

## FRANK JAMES, REFORMED BANDIT.

Why He Was Not Elected Door Keeper of the Missouri House of Representatives—Unrealized Political Ambition of a Former "Bold Bad Man," Who Carried Quick Acting "Artillery," and Never Blinking an Eyelid in the Face of Dangerous Odds.

Frank James, an aforesaid terror, and who was for eighteen years following the close of the war the king of Western holdups, was defeated the other day in a modest ambition for office. James asked the Missouri legislature to name him doorkeeper of the house of representatives, and was beaten with a prompt completeness which left nothing for respectability to cavil at, says Alfred Henry Lewis in the New York Herald. Doubtless, however, the defeat of James brought a pang to that element of gray rebellion, replete of moss and mocking birds, in whose ears still ring the bugles of the lost Confederacy. These folk look on James as a patriot fit to talk with William Tell.

It was A. M. Dockery, now governor of Missouri, who was a stumbling block in the office-seeking path of James. Dockery became a stumbling block in this fashion: Dockery is of that thrifty set who own banks. In the old days James was repugnant to the banking interest in so far that he pillaged small eligible banks on all possible occasions. With others, back in the middle seventies, James held up and looted the bank at Galatin, Mo., of which Dockery was then and still in a principal owner. The James gang rode up and paused in front of Dockery's bank. They emptied their six-shooters in a careless, almost listless fashion up and down the street. The experienced natives of the hamlet fled to cover with a unanimity which on any other matter of general interest was never arrived at. Then Jesse James and a fellow bandit entered the bank, while Frank and the others sat on their horses dominating the scene outside. Jesse and his partner collected all available assets, the exact amount whereof was never disclosed. Some authorities say as much as \$50,000. I asked a Galatin banker, on one occasion, "How much?" He couldn't say in figures, but assured me that "it was a bundle big enough to choke a cow, and all in five hundred dollar bills." As a red incident to his harvesting the wealth of the bank, Jesse slew the cashier, who was disposed to a peevish, grumbling interference.

### UNDERTAKER GOT HIS OWN.

"I think you belong to the undertaker, any way," retorted Jesse to the querulous cashier, "and I reckon I'll fix you so that you won't get away." Jesse's six-shooter barked, and the "fixed" cashier three days later lay one of the largest funerals Galatin ever enjoyed. Frank, Jesse and their fellow outlaws got safely away with their plunder.

But it seemed to displease Dockery, this rapine of his bank, and he has never been reconciled to that raid nor to Frank James, who was its architect and moving spirit. Dockery is now governor, and Frank James is the defeated candidate for doorkeeper of the State house of representatives. Dockery owes the influence to blight the door slamming hopes of James, and the long ago Galatin bank robbery was the reason. Frank James is now fully sixty years of age. There is little in his look or make up to warn one of the fires of misrule, not to say murder, that congenitally burn within him. James is of middle height, slender rather than stout, and weighs perhaps 145 pounds. His eyes are gray and his hair is a bowie, quietly watchful, and folk who have had the uneasy advantage of a meeting with him say they never wink James' hair is a light brown, and his beard and mustache are the hue of corn silk. The ex-holdup man is a courteous and gentle in his way. It is the peace of the panther, however—the true of the mountain lion—capable of turning into teeth and claws and blazing, blood hunting energy at the click of a guncock. As one of his old running mates once remarked:

"They say Frank James is full of gentleness and mild as milk. They'd better lift one of his griddles once." FRANK'S CELEBRATED "SURRENDER."

Frank James, who was four years older than his brother Jesse, is fairly well educated. He was a student at the William Jewell College, a seminary of some local reputation in Clay county, Missouri, when the war broke out. Jesse received little education and forgot even that.

