superstition and terror—AND MAKING NATURE AND HER POWERS SLAVES OF MAN.

...the great accomplishment and glory of this age.

This Reproduction of a Painting by Fred Dana Marsh, Illustrates as No Other Artist Has Done Man's Conquest of Nature and Man's New Power.

The Great Engine Doing Without Pain or Fatigue the Work That Men Did Slowly and in Sorrow Is the Greatest Triumph and Hope of the Human Race Today. Here You See Men BEGINNING to Do Their Work in the Right Way.

You See in the Slave That Works for Them With the Power of Steam the Agent That Will One Day Conquer the Globe and Set All Men Free.

Man uses Nature's forces and conquers Nature. Only a short time ago Nature's forces frightened man.

Civilization must progress in the years ahead of us with a rapidity inconceivable. FOR THE MINDS AND THE BODIES OF MEN ARE SET FREE TO THINK.

While men were physical slaves real thought was impossible, except to the rare man.

Athens was the intellectual centre of the world twenty-five centuries ago, because the Athenians employed slaves in great numbers. Every Athenian citizen learned to think because he had leisure. The citizens thought and developed a national intellect that no nation of our day pretends to equal. The greatest Greek thinker, Aristotle, said that civilization and progress could not exist without slavery—and he was right.

But he did not dream that men one day would use the giant slave of steel and steam that you see on this page in Marsh's painting.

This century and centuries to follow will surpass the Athenians in intelligence and in the possession of slaves.

Our slaves will be of metal, without nerves. The power of the lightning, of steam, of the tides and of the great sun itself will be the power of these slaves of civilization.

Slave women spun and wove slowly the clothing of the Athenians and of the Romans.

Our clothing is made by slave fingers of steel. Great machines, gigantic looms, turn out in a day enough to clothe every citizen of Athens.

The slaves carried their masters in palanquins in Roman days. Steam and the lightning are the slaves that carry us to-day.

Huge fair-skinned captives from Gaul and Germany did the digging twenty centuries ago.

The slave on this page digs for us to-day, and those that worked tied to the shovel and the pick until yesterday will soon be free to stand straight AND THINK, AND BE MEN.

It was glorious in the old days to see a strong nobleman's tower on a hill protecting the serfs and slaves at work in the valley below. That tower meant that the poor toilers were protected and kept free from marauders and from murderers.

It is infinitely more glorious to see a great factory above a waterfall in our day, to see the huge power building of Niagara sending over copper wires the invisible electric slaves that work with fearful force in cities miles away.

The old tower of the baron freed the slave from murder and the fear of sudden death.

The modern industrial tower, and such servants of man as the great shovel in this picture, WILL FREE THE HUMAN SLAVE FROM HIS SLAVERY.

And that wonderful accomplishment of the human brain, that conquest of Nature and her powers, that dominion over the earth accomplished purely by man's intellect, is the great glory and hope of the human race.

Go to the great steel mill at Gary, in Indiana, and there you see in wonderful

perfection man's use of Nature as his slave.

The great ships bring the ore down the lakes. No man's hand has touched it. Jaws of steel have torn it from the ore bed and dropped it into the ships.

At Gary other steel jaws lift it and carry it to the furnaces.

It is melted and great machines pour it out. It is divided into huge ingots, and these, white hot, are carried to the first part of the rolling mill. Still no man's hand has touched that iron. No slave has toiled under its weight.

The ingot is squeezed by one machine, made longer and narrower, squeezed again and made still longer and narrower.

It starts on its journey along the rollers of the mill, squeezed, pressed, handled, turned over, and shaped as it travels hundreds of yards—no hand touching it.

It arrives at last, a red-hot steel rail, the right shape, cut the right length. Machinery turns it over, slides it on an incline. It has made the journey, changing from a shapeless ingot to a finished rail, handled by machinery, the machines guided and controlled by one or two mechanics sitting aloft, pressing levers or buttons, AND WATCHING.

Finished at last and almost ready, the rail slides down the incline, and for the first time a man deals with it. He is a young Scandinavian giant, six and a half feet tall, with yellow hair and a clear gray eye. With huge pincers he turns the rail, and, standing at one end, runs his eye along it. He is no slave, but a well-paid worker. Ten dollars a day is his pay for the use of that true eye. As he looks along

the rail he sees the defects, moves the left or the right hand, and another man controlling the straightening machine straightens the rail as he ordered.

