

WOMAN'S DARING FEAT.

Poverty Made Mrs. McArthur Risk Her Life.

She Wanted Food for Her Husband and Child and Dropped from Brooklyn Bridge to Secure Engagements in Dime Museums.

Mrs. Clara McArthur, the young woman who attempted to jump from the Brooklyn bridge a month ago, but who was prevented by the police, dropped off quietly in the darkness at three-thirty on the morning of September 7.

She seems to have been moved to the feat, not so much by a desire for notoriety, as by her wish to earn a living for her husband, who is a railroad worker out of work, and for her five-year old child. The family has been living in poverty.

Meanwhile, as the rent fell behind and the cupboard grew bare, McArthur, according to the story she told when arrested by the bridge police on her previous attempt to jump, had inflated her imagination by telling her how easily she could earn one hundred dollars a week by jumping from the Brooklyn bridge and afterwards appearing in a dime museum.

Mrs. McArthur was conveyed to the bridge in a furniture van from the Brooklyn end. She was dressed in men's clothing, consisting of a pair of trousers, blue woolen sweater, covered with a common blue jumper, stockings and heavy shoes.

The stockings were much too large for her, and were filled with sand, in order to give the necessary weight to her feet and prevent her from turning over in the air.

Round her waist, outside of the jumper, she wore an American flag. Round her body and attached to her waist, held by short strings, were two ordinary bladders, intended to serve the same purpose as parachutes. On reaching the middle of the arch the woman slipped quietly off the van in which she had been concealed, and, climbing the fence which separates the north roadway from the railway track, dropped feet foremost through the girders. She was noticed only by a bridge policeman, who, as he afterward reported to his sergeant, merely



MRS. McARTHUR'S LEAP.

saw a dark form on the roadway, which immediately disappeared under the railroad tracks near the New York tower.

The discovery of the bridge jumper was made by Policeman Edwards, who has a post in South street. He was patrolling his post at four o'clock, when a stout, smooth-faced man, without hat or coat, rushed up to him and exclaimed excitedly: "Officer, get an ambulance, quick. I've just picked up a woman in the river."

Edwards ran to the station house and sent in a call to the Hudson Street hospital. Returning to the man he asked where the woman was, and was conducted to Pier No. 16, where a small boat was tied.

In the bottom of the boat lay a woman and a man. The man was engaged in chafing her hands and endeavoring to restore the woman to consciousness. The long, black hair in which the white face of the prostrate figure was framed revealed the sex of the person to the policeman.

The American flag round the body and the presence of two broken air bags hanging from the waist at once led him to suspect a new aspirant for the fame of a bridge jumper.

At the hospital it was found that none of her bones were broken. The two men were locked up when they explained that they had been on hand in the small boat to pick the woman up when she reached the water. One proved to be her husband. They were released from custody when presented in the Tombs police court, as there was no one to prove their part in the affair. Mrs. McArthur is the twelfth person to jump the bridge, but the first of her sex to make the attempt.

Mrs. McArthur was fined five dollars by Magistrate Crane in the Tombs police court. She paid the fine and left the court with her husband. The woman seems to have fully recovered from her immersion.

Centenarian Killed by a Mule.

Selma (Ala.) papers chronicle the death of James Bradley, which occurred at his home near Perryville, twenty-five miles north of that place. He was thrown from a mule and his skull was fractured. Bradley was one hundred and five years old. Back in the '40s he killed a man of the name of Johnson. He refused to be arrested, and said positively he would shoot down the first officer who approached him. For several years he lived in a hollow tree, and plowed and worked his crops at night, and made frequent trips to Selma, always coming and going at night. He finally gave himself up, stood trial and came clear.

Pitiful Case of Poverty.

Not long ago the two-year-old child of a Berlin day laborer died of starvation. The frenzied father, to save his darling from the potter's field, took the body in his arms and went begging wherewith to give it decent burial. He was arrested as a mendicant, according to law, they said.

THE MAN OF THE TOMB.

Jonathan Reed Passes His Days in Evergreen Cemetery.

Beside a Casket Containing the Body of His Wife, He Rests, Waiting for Death, Surrounded by Many Mementos of the Departed.

In a vault in the beautiful Evergreen cemetery at New York there sits daily by the side of the casket containing the remains of his beloved wife, and surrounded by a strange collection of articles associated with her daily life, an aged man, who has become known to the numerous visitors to the cemetery as "the man who lives in the tomb."

