

# BILTMORE TERRACE

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# SOUTHERN LAND AUCTION CO.

## WE SELL LOTS AND LOTS OF LOTS

Danny Shay, the former big leaguer has been released as manager of the Helena team, of the Union association.

There are 7,875 smoke-consuming furnaces in London. Fifty-four different types of apparatus are used in the metropolis.

The New Zealand Farmers' union asks government aid for procuring more laborers, more than six thousand workers being needed.

## Beautiful Young Woman, Fashionably Attired, Heads Daring New York Band of Auto Thieves

### At Least, Such is the Belief of the Detectives, Who Send Out Round up Call to "Hunt That Woman Down."—Thieves Have Secured Hundreds of Autos.

"Are you the gentleman who offered \$500 reward for the return of the automobile stolen from in front of No. 32 West One Hundred and Nineteenth street?"

The voice came over the phone to the desk instrument of E. B. Hopwood, of No. 55 John street, New York city.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Hopwood.

"Well," Mr. Hopwood was informed, "if you want that machine just send a man over the Astoria ferry, Long Island, and he will find it waiting for him near the ferry house."

The voice on the wire was that of a woman.

"Hopwood," Mr. Hopwood, automobile insurance adjuster of New York, assigned to the constant pursuit of thieves who steal automobiles, was certain that the woman talking to him was lying and also that she was a thief.

"If I find the machine at the place you name," he replied, "where shall I send the \$500?"

"Never mind about the reward," she replied.

"But the person who stole it—how about him?" asked Mr. Hopwood.

"The only reply was a little exclamation of protest, then a laugh and finally the click of the receiver dropping into its nicked bracket.

"The magnificent woman had cut off and was gone.

Mr. Hopwood lost no time in getting to the Astoria ferry and reaching the Long Island shore. He found the machine waiting for him there, just as the woman had told him. It was returned to Dr. Freiburger and the automobile insurance company was saved the cost of a new machine.

And now New York's plain clothes men and the Pinkertons are hunting for the woman.

"Hunt that woman down at all cost!" is the order to the sleuths.

The theft and the return of the Freiburger car gave the police and the Pinkertons their first tip that a woman was operating in the gang of automobile bandits that managed to get away with 150 cars in Manhattan during one month this summer.

That the great army of New York's chauffeurs was infested with thieves, thugs and gunmen was well known to the police, but that it held a young, pretty and clever woman expert was news to them.

When Dr. Freiburger's fine machine was stolen from in front of his residence it appeared that three women and a man was staring out into the street from a deep front window of his waiting room. One Hundred and Nineteenth street is a quiet by-way of Harlem, and nothing occurred to attract the four patients of Dr. Freiburger until there came along the woman.

She was a young, well-dressed woman, about 25 years of age. She was niftily clad—so niftily that the three women patients fastened their eyes on her and studied her from head-feather to heel. The male patient overlooked nothing.

A saucy automobile veil floated about a well-set pair of shoulders. A "duster" of fine linen fluttered in the breeze, giving a glimpse of a finely tailored street costume. Her little hands were clad in gloves of immaculate doekskin.

The physician's windows were open.

"Will you please crank up this car for me?" the woman on the sidewalk was heard to ask a man who was passing.

The male pedestrian willingly fell upon the iron jutting out in front of the hood of the physician's big touring car and cranked away.

Twice the passing Harlemite failed to get the machine going, but as he paused for breath and glanced timidly, but joyously, at the sidewalk vision he renewed his effort. The car finally shuddered and caught hold of its span of gasoline life. The strange girl stepped into it and two men, who appeared suddenly, jumped in behind her. They were off. So was Dr. Freiburger's touring car.

When the physician discovered that his machine had been stolen he reported the fact to the police and sent in notice to the insurance company. The insurance company stood to lose \$1,800 and the first thing that Mr. Hopwood did was to advertise the reward of \$500. Then Pinkertons were added to the regular New York plain clothes investigators and a description of the woman automobile thief was secured from the patients who had so innocently watched the theft from Dr. Freiburger's windows.

The description of the woman talked with one of the many hundreds of women crooks that are kept under tab in the Rogues' Gallery. She was evidently new in a new field. After the recovery of the car from the Long Island side of the Astoria ferry detectives questioned all the men employed as deckhands. Finally they found those who had worked on the boat the night the stolen machine had been transported to Astoria. The car had come aboard after midnight and in it were a woman and two men. The woman was very angry. She stormed and politely damned a well-dressed gentleman who expostulated from time to time and who looked as if he was very, very sorry that he had ever taken her out in a machine. It was a typical lovers' quarrel, hot and high—rising on the part of the woman; woefully sullen and sorrowful on the part of the man. The deckhands took it all in, down to every detail of the woman's dress and characteristics. Their descriptions tallied

exactly with those given by the patients of Dr. Freiburger, and the story of the quarrel explained why the woman had telephoned Mr. Hopwood. She was cheating her admirer out of the spoils of an afternoon's automobile highway in New York. The quarrel was not bitter enough to tempt her into turning her companion over to the police. She was content with robbing a pal of his loot and losing her share of it, thus meeting the old saw of cutting off her nose to spite her face.

