

Leviathan, Again in Service, and Her Officers



The great steamship Leviathan, most palatial of American passenger vessels, has re-entered the service after being reconditioned at a cost of millions of dollars. She is here shown as she left Newport News, and above are her navigating officers, Captain Hartley in the center.

Yeggman Caught in Long Chase

Cancerous Lip Leads to Capture of "Hostile John" O'Brien, Safe Blower.

Philadelphia.—Hostile John O'Brien, of whom it is said that he could blow a safe with such expertness that were the safe abutting a paper cluttered desk not one of said papers would be so much as fluttered by the concussion, is a prisoner in Philadelphia.

Hostile John is something of a throw-back to the ancient and therefore romance-cloaked days of Wal Crosby, Easy Roberts, Bill Dow, Mark Shlumburn, George White and like celebrities of the ponderous '80s. And let us not forget to mention, says the New York Herald, as long as the capture of Hostile John is Philadelphia's, that city's favorite safe-cracking hero, the late Jimmie Logue.

A tired old man is O'Brien now, sixty-eight years old and apparently resigned to spending the remainder of his days in a federal prison. But he has seen almost everything that seemed good to him. He will probably die of cancer, and it was because of this malignant growth upon his lower lip that he was caught. Driven by pain to apply at a Philadelphia hospital for treatment of his disease, he virtually surrendered, because it was this cancerous infection that was his chief mark of identification.

At least half a dozen men with such growths were arrested before the authorities found Hostile John. And what a change in the man! He got his title because, unlike the average safe-cracker, he was a belligerent soul ready to fight it out with his gun, with a length of pipe, with his short, heavy jimmy, with his fists. Many a battle has John given the police here and there in the world, although the records do not show that murder may be charged to his account. John has calmed down. He did not resist arrest.

Old-Fashioned Yeggman. His arrest causes a stir because he is one of the last of a dying race—that race of old-fashioned yeggmen—and because of the chase around the world which is ended.

The particular job this time was the blowing of the safe in the post office in Oxford, N. C., almost three years ago. It must have been a simple job for Hostile John. He pried open a window, drilled the iron box, dripped a quantity of nitroglycerin into the lock mechanism and touched it off. There was \$40,000 in the safe and it seems reasonable to assume that John fled with the major portion of that in his money belt, for John never was one to divide equally with his confederates.

There was nothing messy about the job. O'Brien knew by experience just how much nitroglycerin to use. In some respects he was not unlike the Humble Dutchman; in others, very unlike. The Humble Dutchman, a contemporary of John's, was a clumsy yegg, as his violent demise would indicate, but he was a "basher or strong-arm when cornered. The Humble One was often arrested in his earlier days and was wont to weep so copiously and to so exploit his starving legendary wife and sick children (or was it just the other way) that the detectives who had collared him were moved to sympathy.

The Humble One, feeling the softening of the official clutch, would jerk himself free and with one tremendous wallop of his huge fist stun his captor and run for it. But he was a crude peterman. He carried his liquid nitroglycerin in a bottle in that pocket that has become most popular since the United States adopted prohibition laws. He jammed a post office window out in Ohio somewhere. The sash cord broke as the Humble Dutchman was half-way in and half-way out. The falling sash struck the nitro bottle. The Humble Dutchman vanished. Never again to trouble us.

Enjoyed Immunity. Hostile John was no such bungler. And before it is forgotten, it is as-

plained that a peterman is yegg for that class of safe robbers that used nitroglycerin. After despoiling the Oxford post office, John fled to Europe as Mr. Thomas Dougherty, banker and planter. For a time he gave London the benefit of his presence, frequenting the race track and the better-class gambling establishments, winning and losing with the usual regularity. Once he was questioned by Scotland Yard, but such was his bearing and his excellent alibi he was not arrested.

But the United States government was after him, and O'Brien knew it. He went to Paris and to the Riviera. Niece and Monte Carlo knew him as a rich American who gambled like a gentleman. They didn't know that at least twenty-five of his years had been spent within American prisons, and probably didn't care. He lost and smiled; won and smiled. Monte Carlo asks no more of me.

Eventually, however, fortune turned against him and he lost much of his Oxford haul. He landed in Florence, but American agents were hot on his trail, and late in 1921 he fled westward to Rio de Janeiro.

He took his remaining \$4,000 to the gambling houses of South America, working as far south as Buenos Aires, and so successful was he that at one time or another his fortune grew to be \$30,000 and more. But we must not forget that Mr. O'Brien was the victim of a cancer. Age and the fleshpots had not helped him. He went to a cancer specialist in Rio and this doctor, being a truthful man, told John that he was doomed unless an expensive operation should be successful.