And there you have side by side ten rails perfectly straight, and more always coming down the incline to meet the glance of that gray eye.

Do tired, hard-worked men come now to lift these heavy rails and stagger under their weight?

Not at all. They are turning black, but still too hot for any man's touch.

A man sitting in his little tower touches a button, and along overhead rails there comes gliding a great electric magnet—on a giant scale—the same as the magnet with which you used to draw little tin ducks across the water.

The magnet slides along, drops down upon the ten rails that weigh thousands of pounds, the electrician presses a button, turns on the current, and man's electric slave glues the rails to the magnet. The ten are lifted at once, as easily as a child would lift a pin; they are carried to a flat car, lowered on to the car, the current is turned off, releasing the rails, and the magnet travels back to get another load.

To realize what progress the human race has made, remember that the race lived for more than two thousand centuries not knowing how to use iron, and then see that giant magnet at Gary loading a car with steel rails, brought from an ore bed one thousand miles away, changed from the ore into the finished rail, AND NEVER TOUCHED BY A MAN'S HAND EXCEPT AS THE MAN WITH THE CLEAR EYE TURNED THE RAIL AND ORDERED THE MACHINE TO STRAIGHTEN IT.

There is SLAVERY, and the ideal slavery that will free the whole human race, by making Nature's power MAN'S SLAVE.

When you see the picture on this page, when you know what man has done since the days when slaves toiled to build the pyramids under heavy loads and under the lash, you cannot doubt that man's conquest and freedom will be absolute.

You cannot doubt that man on this earth will be the absolute ruler of his planet, shaping it, remoulding it as he will, free and powerful—and the poverty and the horror of to-day will have become a memory as dim and as distant as the stone age is to us.

With the Corseted Suffragettes of 3000 Years Ago

Interesting Discoveries in the Ancient City of Hercules which Seem to Prove the Legend of the Greatest Strong Man's Slavery to Sively Queen Omphale only a Memory of Woman's Oldest Conquest of the Ballot



An Edify of the Snake-Goddess of Tiryns, the Ruler of All the Gods.



A Woman Leader of Ancient Tiryns

This remarkable wall painting, the first complete picture of a woman of the advanced Cretan civilization of 3000 years ago, has recently been discovered on one of the ruined palace walls of ancient Tiryns. The corset and flounced skirt are astonishingly like our fashions of yesterday. Women ruled in Tiryns, it is

believed, and this ancient lady is seen carrying an offering to the Snake-Goddess, the dominant deity of this vanished civilization. The legend of Hercules and Omphale is thought to be a record of a militant suffragette uprising of the women of the city and also those of old Crete.

THE German society now digging among the ruins of the ancient civilization of Crete has just unearthed evidence of a successful militant suffragette movement at least 1200 years before our era, and probably 2000 years before it. The discoveries which lead the Germans to the conclusion that women on that distant date strove for their rights, and got them, were made at Tiryns, on the Greek mainland. Tiryns, in its heyday, was one of the greatest cities of the Cretans. It has been famous for centuries as the birthplace of Hercules, the greatest strong man and most vigorous demi-god of legend. Tiryns is now, and has been for centuries, a mass of ruins, mostly deep in earth. The sheep of the Greek shepherds have grazed above its palaces and temples for ages.

The conclusions of the scientists throw a strong new light on this legend of Hercules and his city. The famous story of his enslavement by Queen Omphale is only, they say, a fanciful presentation of the important fact that a great woman's suffrage movement which swept over and conquered Crete began and was first successful in Tiryns. The method is one perfectly familiar to all students of legend and mythology.

The Cretan or Minoan language has never yet been read. No Rosetta stone, by which the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were first deciphered, has been found to give the clue to the Minoan characters. But at Tiryns there was uncovered a mass of wonderful wall paintings, jars and vases and mosaics, most of which bore in pictures the story of this woman's uprising and its consequences so plainly that there can be little doubt that the German scientists have read their meaning rightly.

These were not Greeks who built Tiryns and who erected the magnificent palace now being uncovered. The builders had come from Asia Minor, they were of the same old Minoan race as the Trojans. It was the might of the barbarian Greek city of Argos, a neighbor, which brought about the destruction of the Minoan cities, and with them Tiryns, about, perhaps, 500 B. C. The very ancient Greeks did not hold women in very high regard, and so they felt that it would never do to admit that woman had ever ruled, or there might be danger of the Greek women setting up their "rights" to dominate the State and society. Thus came about the peculiar twist in the Hercules legend which none has been able to explain hitherto.

