

COPS TERRORIZED BY BOY PRISONER

Roy Karon, Aged Three Years,
Gets Lost and Defies Peace
Overtures of His Captors.

There was one prisoner at police headquarters yesterday who defied all human ingenuity to subdue or control. He was Roy Karon, 3 years old.

"If you don't let me out I'll break the door," shouted the little outlaw at intervals shaking his fist defiantly at Captain Fiskett and the other officers who tried to win him over with pennies and pieces of candy.

He cried, yelled and threatened the officers with dire vengeance until they retreated in despair, leaving him in the detectives' room, monarch of all he surveyed. For a while he amused himself by venting his wrath on everything he laid his little chubby hands on. Then he attacked the door with his feet and hurled books and other missiles he could reach, at the windows.

Thus for nearly six hours he was master at police headquarters. Police regulations crumbled under the fierce temper of the infant terrible. He was picked up by Patrolman Smollett, on West Superior street, wandering around aimlessly and was unable to tell where he lived, so was brought to police headquarters.

His father, George Karon, of 24½ West First street, came to get him at 7 o'clock. The child was still crying, but did not seem to be as fatigued as a result of his strenuous stay at headquarters as the officers did.

Another lost boy was found by the police late yesterday afternoon, but the officers were able to make friends with him easily, and he was very much at home until his mother, Mrs. Maria Garvin of 114 East Second street, came after him.