Since the body of his wife was deposited in the vault, several weeks ago, he has spent all his days beside her coffin, and has declared that he will continue to do so until he is summoned to join her. So much excitement among the visitors to the graveyard has been caused by the bereaved husband's manifestations of grief that the authorities of the cemetery have been forced to remonstrate with him. Still he persists in exercising what he considers his right to pass his time in the tomb.

The vault, an imposing structure of granite, is built into a gentle slope in that part of the cemetery known as "Whispering Grove," on the shore of the lake. Over the entrance is engraved in large letters: "Jonathan and Mary E. Reed," and on one of the stone posts supporting a heavy iron railing that incloses a small plot are found the words: "Husband and wife."

A massive iron-barred door gives a full view of the interior of the vault, the plan of which is unique. A little vestibule eight or ten feet square occupies the front of the tomb, giving access to the inner chamber, which consists merely of a narrow passageway about eight feet long, with a shelf, or recess, on either side. In one of these recesses rests the body of Mrs. Reed, the other being reserved for that of her husband.

When a New York Herald man visited the spot the other afternoon the tomb was tenanted only by the dead, the solitary watcher having departed on the approach of a storm that burst over the cemetery about five o'clock.

The interior of the tomb afforded evidence of its occupancy by the living.



JONATHAN REED'S LIVING TOMB.

At the further end of the little passageway stood a quaint, old-fashioned dressing-table and mirror, covered with various small articles of feminine use, and in front of this a chair, on which the watcher could sit beside the casket.

The casket itself rested on the right hand shelf, inclosed in a double case, upon which was thrown a piece of cheap Japanese matting, gaudily painted with flowers, which had evidently once served for a window shade.

The opposite shelf was littered with an extraordinary collection of objects, including articles of clothing, china vases, withered bunches of flowers, boxes, old gloves, balls of yarn and pieces of unfinished knitting. The walls of the inner vault were covered with photographs in cheap and tarnished frames.

On the left-hand wall of the vestibule hung a large portrait of an elderly man, with long white side whiskers, and below this was a battered camp stool, held together with pieces of twine. On a shelf near the picture were piled a woman's reticule, an old card-rack, several work baskets, some knives and spoons and more pieces of unfinished knitting work. In a corner were piled an old broom and several feather dusters. Like the inner vault, the walls of the vestibule were covered with photographs, some being even suspended from the ceiling.

Probably the most singular object in the collection was a pack of cards, which had evidently never been used, hanging by a string from the upper part of the grated door.

The reporter learned from the cemetery authorities that Mr. Reed was a wealthy retired merchant, living at No. 75 South Ninth street, Brooklyn. His wife died two years ago, and her body was placed in the vault of her father, Mr. Gould, in the cemetery. It was said that Mr. Reed was not on good terms with his father-in-law, who objected to his frequent visits to the vault.

Mr. Gould died recently, and Mr. Reed then had a tomb built on his own plans, at a cost of \$3,000, and had the body removed to it. He then filled the vault with mementos of his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed had traveled together extensively and had collected many relics of the places they visited, in the shape of pieces of stone, all of which he deposited in the vault. Since the completion of the tomb, Mr. Reed has visited it regularly every morning, remaining until the closing of the cemetery gates at seven o'clock. He usually sits by the little dressing-table at the head of the body, but occasionally takes his chair to the door of the tomb or under the trees by the lakeside.

Mourning in Bloomers.

The widows of Paris when riding bicycles wear crepe bloomers.

WHITEMAN IN THE PEN.

Noted Forger and Swindler Sentenced in California.

Once Mayor of Duluth and a Minnesota Legislator, He Becomes a Common Crook—His Long Criminal Career.

For the next nine years the police in the United States and Mexico will have no trouble with Alonzo J. Whiteman, the well-known forger and thief. According to the Chicago Times-Herald he was sentenced to a term covering that length of time in the California penitentiary.

For some time he had been on trial in San Francisco, but by means of false affidavits managed to have his case drawn out by continuances. Recently he was convicted of forgery and received the sentence, much to the relief of the police and the Pinkerton Detective agency, who have spent no little time and trouble in having Whiteman put behind the bars.