It has been recognized as a Lydian part of the story, which means that it comes from Asia Minor, and this adds to the value of the new interpretation. As the story goes, the hero Hercules is entrapped by Queen Omphale, and devotes himself to pleasures, losing himself in the society of women so far as to put on feminine attire, while his lively lady Omphale takes up his skin-pants, it on, and with the club of Hercules in her hand flaunts herself before the degenerate hero, and proves herself the real hero.

him completely at her mercy. In the astonishing wall paintings at Tiryns the signs of the mastery of the women in all the religious rites first aroused the interest of the scientists. Upon one wall is a whole row of women bearing their offerings to the great patron goddess of the city and the sex—Juno, or Hera, as the Greeks called her. She was symbolized both in Tiryns and in Crete as the great snake-goddess, the patroness of marriage and the ruler of men, for in her hand is always shown the scepter of dominion. Juno was known in later times even as Juno Regis, the Queen Goddess, a relic of the age in which the primeval woman of the older stock ruled the mankind, and she is always depicted with that prominent chin which betokens power and determination, and the high forehead, expressing great intellectual powers.



Queen Omphale Making Hercules Spin Cloth. Original, from Herakleia & Argos.



The Little Pet Dog of a Fashionable Lady of Ancient Tiryns

WHY CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Sophie Lyons—the "Queen of the Burglars"

No. 7 of the Series of Extraordinary Revelations

Written by SOPHIE LYONS

The Most Famous and Successful Criminal of Modern Times, Who Made a Million Dollars in Her Early Criminal Career and Lost It at Monte Carlo, and Has Now Accumulated Half a Million Dollars in Honorable Business Enterprises



Written by Sophie Lyons.

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There is any familiar adage that its every criminal in the underworld it is "Easy come, easy go." Surely there is a curse on stolen money. More than once in my former life I have received \$50,000 as my share in a Sunday morning bank burglary—and by the next Saturday night not even a two-dollar bill remained.

Professional thieves are rich one day and poor the next. The fact that more money is always to be had without the hard labor which brings honest reward makes thieves as imprudent as children. All thieves are gamblers—scarcely in all my acquaintance can I recall even one exception. Sometimes the entire proceeds of a robbery are lost in a gambling house within twenty-four hours after the crime.

And this is how it has come about that all over the world in every big city there are "backers" of thieves; men, and sometimes women, who take the stolen goods out of their hands, find hiding places for criminals who are being pursued, advance money to them when they are out of funds and even pay the expenses of their families when the burglars get into prison.

Some of these friends of thieves are really promoters of criminal enterprises. They name the banks and jewelry shops that are to be robbed and select the residences of wealthy persons that are to be entered. They are like the backers of theatrical enterprises who put up the money for the necessary expenses and advance the salaries of the actors; they are like the promoters in the mining world who pay for the work, the rock animals and the "drab-able" the mine to be out-fitted on prospecting tours in the mountains.

QUEEN OF THE THIEVES

Curiously enough the greatest crime promoter of modern times was a New York woman, "Mother" Mandelbaum. Alas! I knew her well too well. A hundred, yes, perhaps nearer five hundred transactions I have had with her, little and big. Many were entirely on my account, sometimes I dealt with her in behalf of thieves who were in hiding or in need of help or were in jail.

Nobody anywhere did such a wholesale business in stolen goods or had such valuable associations among big criminals. "Mother" Mandelbaum, of course, cracked no safes, she did not risk her skin in house burglaries, her fat hand was never caught in anybody's pocket, no policeman's bullet was ever sent after her fleeing figure. Here, then, we have a dealer in crime pretty shrewdly protected from the dangers that best criminals. And yet I shall once again prove to my readers and from this very woman who was the unaccredited "Queen of the Thieves," rich, powerful and protected by the police—from this very "Mother" Mandelbaum I shall again show that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

But was this woman exceptionally lucky? No. I will confess to you also the career of John D. Grady, the most remarkable rival in the same field of criminal promotion—the man who financed the great \$3,000,000 Manhattan bank robbery and had the famous Jimmy Hoon and his band of expert crackmen in his employ. From Grady I will also prove the great moral truth that surely CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

"Mother" Mandelbaum's real name was Mrs. William Mandelbaum. She was born in Germany of poor but respectable parents. As a young woman she arrived in America without a friend or relative. But her courage, heavy features, powerful physique and penetrating eyes were sufficient protection and chaperone for anyone. It is not likely that anyone ever forced unwelcome attentions on this particular immigrant.