Possibly the story of Frank James' "surrender" to Governor Crittenden may be worth the telling. It was in November, 1883, the causes which led to it antedated the "surrender" deal two years. Among the outlaws who from time to time operated with the James boys were Dick Liddle and Wood Hite. The first was a meager little man, with a squeaky voice. Also he was as game as a hornet. Wood Hite was a taller, somber man and a sort of Beau Brummel among the outlaws. He likewise in the idiom of Missouri was reckoned "clean straw game." Wood Hite and Dick Liddle loved the same girl—a kind of the bandit's girl who—and she loved both Wood Hite and Dick Liddle with a fervent impartiality that finally bred the obsequies of Wood Hite.

Hite and Liddle called the same day at the Ray county farm house of which the girl was the sunshine. The artillery of the lovers came promptly to the front. With the earliest flash the lady in the case dived into the cellar with a celerity that would make the motions of a prairie dog going into his hole seem slow and sedentary. The exit of the lady in no wise dampened the jocund war. Bang! bang! bang! went the mutual six-shooters. When the smoke blew away Wood Hite was dead, and "Dick" Liddle had a broken leg. The lady emerged from the cellar and nursed Dick Liddle tenderly. She would have nursed Wood Hite if affairs had been reversed, which is all she may ask of constancy. They buried Wood Hite's body in the bed of a running stream and the ears of the law heard not of his taking off.

But Jesse James who was in Tennessee at the time heard of it. He sent word that he would kill Dick Liddle on sight. This was exactly the promise Jesse James was apt to keep, and when he learned of it Dick Liddle waxed a bit nervous. These outlaws would fight with each other like wolves. But the boldest was in abject fear of Jesse James. As affairs stood, Dick Liddle, to steal a phrase from the science of insurance, regarded himself as "a bad risk."

### "DICK" LIDDLE, DEATH AGENT.

There was \$50,000 reward on Jesse, dead or alive, offered by railroads and banks. Liddle determined to hook up with the authorities and aid in the hunting of Jesse, and thereby secure safety and wealth at one and the same time. It was a bright, albeit a craven idea, and it worked. As a result, Jesse was killed by Bob Ford in July, 1882, at St. Joseph, Mo. There was a thrill and a nerve and a thrill went with the slaughter of Jesse James, but it is, as Kipling says, "another story," and may not find telling here. Jesse James' body was brought over to Kearney, in Clay

county, and buried in the family doorway. That one armed lunatic, his mother, distinguished herself on that occasion by her profound, not to say vociferous grief. She threatened all black things against the slayers of her most petted youngest cub.

Frank James went to his brother's funeral in disguise. It may have been the death of Jesse, it may have been the cooling touch of creeping years; whatever it was, from that day the one thought of Frank James was how to "surrender" to the law and at the same time win himself safe of punishment.

In November of 1883, Frank James came into Jefferson City and gave up his guns to the governor. I have heard the story from Governor Crittenden's lips.

"It was about five of the afternoon," said Governor Crittenden, "when Maj. John N. Edwards, then editor of the Kansas City Times, and who had been with Frank James at the back of Quinter in the old guerrilla days, came into my office at the capitol. There was a mild man of middle size, clothed among other garments in a derby hat and a diagonal overcoat, who walked close to the major's elbow.

"Governor, said Maj. Edwards, 'I want to introduce to you Frank James, of whom you have heard, and who has some business to transact with you of moment to both.'

"Then," continued Governor Crittenden, "the mild man stood forward. As he did he ran his hands under his overcoat and brought into sight a belt heavy with cartridges and two forty-five caliber eight inch six shooters, one a Colt's and one a Smith & Wesson. I have these pistols yet.