Kept After Him. And all this time the United States government kept after him, advertising him well and stressing that cancerous lip. When he sailed somewhat secretly from Rio, O'Brien must have had a matter of \$15,000 or \$20,000 in his money belt. But not one cent of this was expended upon luxurious travel. No, he shipped for New Orleans on a leisurely freighter, a common yet uncommon deckhand—the richest deckhand on record, in fact. A trifle bowed with years and none the better for the disease that fate seemed to insist he retain.

It was in January, 1922, when John arrived in New Orleans. Almost at once he made preparations to have that lip treated. He made arrangements with a specialist and went so far as to engage a room in a semi-private hospital when a policeman took notice of him and, after consulting the files and thereby refreshing his memory, properly decided that the man that blew the Oxford safe was present.

In some manner John learned of his danger. When the policeman called at the hospital to make his capture he was told that Mr. Dougherty (John himself) had failed to enter the institution. The hospital people suggested that the policeman make a report of the fact to his chiefs in order that a search for the unfortunate Mr. Dougherty be instituted.

"It would do little good," replied the policeman, "inasmuch as the police of the world have been on the lookout for him for two years. He'll not be back."

Quite right, too. John did not come back. Instead he moved on West to El Paso and thence across the Rio Grande to Tia Juana, where a gentleman of means and sporting proclivities can disparage himself without a great deal of censorship.

Financial Ups and Downs. The races in Tia Juana took John, as they say, as they have taken other adventurers. He played favorites; he played hunches. He lost consistently. Once he recouped at faro, only to hand his winnings to the omnivorous bookies. Once he went completely broke, only to regain a little. And with his misfortunes came the old pain and the renewed decision to enter a hospital. John, you must remember, was sixty-seven or thereabouts, then, but a man's desire to live is strong.

A last plunge! Only to get enough money to pay the specialist! Luck was with him again. He cashed largely on a long shot and—well one doesn't account for such things. He plunged once more and lost all but a little. And on that day in Tia Juana he came face to face with a Department of Justice man who hailed him cordially and correctly. Just what would have happened had John braved it through cannot be told, for he elected to depart.

We next find Hostile John O'Brien in New York—broke and arrested. He was arraigned as the robber of Oxford's post office and the United States commissioner fixed bail at \$7,500. And then a miracle happened. From somewhere John produced \$7,500 in cash. This he posted as a guaranty that he would appear for trial. The day for trying him arrived, but hot Mr. O'Brien.

It was quite natural that the chase should be resumed with greater keenness. Here was an old chap, sixty-eight to be exact, making the government's very best sleuths look foolish. And a man so marked, too! At least fifty government men joined in the pursuit. Six or eight victims of John's disease were arrested, examined and let go before they actually got him. And then they locked him up without bail. They are taking no more chances with John. He takes his predicament most philosophically.

Refuses to Admit Guilt. "Understand," says John, "I'm not admitting that I ever did anything that wasn't legal and on the square. That's my contention. Now it's up to the government to prove otherwise. I'm an old man and not foolish enough to believe that I'm going to live forever, but I'd like to die peacefully." "What would I do if I had my life to live over again? Don't ask foolish questions. I'm a fatalist. I did what was mapped out for me to do. A man don't get up in the morning saying that he's going to do this or not do that. That is, he won't if he's wise. He'll just go along meeting things as he comes to them and acting accordingly. You can only order your life up to a certain point. After that you take what's coming to you—and like it, if you're wise."

French Demand Motors That Economize on Gas

Paris.—France is ten or twelve years behind the United States in automobile production, is the conclusion of Andre Citroen, sometimes described as the Henry Ford of France, upon his return from America after making a comparative study of manufacturing in the two countries.

"In France," said M. Citroen, "we haven't mass production of automobiles yet because of a more limited market. There are 12,000,000 cars in the United States, a very big market whereas in France we have 300,000 cars, with, say, 75,000 customers, each one of which buys a new car every three or four years."

"The chief difference in French and American cars," said M. Citroen, "is that of style. The French like a graceful, light machine, burning relatively little gas. The automobile is still something of a luxury with the average Frenchman. Consider, there are only 30,000 in a big place like Paris, of which 12,000 are private, 12,000 or hire and the rest trucks."

"I was amused," said M. Citroen, "at the reception given the two sets of cars I took with me. I thought my caterpillar car which made the trip over the Sahara would be regarded with curiosity. Not at all. It was my regular type car. The novelty of possessing a French car will appeal to Americans. I think. There everything is for novelty. Yesterday is a closed period for Americans, something to be forgotten."