Encouraging Pickpockets

The pawn shops were practically unregulated by law in those days and the German girl's painful experience as a customer, instead of making her angry, impressed her with great admiration. There was a field for an ambitious person and if ambition is a virtue none was over more virtuous in that particular than "Mother."

But how to enter this profitable industry was the question. To be a pawn broker has always been a lowly occupation. That is, it always has for anyone but this woman, who had none. She made a hurried survey of the pawn shops along the Bowery and elsewhere, and among others noticed the place of one William Mandelbaum.

William was unmarried, rather weak and fat for a man of his calling, and afflicted with chronic dyspepsia. He cooked his own meals over a kerosene lamp, which was undoubtedly the cause of his indigestion. "Mother" Mandelbaum introduced herself as "Fredrika Gold" and offered to cook and tend store at nominal wages.

The "nominal wages" Iron secured her position and the cooking made her firm in it. Within a week, William's dyspepsia was better than he could ever remember since boyhood; he had gained seven pounds in weight and business was growing beautifully on an account of the capable Fredrika.

At the end of the week, William and Fredrika had a business talk. Fredrika did not want an increase in wages. She did not want any wages at all. It was partnership or nothing. William said one meal cooked by himself and then surrendered. Within a few weeks they were married. Mrs. Mandelbaum forever afterward was the head of the house of Mandelbaum.

ver and disguising jewelry and other merchandise out supposedly honest merchants were willing to buy her wares and ask no questions.

It must always be born in mind in these articles that crime cannot be carried on by individuals, requires an elaborate permanent organization. While the individual operates in jewelry and silverware, bank burglars, come and go, working from coast to coast, they must be affiliated with some permanent substantial person who is in touch with the police. Such a permanent head was "Mother" Mandelbaum.

The field of usefulness to thieves of the big "fences" like "Mother" Mandelbaum and Grady are infinite. Suppose you are a burglar and last night's loot resulted mostly in jewelry and silverware, you would have neither the time nor the place to melt down the silver and disguise or unsell it. "Mother" Mandelbaum would attend to all that for you on about a 75 per cent commission.

This wonderful woman kept certain persons busy on salary melting down silver. Others worked at disguising, unsetting and substitution of jewelry.

What would you do with a stolen watch while busy on the job? "Mother" would take the name and address of its rightful owner? You might melt down the case and jewel it into a watch, usually into a watch and so well disguised that its former owner may pay for a ride in it without suspicion.

A stolen automobile is the worst kind of booty, and it is a thief's dream to know where to take it. Every city has its plants where a stolen car is quickly made over, usually into a taxicab, and so well disguised that its former owner may pay for a ride in it without suspicion.

The force of artifice and mechanics employed in the fruits of burglaries and pocket picking is several thousand in a city like New York or Chicago.

They are all busy with their own enterprises, and have no time to look after all these matters. Somebody must be who will organize these first aids to the captured criminals—the "squares" provide balls, etc. Such one with "Mother" Mandelbaum.

Handless wagons and even moving vans must be readily available. Peddlers are extremely useful. They are the most useful of all. Keeping peddlers and tramps out of your premises is the best one of a burglar's insurance.

The army of enemies of society must have its general, and I believe that probably the greatest of them all was "Mother" Mandelbaum.

Robbing-Tiffany

Of all the stolen things brought into her shop, Mrs. Mandelbaum preferred diamonds. She rapidly became an expert on stones and they presented few difficulties.

A stone once outside its setting usually bears no "markings" by which it can be identified. Nothing is so easily hidden nor so imperishable as a diamond, and, as everyone knows, they have an unlimited market. She exhorted her pickpocket customers to specialize on stickpins, and diamonds they did their best to please her.

While pickpockets are "pickers," they cannot always be choosers, and the percentage of diamonds remained disappointingly low. This interest in diamonds brought the "fence" to visit Tiffany's several times. She stole nothing. In fact, I am sure "Mother" never stole anything in her life. But it cost her nothing to examine and admire the beautiful stones, and during one of her visits she was struck with an ingenious idea which marked the second stop in her career. She planned a robbery.

made, for there was nothing missing this time. An hour later she handed the \$5,000 gold bullion to Mandelbaum. The following morning the man who polished the counters at Tiffany's found a piece of chewing gum wedged underneath the counter where nobody would see it.