"Governor, said the mild man, taking a step toward me, 'Maj. Edwards has told you who I am. I'm Frank James. I want to surrender to you, and here are my guns in proof of what I say. As I give you these pistols I want to explain that they are yours personally and not the State's. Keep them, governor, and if you should ever need a pistol, I'll vouch for these being all right. As I make myself your prisoner, governor, I want to state that you're the first man who ever held me captive for a moment. In explanation of what I do, I desire to assert that while I am charged with twenty crimes, I've never committed one. For sixteen years I've been hunted like a wolf, and I'm tired out. I've got a boy of twelve who doesn't know his last name. I've got a wife and I want to settle down with her and live like other folk. For that reason I've come in to give myself up. I want nothing but justice, and a fair trial. I've no doubt of my acquittal, and the step I now take seems the only, as well as the shortest way to a day when, under my own name, and fearing no man, I can live with my wife and boy in my own home. I'm your prisoner, governor, what will you do with me?"

Crittenden gave James in charge of his private secretary, a man named Farr. This was about six o'clock in the evening. They planned to take the midnight train for Independence, where indictment had long been waiting against Frank James for the Blue Cut train robbery.

Pending the coming of the midnight train, James and Farr went across to the hotel to get dinner and kill time. The news of the James "surrender" had spread, there were a thousand folk to crowd about them. This, after the first ten minutes, made James uneasy. He whispered to Farr:

"Have you got any guns on you?"

"No," replied Farr.

"Well, for heaven's sake, get some," said James. "I've used to carrying guns. I'm nervous without them. There may be a dozen lunatics in this crowd, any one of whom might put a bullet through my head to merely say hereafter that he'd downed Frank James. Farr was ignorant of guns. He obtained a brace, however, and James loaded them with great comfort to himself. He offered them to Farr. The latter told him to keep them as he was untainted in their use. James asked them on under his coat, and with an air of deep relief said he was now ready to dine. The two sat down at the table the prisoner in possession of the artillery.

"If any gentleman shoots up Frank James now," murmured the captive as he picked up a bill of fare wherefrom to order his repast, "you can put down a bet he'll do it in the smoke."

The midnight train was crowded with curioists, returning from the Yellow Prophet, a sort of St. Louis Mardi Gras. Farr waxed facetious.

"James," he observed, "I never saw a train robbery, and since you all seem going out of business, I probably never will. Couldn't you as an accommodation hold up this outfit and let me see how it seems?"

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## THE SECOND WOMAN TO GET IT

Only One Besides the Pekin Heroine Ever Honored by Legion of Honor.

Great surprise has been caused on the continent by the fact that the list of successful candidates for decorations contains the name of a woman, and a foreign woman at that, says the Chicago Record. After the practical refusal to grant Sarah Bernhardt the cross of the Legion of Honor it was expected that all the ministries, in whose hands would be careful not to include in their lists the name of any woman, whatever her merits. In all the history of the great order created by Napoleon I, only one woman besides Mme. Rostorn, the present recipient, has ever been so honored.

The "premiere chevaliere," as she is called, was a humble Belgian woman named Marie Jeanne Schellinck, born in 1757. She had no home ties of any kind, and, growing tired of keeping her little farm, engaged as a volunteer in the Second Belgian battalion in 1792, following Napoleon subsequently all across the continent. Her bravery attracted the notice of the officers of her division, and she speedily became corporal, then sergeant, then sub-lieutenant, and fought so bravely at Austerlitz that there was some question of raising her to the rank of major. But considerations of sex finally ended her military promotion. On June 30, 1805, Marie left the army, having become disqualified by age. Napoleon heard of her case, unique in all the armies he had commanded, and made up his mind that she should not leave without some special honor being paid her. He ordered her to be sent for, and in the meantime a division of infantry was drawn up in front of his headquarters.

When the confuted woman appeared who had proved her bravery on a hundred battlefields appeared before Napoleon he detached the cross from his breast, and pinning it to her faded coat, turned to his officers and said: "Gentlemen, how to this lady. She is one of the glories of France." To Marie herself he said: "Madame, I give you a pension of 500 francs a year for the remainder of your life. Take from my hand the cross of the brave that you have so nobly won." This action caused the great surprise, even to those who knew the great soldier best, for he had always the reputation of despising women, and in no other instance during his life did he ever bestow the cross on another woman.

