

No More "Joints" in Hiawatha.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 3.—The wrecking of "joints" at Hiawatha, Kan., which began there yesterday under the leadership of the temperance people, was completed to-day, and when it was finished not a "joint" in the town remained. The proprietors have fled.

McDERMOTT LOST HIS SUPPER.

Inspector Cross Sees the Cat Steal It While the Sergeant Is Busy.

John McDermott, the Sergeant in charge at the Eldridge Street Station, better known as "Red" McDermott, last night lost his supper through the steak-eating proclivities of "Peter," the station house cat. Peter's companion at the station is "Yaller," a dog, whose appearance agrees with the name.

McDermott sent the doorman of the station to a near-by restaurant for a sirloin steak, well smothered in onions. The man returned, in due time, with the steak and accompanying dishes on a tray, covered with a tin cover. The savory load was placed on the table in the Sergeant's room.

At that moment Inspector Cross entered the station house. He stopped at the desk to ask some questions concerning police matters, to which McDermott had to pay attention. This questioning lasted some time. Then a patrolman entered with a disorderly prisoner, who was very drunk, and from whom it took some time for McDermott to get a pedigree.

In the meantime, Inspector Cross sat in his chair and looked on. He tipped back against the wall and, in doing so, was able to see what was going on in the Sergeant's room. Peter had pushed off the tin cover from the tray, nosed the onions off the steak, and was just fairly started on his supper. "Yaller" stood on his hind legs at a respectful distance, licked his chops, and whined for a share of the steak. Peter growled a denial.

By the time McDermott had completed the record of the disorderly prisoner Peter had but well begun. Inspector Cross at once engaged the Sergeant in an animated conversation concerning the weather, the probable depth of the snowfall, as to whether or not it would rain the next day, and numerous other questions that McDermott, who was ravenously hungry, considered irrelevant and incompetent, but to all of which he had to listen and answer in obedience to the respect due a superior officer.

Finally the Inspector rose, buttoned his coat, and prepared to brave the storm. As he stood in the open station house door he called back:

"'Red,' when you get Peter thoroughly trained I'd like to enter him in the next beef-eating contest."

Then he left.

McDermott made a dash for the room to find Peter licking the empty tray and "Yaller" still licking his empty chops. The doorman brought another steak and Peter was turned out into the cold.

TRUBLE IN BOARDING HOUSE.

Landlady Has a Man Arrested for Various Minor Offenses.

Mrs. Mary Fulenwider, who keeps a fashionable boarding house at 26 West Forty-fifth Street, rode around to the East Fifty-first Street Station House last night to have one of her boarders arrested. He was arrested and locked up. The man is Francis M. Weld, twenty-five years old, who says he is a pawnbroker. Mrs. Fulenwider says Weld roamed up and down stairs during the night, intruding on other boarders' privacy and making himself obnoxious.

The pawnbroker went to board with Mrs. Fulenwider in October. He and a friend hired rooms there. The boarding house mistress says the pawnbroker paid up regularly until recently. Last week she sent him a notice to pay or leave his room. She put Tuesday as the settling day. The woman says that her feelings, and those of her boarders were outraged by offensive signs the man then put up all about the walls of the house.

Yesterday morning she says she caught Weld trying to take his baggage out of the house at 1 o'clock. She telephoned for the police, and an officer from the East Fifty-first Street Station was sent there. The policeman appeared at the house, and was told that Weld was roaming over the place, making himself obnoxious and refusing to be quiet. The officer took Weld off to the station house, the man protesting against his arrest.