Inspection of the gum revealed the impression of the facets of a diamond of the general size of the missing stone. Then everyone understood. The man had placed the gum beneath the counter when he came in. At his first opportunity he stuck the diamond in it. The gist concerning it is later only to feel along the counter and remove the gum to make the theft complete.

Dry Goods Store Thieves

On the other hand, timid but shrewd and observant persons frequently saw chances to steal which they dared not undertake. Servants of wealthy New York families were no exception.

Next came employees of wholesale and retail dry goods stores.

They were no more than and woolen, furs, blankets and other bulky but valuable merchandise presented new problems. To handle these articles in a store of the establishment to larger quarters. She retained the pawnbroking department, but added miscellaneous stores.

Next came mother of three children, two daughters and a son—Julius. One of the daughters married a wealthy and influential politician. This political alliance was extremely valuable. It made her politics more moderate in their attitude for immunity, and was the means of obtaining pardons, light sentences and general carriage of justice on the part of judges.

I shall never forget the atmosphere of "Mother" Mandelbaum's place on the corner of Clinton and Livingston streets. In the front was the general store, innocent enough in appearance, and in the back stock of goods were only part stolen, and the rest were constantly coming in and out.

"Mother" Mandelbaum led a life which was the greatest of bank burglars in many ways. Every member of the underworld knew that stolen goods of great value were constantly coming into her resort and from time to time schemes were devised to plunder the famous old "Den."

Mrs. Mandelbaum always sat inside of a window which was protected by strong steel sash. The door to the room was of heavy oak. It was impossible, thus protected, for anybody to make a sudden rush and catch "Mother" Mandelbaum off her guard.

But, realizing that thieves might at any moment raid her establishment and finally force their way into her den, she provided still another safeguard.

The Secret of the Chimney
"Mother" Mandelbaum had a special chimney built in her den, where she kept a little wood-burning during the winter and kept the fireplace filled with old trash during the hot season. This chimney was peculiarly constructed, and had a false back behind the fire, and in this cavity was hidden a little dumb-walter. In front of the dumb-walter was a false chimney back on a hinge that could be let down.

If ever anybody lived in the proverbial "glass house," surely it was "Mother" Mandelbaum—and she knew it. Her establishment was ostensibly a general store and a pawnbroker's office, which she maintained in the front room (B). In the room (D) Mandelbaum also had in stolen goods of all kinds and planned robberies with thieves, and innocent sheltered, protected and hid thieves in times of trouble.

In case sudden emergency, "Mother" Mandelbaum could gather up any diamonds or stolen goods which might be incriminating, put down the false chimney back, which fell down over the fire, slow away the left-hand valve in the chimney and push the dumb-walter out of sight into the chimney and push it into place the false chimney back. This simple operation concluded, "Mother" Mandelbaum was then ready to face a search or a holdup.

"Mother" Mandelbaum was never seen in the front room, where a clerk was always kept on guard. She kept out of reach in an inside room, behind the window with the steel sash. Her false chimney and secret dumb-walter arrangement, as already explained, was in this room. In another room "Mother" Mandelbaum owned under another name a store room where crates and cases of stolen goods were packed up for shipment to her customers. At the end of the passage leading to one of the rooms was a secret trap door. In case of a raid by the police and if her front and back doors were guarded by detectives, she could use the trap door to let thieves escape down through a hole in the basement wall which led up into the house next door. "Mother" Mandelbaum also owned under another name a store room where crates and cases of stolen goods were packed up for shipment to her customers.

"Mother's" Glass House
In an adjoining room were kept bulky articles and stolen goods, such as fur coats, etc. Here, too, the price tags, facsimiles, etc. Other marks were always removed from stolen furs, lace and silks. One of the back rooms contained beds, where thieves were lodged when occasion demanded. Still another room was a store room where crates and cases of stolen goods were packed up for shipment to her customers.

When the Manhattan Bank robbery was planned and executed "Mother" Mandelbaum was much humiliated that she could not command the financing and planning of the splendid project. It was Grady's funds which financed the undertaking, and "Mother" lost her own part and star.