This little story, which is told at length in the article of the great order, is hardly less remarkable than that which has led to a second foreign woman receiving the cross ninety-two

years after the first. Mme. de Rostorn, wife of a well known attaché of the Austria-Hungarian legation in Pekin, is the person who has thus distinguished herself. After her own legation had been utterly gutted and destroyed she and her husband took refuge in the French ministry, where they immediately stationed themselves on the line of defense. While M. de Rostorn dipped straw in petroleum oil and hung it with the desired effect upon the barricade erected by the boxers, his plucky wife passed among the troops and in her imperfect but enthusiastic French cheered them, joked, helped, bound up the wounded and made light of every reverse. The nerve of French women, their habit of jauntily rising to every warlike emergency, was well known to the French marines who defended their country's station in China, but anything like the perfect freedom from fear, the nerve and spontaneity of this little Austrian dame they confessed they had never seen before. As soon as M. Pichon, the French minister, could secure connection with Paris he signified the behavior of this Austrian couple as worthy of the special attention of the government, and as a result Mme. de Rostorn gains her almost unique distinction, while her husband is given a still higher grade—that of officer of the Legion of Honor.

After all a good defense can be made by the authorities of the order for thus bestowing the coveted cross on a foreign woman, while so many worthy French wives have sought it in vain. The cross of the legion was invented as a reward for bravery, not, in its original meaning, for the admirable but less striking civic virtues. There is no doubt that if Sarah Bernhardt had happened to be within the Comedie Francaise on the memorable day when it burned last March, and had saved the life of Mlle. Henriot, or otherwise saved the theatre from destruction, she would have been among the July nominations for the bit of red ribbon that means so much in French eyes. This would have been "madness,"

Rosa Bonheur gave the cross as much for her masculinity as for her painting, and it is a curious fact that an investigation of every case where a woman has been given the cross would show that the specific candidate had happened to be within the Comedie Francaise on the memorable day when it burned last March, and had saved the life of Mlle. Henriot, or otherwise saved the theatre from destruction, she would have been among the July nominations for the bit of red ribbon that means so much in French eyes. This would have been "madness,"

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## Mrs. Nation, Saloon Smasher

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the "saloon smasher," by no means appeared in that character for the first time when she made the Hotel Carey saloon in Wichita look "like 30 cents" last month. Mrs. Nation has been in the business of wrecking drinking places for ten years, and, with slight intervals for refreshment and rest, has kept the liquor sellers of Kansas in a state of commotion. Nobody who stands behind a bar in the Sunflower State knows at what moment, when he is putting all his soul into the artistic compounding of a golden fizz, the door may open and the fusillade of paving stones which announces the arrival of Mrs. Nation begin. In what town she is going to break out there is no knowing. Wherever the fancy seizes her she goes, and then there are lively times for awhile in that locality.

Mrs. Nation's methods are these: She arrives in a town, looks over the ground and selects the saloons which she shall devote to wrath. The highly decorated ones with large mirrors, plenty of cut glass behind the bar and tropical pictures are her favorite bait. Then, on occasions, she will attack "speck easy" and low dives. Having determined upon her line of battle, she calls upon the proprietors of the places selected and warns them to close up. If they refuse, she does so herself. She then goes to the place and smashes the saloons with her arms and legs.

She began her saloon-smashing campaign ten years ago in Medicine Lodge, the home of "Doc" Jerry Simpson. The saloons were running full blast in that town, though there was no license. She determined to stop them and warned the proprietors to close. They laughed at her. But they did not laugh when the nifty woman, having procured evidence against several of the proprietors, brought them to trial and put them in the penitentiary. Those against whom she had not been able to

get enough evidence to send to jail chucked to themselves as they thought of the increase in their business which would result from the incarceration of the other liquor sellers. But they did not chuckle when Mrs. Nation appeared in their places with her paving stones and proceeded to put them out of business by smashing their fixtures. As narrated by the New York Press, she either closed up by law every saloon in Medicine Lodge or put it out of business and made a wreck of it by taking the law in her own hands. Since then the liquor business in Medicine Lodge has languished, and those who sell so most secretly, keeping an eye out all the time for the approach of this terrible crusader with her paving stones.

