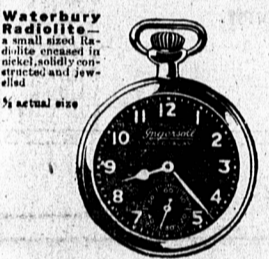
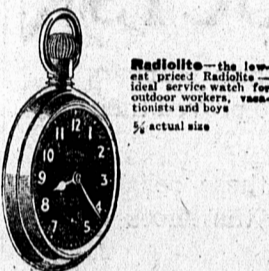


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**\$40,000 Holdup
In New York**

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—When George Alexander left his poultry stall in Washington market late on Wednesday night, after a record week's sale of fowls for Thanksgiving he thought it would be wiser to carry \$40,000 with him than to leave it in the market, which safe blowers might enter at any time. That sum represented his cash reserve and the income for part of the week.

As he alighted from his automobile at the apartment house at 600 West End Avenue, near Ninety-third St., Alexander said to his chauffeur, whom he regarded as a confidential man: "Thomas, come around a little before the usual time on Friday morning, so I can take the money to the bank. We had a big week, you know."

It was fifteen minutes earlier than the time for his usual morning call when Thomas Rochfort, the chauffeur telephoned up from the corridor of the apartment house that he was waiting. As he threw a robe over the feet of his employer and the black bag on the floor of the big maroon-colored touring car, Rochfort murmured that it was a fine turkey which his employer had sent as a Thanksgiving present to the Rochfort flat at 752 Columbus Avenue, and that "all the family enjoyed it."

Alexander smiled, said a word or two about his pleasure that the gift had been appreciated, and then turned to watch a negro hall porter who apparently was dancing a jig in front of the apartment house on the other side of the street, but who was really shouting a warning to the poultry merchant. As Alexander turned his head back he started, for he was looking into the barrel of a pistol and a cold voice was saying:

"Kick that bag out on the walk and don't say a word or I'll kill you."

How the rest of this crowded incident progressed Alexander was quite unable to tell in his conference later with Inspectors John J. Gray and Joseph Faurot and the detectives of the West 199th Street Station. He doesn't know how he and the bag were rolled out of the car or how he and the chauffeur, Rochfort, were chased back into the corridor of the apartment house and warned that if they came out they would be killed. He does remember seeing four men pile into the automobile and one of them apparently an expert chauffeur, throw in the clutch and wheel the car around.

Hearing of the crime, Inspectors Gray and Faurot asked Alexander and his chauffeur to come to Police Headquarters to look over the Rogues Gallery. Noticing that Rochfort took only slight interest in the pictures of criminals, the inspectors invited him into an inner office. There he told a story yesterday afternoon that caused Inspector Thomas Walsh, in command of detectives at the West 100th Street Station, to send a squad of his men running to a flat at 129 West Ninety-sixth street, John Handy, a chauffeur, was standing in front of the house.

"What aren't you working today, Handy?" the detectives asked.

"Nothing to do," replied Handy.

"How did you fellows know me?"

"We didn't until just now," said Detective Sherry. "Come on in the house. Let's have a talk."

Handy demurred, but the detectives were five and he was only one. Inside the flat was William Cunningham, who describes himself as a clerk.

"Mr. Donerty, some friends of mine who wish to talk to me," said Handy, addressing Cunningham.

"We're glad to know you, Mr. Cunningham," said Sherry. "We're detectives. Now, go on. Where's that money?"

Tied up in a neat little brown paper package in a cupboard the detectives found two little brown paper packages. Inside each of the little packages was \$8,000 in notes and certified checks.

"Where did you get this money?" asked Sherry.

"Earned it," said Handy. "Found it," said Cunningham.

"I'll keep it for you," replied Sherry.

Both Handy and Cunningham were held last night at the West 100th Street Station, and Rochfort, whose story had caused the trip to the Ninety-sixth street flat, was in another cell on a charge of complicity in grand larceny. Alexander visited the station house and said he could identify

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Handy and Cunningham as two members of the gang who had visited him in the morning. He looked at the money and said it was his.

Alexander told Inspector Faurot that he had hired Rochfort five months ago and had considered him as a "sort of confidential man." It had been the custom of the poultry merchant, during the so-called "crime wave," to take his money home with him frequently, and the chauffeur knew about this, Alexander said, and had warned him against the practice.

**\$1,200,000 A YEAR IS ALL CAR-
TOONIST WHO COULDN'T
MAKE GOOD IS GETTING
NOW**

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The "I knew Him When" Club was hard at it.

"Not in years have its members got a thrill comparable to that received last week over the announcement that Larry Semon, cartoonist of a sort years ago on Evening Telegram at \$35 per day, had signed a contract with the Vitagraph which will net him something like \$3,000,000 in three years."

"What's that, a telephone number?" ventured a member as if to open the discussion of this impossible thing.

"No, it can't possibly be, because they don't run that high," he was told.

"Take it right from the president of the telephone company." "Add this isn't a telephone exchange, either, it's a personal exchange of good, old coin of the realm."

Didn't Have a Collar Button

"Why, I knew that guy when he didn't have a collar button," piped up another member with considerable scepticism.