After Grady's tragic death "Mother" Mandelbaum was the undisputed financier, guide, counselor and friend of crime in New York.

For twenty-five years she lived on the proceeds of other people's crimes. During that time she made many millions. For special meals in the desperate, and sent part in bribing, fixing and silencing people. It just happened that Jimmy Hoon was an old woman when the blow fell. Mary Hoon, a shopkeeper and old-time ally of "Mother" Mandelbaum, had a serious nervous breakdown. This row was the beginning of "Mother" Mandelbaum's and Herman Flood's career.

Soon after Mary was arrested and her case applied for help from the State.

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The Tragic End of Grady, the Burglar



Grady, the "Fence," having the every arrangement to stop with the glass fall and a woman he loved, said, "Do it, murder you want—do it!"

Grady was dead; heart disease had overcome him.

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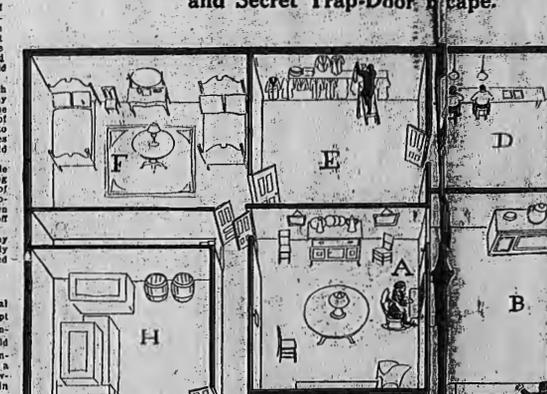
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Mrs. Mandelbaum's Special Devices for Dealing with and Secret Trap-Door Escape.



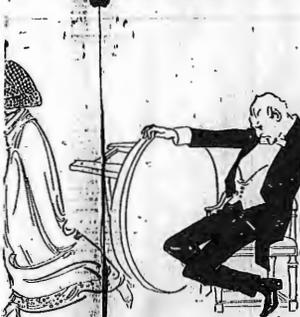
Reaction, marked in the room (B) where the fastidious number of stolen goods of all kinds and planned robberies with thieves, and innocent sheltered, protected and hid thieves in times of trouble.

"Mother" Mandelbaum was never seen in the front room (B), where a clerk was always kept on guard. She kept out of reach behind the window with the steel sash (A). Her false chimney and secret dumb-walter arrangement was at the police (C). In the room (D) "Mother" Mandelbaum kept two or three employees busy removing stolen jewelry and engraving designs to cover up and hide monograms and identification marks.

PROMOTERS OF CRIME—People Who Plan Robberies and Act

as "Backers" for Professional Criminals; the Extraordinary "Mother" Mandelbaum, "Queen of the Thieves," and Grady, Who Had Half a Dozen Gangs of Cracksmen Working for Him

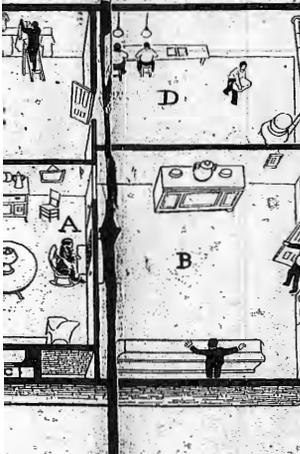
End of Grady, the Burglars' Backer



"Fence," having filled his pockets with diamonds and made ready to escape with the woman he loved, suddenly discovered that he was being followed. He turned to see a man in a dark coat and hat, who was looking at him with a cold, steady gaze. The man's eyes were fixed on the man's face, and he saw that the man was a detective. He turned to run, but the man was too fast for him. He was seized by the arm and held back. The man's hand was like iron, and the man's face was like a mask. He was taken to the station and held in a cell. The man's name was Grady, and he was the backer of a gang of burglars. He was a man of many talents, and he was a man of many secrets. He was a man who had spent his life in crime, and he was a man who had made a fortune for himself. He was a man who had been known as "Mother" Mandelbaum's partner, and he was a man who had been known as the "Queen of the Thieves." He was a man who had been known as the "Backer of Burglars," and he was a man who had been known as the "End of Grady, the Burglars' Backer."