Girl Champion Gum Chewer. Salem, Ore.—Helen Paulding of Silverton, Ore., claims the Northwest record as a gum chewer, but she won by only half a length of a stick of gum from Bernice Stand. At the initiation of Silverton high school graduates into the alumni association the initiates were compelled to put on a gum-chewing contest. Miss Paulding chewed 44 sticks at one time and Miss Stand 43.



MARY GRAHAM BONNER

DRAGON-FLIES
"It makes me very much annoyed," said Daddy Dragon-Fly, "when I am not appreciated. We eat up naughty little insects and people shouldn't be afraid of us."
"Well," said another Dragon-Fly, whose real name was Mr. Ephraim Heros, "I wasn't very welcome the other day. I flew in a window of a house—and there was a little girl taking a bath. She was having a beautiful time, splashing and all, so I buzzed about and thought I'd make a noise, too. But she screamed at seeing me."
"That great, big, horrid thing," was the rude, cruel way in which she spoke of me.
"It grieved me sadly. And when I say that it grieved me sadly I mean that it made me feel quite unhappy. I was expecting to ask her many questions—why she used soap and a wash-rag and a sponge. I thought those would be most interesting questions and though, perhaps, she wouldn't know how to answer me, I felt that by watching her I might find out."
"I thought it was a most interesting thing to see soap being used, and the soap did such strange things. I knew it was soap, because I had heard the little girl ask her mother for a fresh cake of soap and I saw what her mother gave her. The soap made bubbles and the soap was frothy and something like a bathtub variety of ocean foam. But, dear me, the way she did treat me! Screamed at me! And I wouldn't have hurt her."
"We often get into buildings and houses and we're not so very welcome. No, I must say, we're not so very welcome. If the little girl had known my name she might have been frightened by it. It is a very long name. But she just knew me as a Dragon-Fly and had no idea of the enormous and magnificent name which I always carry with me wherever I go. So there was no reason for her to be frightened. It was very sad, as I've said. I cannot see why people should be afraid of me. I cannot see, but then the ways of people are beyond a poor Dragon-Fly's understanding."
"You are the largest of all the Dragon-Flies," said Daddy Dragon-Fly. "At least I should say that your family belong to the species or kind of Dragon-Fly which is bigger than any other."
"Quite often you're taken for me and I'm sure taken for you. But you're much bigger than I am and you haven't the round spot in front of your eyes that I have. You have a T-shaped mark. Yes, your wings are big and outspread and your body is very long. My body isn't nearly so long. It is a shame not to be appreciated. Now, we

Got Away With the Pictures. An American motion picture operator, who had been taking films of the French occupied area of the Ruhr, was pursued by the French, but escaped in his auto to Berlin. There the film was developed and two copies were sent abroad. Now the negative is stolen by French agents. However, the operator had an additional copy and will make another negative.

Old Colored Mammy Knew What to Do

"I was distracted with fear when my little 9-month-old baby had dysentery, but an old colored mammy told me to give her Teethina and she has given me no more trouble since," said Mrs. Nettie Barnes, South Bay, Palm Beach Co., Fla. "With my last baby I got Teethina before he began teething and he was never sick a day."

It is not always safe to follow the advice of old colored mammys, but when they are as well informed as this one who recommended Teethina no advice could be better. All mothers can inform themselves as to the proper care of their babies by consulting Moffett's Baby Book, which can be had free by sending 30c to the Moffett Laboratories, Columbus, Ga., for a full size package of Teethina.—(Advertisement.)

Pocket Orchestra.

A Hungarian engineer has invented a gramophone no larger than a watch, and his slogan is "carry your orchestra in your vest pocket."
The invention is described as a practical instrument, capable of producing jazz, waltzes and one-steps.
"The Miklphone," as it has been christened, winds like a watch, and has a speed regulator. There is room inside for ten plates, giving a repertoire of twenty selections. In the other vest pocket one can carry enough music for an all-night session.

By placing the instrument on a champagne glass the sound is amplified sufficiently for an ordinary-sized ballroom.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.
Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.
However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Hemp in the Philippines. The Department of Agriculture is going to help the hemp growers of the southern Philippine islands. It will determine which varieties of abaca plants are best suited for given localities, and make them easily available to the growers. Some plants give 90 per cent efficiency; others only 10. Hemp production in 1922 exceeded that of 1921 by 500,000 bales. The harvest was 1,209,088 bales of 270 pounds each.

Varying Heights. Huffy, having moved to the country, had to stand for a lot of near-humor from his down town friends and got very tired of it. Hence the following dialogue:
"Hello, Huffy."
"Lo."
"So you now live in the suburbs?"
"Yes."
"How high are onions?"
"Four inches in the garden; higher at the grocery store."

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