"Well, you have nothing on me," said the president of the club oracularly. "I can recall the time that if he found himself in possession of a round of 'third rail' in Perry's he'd think it was the Fourth of July, or something."

"Gosh, can you beat it?" questioned the first member as if to himself.

"You can't tie it," he was told.

"I can't believe it," he said, unconvinced.

And yet club scouts have gone out and verified the announcement. They had learned from the president of the Vitagraph Company that despite what they thought they knew of the former cartoonist, he had climbed by "downright hard work to a pinnacle on which he rivals even Chaplin himself."

"Conscientious Worker"

Heretofore, the only mention of work attributed by members of the club to Larry was included in a declaration, accompanied by a deprecatory wave of the hand, that he was a "conscientious worker." And it was said in the usual manner when a fellow is called a conscientious worker. But there were also those who said he was a conscientious objector to work.

The president of the club reported the findings of the scouts.

"And it's comedy, too," he said.

"Comedy, mind you?"

"Comedy!" repeated a member down in the corner of the room who was unable until that moment to get his right foot up on the brass rail because of the crowd. "Why, the only comedy I can see here is the fact he has put it all over you wise guys."

"How do you mean that?" he was asked.

Fooled 'Em All

"Well, as I understand it, if any one had told you birds a half dozen years ago that Larry would climb to heights of affluence you would have given him the merry ha-ha, not to say a couple of boots. You would have said that

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FALLING ASLEEP

(Siegfried Sassoon, in The Nation, London.)

Voices moving about in the quiet house:
Thud of feet and a muffled shutting of doors:
Every one yawning * * * Only the clocks are ticking there in their autumn-smelling gloom.
Crowded with whispering trees—looming of oaks
That roared in wild, wet gales; across the park
A hollow cry of hounds like lonely bells.

And I know that the clocks are moving across the moon;
The low, red rising moon.
Now herons call
And wrangle by their pool; and hoot-
ing owls
Sail from the wood across pale stocks of wheat
Waiting for sleep. I drift from thought like these:
And where today was dreamlike, build my dreams.

Music * * * there was a bright white room below
And some one singing a song about a soldier—
One hour, two hours ago; and soon the song
Will be last night; but now the beauty swings
Across my brain, ghost of remembered chords
Which still can make such radiance in my dream

That I can watch the marching of my soldiers
And count their faces; faces, sunlit faces.
* * * * *

Falling asleep * * * the herons and the hounds * * *
September in the darkness; and the world
I've known; all fading past me into peace.

he looked originally, pep, versatility and objective and you would have ended up by pulling something closely bordering on an obituary."

And the others charitably admitted that this would have been the case. For the Larry Semon they remembered was then drawing borders, comic inserts and a hall-room salary. They could vividly recall the time, not so long ago, when they had many a laugh over Larry's inability to bulldoze editors out of skeletons. He was supposed to be as funny in his attempts at cartooning as a cry for help.

But, as the line runs in the poem, "now look at the damned thing." Here's a guy who only a short time back was wont to slide up to the cashier's window with a hangdog expression and a constant fear of drawing the little blue envelope instead of his thirty-five per cent. Today, if he should have occasion to walk up to a cashier's window, he could slap the fellow behind the grilling on the back and call him "old man" or some such familiar greeting.

"Luck" and "unmitigated gall" are two of the reasons ascribed for his success by some of the less charitable former associates of Larry Semon on along Park Row and on Herald Square, but the Vitagraph president has spiked all this derision by explaining he has proved himself worthy of every cent he will be paid. That may be so, according to the members of the club, but some of them can recall the time that as a cartoonist he was a good jockey, for one city editor told him as man to man that he would be better off if he got out of that line of work. Apparently he heeded the advice.

In the first place, Larry wasn't an immediate success. He's been pottering around for five years getting his mental processes speeded up and his attenuated frame accustomed to hard flops, until now his films and himself go along with a whirl that makes Charlie Chaplin look like a funeral march played backward. Of course, there is a difference. Chaplin dramatized the custard pie; Semon sets spheretti to music.

Both began as vaudevillians. Larry was perhaps about thirty a week shy of Chaplin's receipts at that time, but it can be said that for a wide range of exhibitions Larry has something on his brother slapstick artist. Professor Semon, Larry's father, was the head of the troupe which had a whole lot of variegated vacancies in which Larry was called upon to pinch hit. In as many days he played about fifteen different characters. These included

hypnotist, singer, dancer and acrobat. His talents in these parts will not be touched upon here. The verdict is best left unsaid. But his latest film, "The Head Waiter," which happens to be showing in the Capital Theatre

this week, shows where his training comes from.

After all is said and done, Larry's five years with the Vitagraph have developed in him the highest of technique as a laugh builder. But the biggest laugh is on the "I Knew Him When" Club.

But, at that, the only merits he seemed to have acquired in his quasi-journalistic career is that he was a good judge of loud silk shirts.

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hypnotist, singer, dancer and acrobat. His talents in these parts will not be touched upon here. The verdict is best left unsaid. But his latest film, "The Head Waiter," which happens to be showing in the Capital Theatre

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