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Devices for Dealing with Thieves



Section marks in the room were kept bulky articles and stolen goods such as furs, coats, etc. Here, too, the price tags and other marks were always removed. The room (F) contained beds where thieves were lodged when occasion demanded. The room (G) was a store room where crates and cases of stolen goods were packed up for shipment to her customers. At the end of the passageway leading to the room (H) was a secret trap door (D). In case of a raid by the police, she could use the trap door (D) to let thieves escape down through a hole in the basement wall, which led into the house next door, which "Mother" Mandelbaum also owned under another name.

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Grady the Darling

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Steam-Drill Burglary

While "Mother" Mandelbaum engineered home and dry goods store robberies, Grady set his mind and energies on the great banks. As bold as the Manhattan affair, his assault on a West Side bank. The vaults of this bank were surrounded by a three-foot wall of solid concrete. Grady opened a first-class saloon next door, and as soon as he got his bearings installed a steam engine in the cellar. This engine was supposed to run the electric light dynamo and an air pump. In reality it was there to drill a hole into the bank next door.

Greedy of the "Fences"

An autopsy performed on Grady's body showed no trace of poison. His death had been caused by apoplexy. The woman who meant to kill him by poison had actually done so by means of the furious emotion which he drove into her. She could have taken the diamonds had she only dared to wait. This died Grady, still free from the law, and with his great fortune in diamonds in his pockets. Yet he died in an agony of furious disappointment as miserably as if he had been a man of no account. He was a man who had spent his life in crime, and he was a man who had made a fortune for himself. He was a man who had been known as "Mother" Mandelbaum's partner, and he was a man who had been known as the "Queen of the Thieves." He was a man who had been known as the "Backer of Burglars," and he was a man who had been known as the "End of Grady, the Burglars' Backer."

Shinburn and the "Fence"

After living an honest life for fifteen years Mark Shinburn might never have turned burglar again had he not fallen into the hands of one of these avaricious receivers of stolen goods. Shinburn—as I will tell you in a later chapter—had accumulated from his early robberies a million dollars. With this fortune he went to Belgium, bought an estate and the title of count, and settled down to the life of an prosperous country gentleman. But the evil fortune which seems to follow every thief leaves Shinburn. He falls into the hands of a gambler, and a series of speculations in the stock market at last left him penniless. In the hope of restoring his fallen fortunes Shinburn went to London. There he met an old acquaintance of his—a wealthy receiver of stolen goods. This man, who was known as "Mother" Mandelbaum, was a man who had spent his life in crime, and he was a man who had made a fortune for himself. He was a man who had been known as "Mother" Mandelbaum's partner, and he was a man who had been known as the "Queen of the Thieves." He was a man who had been known as the "Backer of Burglars," and he was a man who had been known as the "End of Grady, the Burglars' Backer."

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Grady's Romantic Death

While Grady went to get it she emptied the vase into the dirty glass. Grady scooped a quantity of the yellow wine on top of it and then filled the cup. But to her horror, he handed her the glass and took the cup. "No, no, John," she gasped, "you take the glass, I'll drink from the cup." "Why," asked Grady, his eyes aflame with sudden suspicion, "what's the matter?"

"Mother" Mandelbaum's False Chimney and Secret Hiding Place for Stolen Jewels

"Mother" Mandelbaum led a life which left her open to many dangers from many different directions. Every member of the underworld knew that stolen goods of great value were constantly coming into her resort, and from time to time schemes were devised to plunder the famous old "fence." Mrs. Mandelbaum always sat inside of a window, which was protected by strong steel sashes. The door to the room was of heavy oak. It was impossible, thus protected, for anybody to make a sudden rush and catch "Mother" Mandelbaum off her guard. But when she thought that at any moment raid her establishments and finally force their way into her den, she realized that another safeguard.

He Turns Burglar Again

"Really," said the "fence," "I don't see how I can let you have any more money. It seems peculiar that you should be in such straitened circumstances. In the old days you used to have all the money you needed—why don't you use your wits and get some now?" After touching Shinburn's pride in this excellent opportunity which had come to him, the "fence" casually mentioned his ears for robbing a bank in Belgium. It was, he said, a rather delicate undertaking, but there was a great deal of money involved—and Shinburn was the one man in the world who could carry it through. Shinburn's shame at being obliged to borrow money made him an easy victim for the "fence's" wiles. He went to Belgium, was caught in the act of entering the bank, and was sent to prison for a long term. As soon as he was released the London "fence" began pressing him for money, and Shinburn became a confirmed criminal again, primarily to pay his debt.

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