

Gypsies Mourn Death Of 'King' Steve John

**Tribes to Gather Here in Last
Tribute to Ruler Who
Passed Suddenly.**

Steve John, "king of all the gypsies," is dead.

Friday morning, as he arose in his house at 264 East Elizabeth street, he turned to speak to his wife, Maria Therese, grasped at his chest, gasped and fell to the floor, dead of apoplexy. He was 65 years old.

A doctor, hastily summoned, found he had been dead several minutes, and the king's waiting subjects called in an undertaker, and spread the news of the death over all the city.

New "King" in Command.

Within an hour, 100 men and women, boys and girls, were crowding the three small rooms of the house, while Steve Miller, a son-in-law, and upon whose shoulders the robe of authority now falls, was directing the preparations for the funeral. A few of the leaders of Detroit gypsydom stood around in the flickering light of two enormous candles, and watched the undertaker in his work, now and then giving orders which he tried to respect.

In each room of the house a different story of the rank of the dead "king" was available. It was revealed that he was born in Serbia; that he was absolute head of all the gypsies in the United States, numbering some 10,000; that he is wealthy, owning property in Chicago and Detroit; that his burial probably will be in a tomb in the First Home cemetery in Chicago, where other gypsy "kings" are interred.

In another room, it was said that he was king of his tribe, numbering about 40,000 in the United States; that he had some property in Detroit; that he had "done a lot for the city"; and that he was born in Brazil. Both rooms agreed that he had traveled all over the world, and that he had abandoned horses for automobiles at about the end of the world war.

Seek to Calm Widow.

In a rear room, a glimpse of which could be had between the throngs that crowded the middle room, could be seen the flaring bright dresses of gypsy women. From this room came the wildest of wailing. A stolid, swarthy gypsy announced they were trying to calm the widow.

And throughout the house, with the exception of the front room, where the body lay, the door of which was locked, were many children. Some of them had crawled to the top of a pile of bedclothes, covered with loudly-colored cloth, and there, seven feet above the floor, slept while the hubbub of a king's passing went on below them. The furniture of the two rear rooms had been pushed into a small side room, and 50 or 60 gypsy men squatted along the walls or sat flat on the floor. Some of them drank coffee from glasses brought in by

a gaily-dressed young girl, but none showed the slightest inclination to leave the room, even to eat.

Many Will Come.

"Tomorrow many more will come," one of them said. "When this is in the paper gypsies from all over the country will come here. He was a good king. Everybody liked him."

Steve John was a commanding figure as gypsies go. His hair had turned almost white and his long side whiskers were snowy. A distinguishing white mustache, curled regularly at the ends, made his face an imposing and venerable sight. Twelve children survive him. They are all living, the oldest about 37 years old, and the youngest 9 years old.

Steve Miller, the new king, assumed the commanding role even at the side of the dead ruler's body. His directions to the undertaker, of all those which that harried young man received, were in the deepest bass, and most impressive. The others gave way to him, now and then, releasing deep sighs as they looked at the face of the dead man.

Candles at Bier.

A red and white checkered cloth at the front windows, obscured the view from the street. In the windows still hung the faded wreaths placed there at Christmas. An enormous candle in a two-foot candle stick, stood at the head of the couch, another at the foot. Still another and smaller candle was almost lost in a quart milk bottle on the mantel. In a corner of the death chamber, five or six of the gaudy, flaring skirts of gypsy women were piled up.

Next door, the business of parking automobiles in a vacant lot went on. Gypsy men in fur coats, and women in red silks, came in taxicabs to the dismal house. A Negro coal man impolitely yelled his wares into the very door of the hallway. In the back room the weeping of women kept up a dismal obligato to the hum of raised voices of the men in the middle room.

It was said Friday afternoon that the body will lie in state at the East Elizabeth street home at least until Sunday, when it will be shipped to Chicago or buried in Detroit, as the decision may be.

Court Advises Lau to 'Learn About Women'

**Grants Divorce to Wife Who
Filed Cross Bill to
Husband's Charges.**

Advising Harry Gillies Lau "to go out in the world and get some experience, particularly some knowledge of women," Judge Harry A. Mandell in circuit court Friday granted a divorce to Mrs. Lau, who had contested the action brought by her husband. Lau is the son of Harry M. Lau, attorney.

Touching on young Lau's testimony that his wife had deceived him concerning her age, Judge Mandell said:

"At your age you certainly should be able to estimate the age of

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Sun, Apr 11, 2021