With the fact established that she had taken the stolen car to Long Island and with the splendid descriptions of the highwaywoman, the detectives put their noses closer to the trail. They were on it all during the July days, and the most persistent of Dougherty's bloodhounds has bayed progress a number of times. Once he was within shouting distance of her and confidently expected to have her in handcuffs within a half hour. But the lady knows everything about a machine, and if close pressed she stops the first passing male pedestrian and asks him to crank up the nearest and most expensive car that is not chained to a hydrant. The passing citizen always pauses at the sound of her well-modulated voice, takes a shy glance at her and then falls to work, unwittingly aiding and abetting in a robbery.

"We have been so close to that woman," said Mr. Hopwood, mopping his brow at his desk in the marble John street skyscraper, "that I almost feel I know her. Her voice over the telephone was that of a lady. The descriptions we have of her show she is a woman who dresses and carries herself as a well-bred woman should. But she must be unusually clever."

The recovery the other day of five machines stolen in New York and hidden in an empty barn at Lakewood, N. J., brought out clues that seem to warrant Mr. Hopwood's conviction that women were playing a part in the big robberies of machines in Manhattan during June and July. That there is a powerful gang working for some master crook with brains and money. Mr. Hopwood also seems convinced. In the investigations of the detectives a bill of sale for a used machine signed by a crook of national reputation was found, and in all probability directing the thieves.

For the guidance of the master crook who directs the band of automobile thieves a code was devised.

A copy of this code was found in a Jersey City garage by the detectives. Some of the words and their translations are given here:

Sledges—Meet me at postoffice. Have got the car.

Rope—Can't go any further. Shoe and carburetor trouble. Where shall I leave the car?

Dirt—I think some one is after me. Will jump down and telegraph later.

Wrench—I am leaving town. Some one is wise.

Bolter—Coming home on train. Don't leave home until you hear from

me. Trunk—Have sold car and have another to bring home.

Money—Am caught. Jump the town.

Sprain—Beat it. Everything is off. Mrs. Florence P. Reesing, of No. 214 West Ninety-second street, New York, one of the few women automobile brokers in America, among whose patrons are many rich and fashionable men and women in Manhattan said to a reporter that it seemed as if machine owners would never be entirely safe from thieves until some locking device was perfected.

"Many women are driving their own cars," said Mrs. Reesing, "but they should never leave them unwatched when they go out shopping or calling. A clever woman thief like the one who stole Dr. Freiburger's car has a great advantage over the car owner. Few people would question the right of such a fashionably dressed and pretty woman to enter an apparently waiting car. In less than a minute she is away with the machine and with such a good start that it is almost hopeless to look for her."

Thirty-five companies insure automobiles against theft.

Seven hundred and fifty insured cars were stolen in the United States during the year ending June 30. Two hundred and fifty were never recovered, but were changed in appearance and sold by the thieves.

Only 46 per cent. of machines are insured. Of the uninsured cars, it is estimated, 1,200 have been stolen, with a heavy percentage of permanent loss through failure of the police to recover them.

The most conservative estimate by an automobile insurance expert is that 600 machines disappeared completely in the United States during the past year.

### PERRY CARNIVAL AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—Chicago's contribution to the general celebration of the Perry centennial was inaugurated today with a military and naval review on the lake front and a big demonstration in welcome to the old flagship Niagara. The local celebration will continue an entire week and will include many attractive features.

Earl Mack, who is a baseball manager like his famous father, Connie Mack, is likely to be selected as baseball coach at the University of North Carolina. Earl is managing the Raleigh team of the Carolina league this season.

After all, it may be the only Walter Johnson who will establish the consecutive win record for the season.

KENILWORTH

Page 15 today.

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While the price has gone down the value has gone up. The motor is larger; the wheel base is longer; the tires are larger; the tonneau is larger; the equipment is better—including such additions as electric lights; the body is more handsomely finished, in rich dark Brewster green, with heavy nickel and aluminum trimmings; in fact, in every single and individual respect it is an improved car at a reduced price.

This 1914—35 H. P. Overland (the only kind that will be made this year) is a beauty and has quite a few of the latest improvements. We already have applications on file for the first cars we will be able to get but our order is in and we will be able to make delivery very shortly.

1914 catalogue will be in soon. Drop us a postcard for one.

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