Mrs. Nation is a good-looking woman, between fifty and sixty. She has been twice married. Her first husband died of drink, but her present husband is a prosperous lawyer, who takes little interest in alcohol, and physically. After her work of reformation was completed in Medicine Lodge, Mrs. Nation rested a while, and then decided that Kiowa would be a good field of usefulness for her. Kiowa is a small town in the heart of the Territory. Mrs. Nation's name inspired terror among the saloonkeepers of Kiowa and in a short time the place was practically free of rumshops. All visible signs of saloons disappeared soon after her arrival. For some time Mrs. Nation did not smash any saloons, but contented herself with temperance work with the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She still was active in preventing evil done against the law. She was a member of the Kiowa chapter of the W. C. T. U. and in many other ways made it so that liquor sellers of Kansas were kept alive to the fact that she had not abandoned the warfare.

Mrs. Nation went around to the saloons one day and told them to close up. The proprietors and bartenders laughed at her, as usual. They had forgotten the experience of Medicine Lodge and Kiowa. They remembered them afterward, to their sorrow. The "saloon" drinking place in Wichita was the bar of the Carey house, and that place was selected by Mrs. Nation as her first point of attack. On the evening of the day in which she entered her campaign she suddenly entered the saloon with a brown paper bundle in her arms. This was her ammunition box, and from it she drew the paving stones with which she opened a hot fire on the saloon. The bartender dodged down behind the bar, the customers rushed out of the doors, and Mrs. Nation blazed away until two policemen captured her and led her to the jail. By the time the policemen appeared on the scene, however, Mrs. Nation had expressed her ideas concerning the temperance question by smashing property to the value of \$5,000. The saloon looked as if a free fight had been in progress there. Mirrors were smashed and broken bottles lay all about, from which wines and whiskies spread out in a lake over the floor. A valuable picture, representing that highly improper person, Cleopatra, taking a bath, was the especial object of the wrath and missiles of Mrs. Nation and Mark Antony would never have known his "to-day, to-morrow" after Mrs. Nation got through with her. The frightened bartender reappeared from under the bar when the police had safely secured the invader and, standing in the middle of the wreck, charged her with malicious mischief in destroying property.

When they got Mrs. Nation to the jail they were in as big a quandary as ever what to do with her. If the charges against her were pressed there was every probability that she and her friends would have the proprietor of the Carey house arrested for illegal liquor selling, and if they let her go she declared she would smash every other saloon in Wichita. Mrs. Nation declared that she would not accept her liberty on bail, but would be brought out on a writ of habeas corpus.

From all over the country mailbags full of letters came to her approving her course, and the members of the Women's Christian Temperance union of Wichita went to the jail and held her there. The next day the newspaper who represented the liquor dealers of

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fered her freedom if she would quietly leave town, but she refused and declared her mission was not yet accomplished. Not knowing exactly what to do the authorities quarantined the jail because of a case of smallpox which they declared had broken out there, and when Mrs. Nation sued out a writ of habeas corpus for his wife the local judge said she could not be produced in court because of the quarantine of the jail. Mr. Nation declared that there was no case of smallpox in the jail and got an order from the supreme court of Kansas granting his application for a writ and ordering that the case be tried yesterday.

Mrs. Nation has received many offers since her arrest from people who want her to go on the lecture platform, but she has refused them all and announces that she will continue her saloon smashing until Kansas is free from rumshops. Lively times may be expected, therefore, as soon as Mrs. Nation takes the warpath again.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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