When first found guilty of his crime in San Francisco Whiteman concocted a scheme by which to get a continuance and, if possible, evade punishment. He obtained an affidavit purporting to have been received from one Frank Dixon, of Chicago, in which it was declared that the check forged by Whiteman was genuine. Numerous other affidavits were also produced, by means of which he tried to prove that the Pinkerton detectives were persecuting him, and that he was innocent of the charge for which he was on trial. It developed, however, that all these affidavits were forgeries, that the prisoner's career in Chicago was that of a swindler, and that Frank Dixon was only a myth.

Before sentence was pronounced the district attorney read other affidavits from Chicago, signed by reputable citizens, stating that if Dixon was in existence he was an accomplice of Whiteman. William Pinkerton also testified that Whiteman was one of the most accomplished forgers and swindlers in the United States, and related several stories regarding the criminal career of the prisoner in different parts of this country and Mexico. His special proclivity, according to Mr. Pinkerton, was to cheat his friends, and in this he was very successful for a number of years.

Alonzo J. Whiteman is a comparatively young man, though his expe-



ALONZO WHITEMAN.

rience in crime is by no means small. Before entering upon the career which led him into the penitentiary he was engaged in politics to a great extent. He is the son of wealthy and respectable parents and received a good education. For a term he was mayor of Duluth, Minn., and later on was elected a senator in the Minnesota state legislature.

In Chicago he won an enviable reputation among thieves by successfully eluding the police who were after him because of his swindling operations at the race tracks. Several bookmakers became his victims, and as soon as he has completed his term of imprisonment in California an attempt will be made to bring him to that city to stand trial for his operations. He tried by means of forged checks, as in San Francisco, to make victims of several Chicago banks, but in this he did not succeed. Joe Ullman, the bookmaker, was caught for \$300 a year ago, and immediately instructed W. A. Pinkerton to run down the swindler. It was found that he had been running books at several race tracks in the east, and by means of "welsing" had obtained possession of a great deal of money from book-makers and race track men.

At Latonia, Cincinnati, he had been successful, and when he came to Chicago last summer he was driven from Washington park after a brief stay. He then departed for Detroit, and there got into serious trouble with the police, but finally extricated himself, to continue his operations for another brief period and finally land in prison in California on account of the forging of a check.

Among other things, Whiteman claimed while in Chicago to be president of the Whiteman Pulp Paper mills, and tried to get money from board of trade men, but in this he was not successful. He forged a number of checks on the Corn Exchange bank, but it also failed to become his victim.

Probably Whiteman's greatest mistake was the charge of persecution which he brought against Pinkerton in San Francisco. No special attention had previously been paid to the man by the Pinkerton people, who considered him only a petty thief whose operations were confined mostly to race tracks. But by his accusation of Pinkerton the latter was aroused and uncovered the whole glaring record of Whiteman, so that he was finally convicted on the strength of the evidence brought out by a long search.

Besides his crimes in San Francisco, Chicago and Detroit, charges of swindling are brought against the prisoner in London, Nashville and the City of Mexico, and he will be taken for trial to one of these places as soon as his present term expires.

A Thrifty Graveyard Man.

A thrifty keeper in the Pere la Chaise cemetery, Paris, was recently dismissed for too much enterprise. He had added to his income by raising vegetables on the graves.

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Eggs per dozen	.16
Lard per lb.	.12 1/2
Ham per pound	.12 1/2
Pork, whole, per pound	.06
Beef, quarter, per pound	.07 to .10
Wheat per bushel	.80
Oats " "	.45
Rye " "	.65
Wheat flour per bbl.	3.85
Hay per ton	8.00
Potatoes per bushel	.40
Turnips " "	.25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck	.25 to .30
Tallow per lb.	.41
Shoulder " "	.11
Side meat " "	.10
Vinegar, per qt.	.07
Dried apples per lb.	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.12
Raspberries	.14
Cow Hides per lb.	.3 1/2
Steer " "	.05
Calf Skin	.80
Sheep pelts	.75
Shelled corn per bus.	.75
Corn meal, cwt.	2.00
Bran, " "	1.20
Chop " "	1.25
Middings " "	1.25
Chickens per lb new	.12 1/2
" " " old	.10
Turkeys " "	.15
Geese " "	.10
Ducks " "	.10

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" 4 and 5 "	3.50
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