

IRELAND WAKING UP.

An Appeal to the Irish People Read in Public Meeting in Dublin.

The Plea for an Irish Socialist Republic.

Reports the London Labor Leader of June 30:

On Sunday last a great gathering was held at the Custom House Steps, Dublin, and formally launched on the stormy sea of Irish politics a new movement big with promise for Ireland's future.

IRISH SOCIALIST REPUBLIC.

TO THE IRISH PEOPLE. FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN—We are to-day face to face with a new crisis in Irish political history. The reactionary Tory party—sworn supporters of every kind of royal, aristocratic, and capitalistic privilege—more dominates the English Parliament; the Liberal party, long and blindly trusted by so many of our fellow-countrymen, has proven itself to be to-day as treacherous and corrupt as it has ever been in the past.

Fellow-workers, the struggle for Irish freedom has two aspects; it is national and it is social. Its national idea can never be realized until Ireland stands forth before the world, a Nation, free and independent. It is social and economic because no matter what the form of Government may be, as long as the land and the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange, to be held and controlled by a democratic state in the interests of the entire community.

But every Irish movement of the last 200 years has neglected one or the other of these equally necessary aspects of the national struggle. They have either been agrarian and social, and in the hunt after some temporary abatement of agricultural distress have been juggled into forgetfulness of the vital principles which lie at the base of the claim for National Independence.

If a true public conscience existed in Spain it would rise indignant and banish forever without distinction of parties the one and other Government that, from incapacity and demoralization, have brought us a present so dark and prepare for us a future even darker. If, then, as Spaniards we condemn them utterly, what shall we say as Socialists or as members of the proletariat? Perchance the Conservative party has always been very busy legislating for the worker. Perchance such a one never dies of hunger in economic crises, but the Conservative party strives to prevent and to palliate or obviate the crisis. The Conservative party has never allowed its officials to trample upon and scatter the rights of labor when the workers have risen in defense of their own interests and against the rapacity of employers.

Has not Ireland just suffered for months imprisonment for recommending calmness, prudence and discipline to the workers of Malaga? Nice treatment to build friendly relations upon, is it not? No; Socialists are and always shall be progressive. Again and again we have stated our position clearly. As partisans of collective property we oppose all parties that defend individual property. But between the monarchy and the republic, the republic; because it is a more rational form of government, more in accord with human dignity and more open to progress. The monarch is hateful because the political remnant of caste institutions.

Keeping to Spain, it is much to be regretted that the Republicans have not given us a Republic, where political rights might be exercised with the greatest possible purity. For, besides the political progress obtained, the workers would then see that the Republic had not ameliorated their condition as wage-dependents, and wage-dependency and democracy are hostile to one another.

Yet these truths, do they oblige us to praise the Republicans or to fuse with them? The Republicans stop at politics; for us the economic transformation is the most essential. The difference is a fundamental one; fusion between us impossible. But, apart from this division which separates our respective programmes, when did we fight Republicans because they were Republicans? We fought them because they did not know how to be such. We censured the incapacity of their officials, the impotence of their politics. Rank and file Republicans merit our con-

hoping for the time when oppression and privilege will be no more: when "every man will be a kaiser, every woman be a queen."

Youth of Ireland! stand prepared, Revolution's red abyss Burns beneath us, all but bared; And on high the fire-charged cloud Blackens in the firmament, And afar we list the loud Sea voice of the unknown event. Youth of Ireland! stand prepared For all woes the meek have dreaded, For all risks the brave have dared As for suffering so far dead. Stand prepared!

—James Clarence Mangan.

James Connolly, formerly of Edinburgh, moved the adoption of the above, which was seconded by Robert Dorman, Dublin, and carried almost unanimously. Hitherto save for branches in Belfast, Waterford and Dublin—in which latter city there is also a Fabian Society—there has been no distinctively Irish Socialist organization. This new movement, born on Irish soil and inaugurated by Irishmen, will appeal to the Irish people as nothing else has yet done, and the times we believe to be ripe for this development. Not only the land nationalizers, but the fighting men of the old Fenian movement, who are sick of the trivialities of the home rule movement in these the days of its decadence, will rally round this new standard and carry it to an ultimate triumph. The development of the movement will be watched with intense interest, not only by millions of Irishmen the wide world over, but by all lovers of freedom.

SPANISH SOCIALISTS.

Their Political Attitude.

There is No Republic but the Social Republic.

I must protest against the accusation, as false as it is ridiculous, that we are coryphæi of the Monarchists, instruments of reaction, vicious marplots.

What cause for regard, for gratitude, what bond of interest can possibly bind us to the Restoration party?

Our economic faith places us in opposition to all capitalistic parties; why, then, should we prefer Monarchists to Republicans?

As Socialists, as Spanish citizens, do we not suffer all the misfortunes of our country as well as the miseries of our common lot? What have we to do with either of the two effete individuals who are struggling for power with the stiffness of a puerile senility, barren of ideas, bred in a narrow antiquated political school, who, since the restoration, have led Spain into the sore straits in which she now finds herself—ignorant, miserable, shorn of her moral energy, plunged in repugnant clerical reaction; the tribute of the stranger, of whom she is at once the victim and the jest; menaced with denial of her status as a nation; on the verge of dismemberment by the secession of territories which ought to be a source of power and commercial greatness; displaying, in fact, the sad spectacle of a social organism breaking piecemeal, not by outside blows, but by internal corruption.

In Great Britain, 81,000 workers, chiefly shipbuilders, received an increase of wages averaging 11d. per week, whilst 25,000, mainly miners and tin plate workers, suffered a decrease in wages during April.

sideration, sympathy, and esteem, for their aims and for their resignation. With patience and long suffering they have followed up for twenty-five years officials who have striven only to divide them, disgust them, and disillusion them.

What have the Republicans done with the immense progressive force they have molded and shaped to their ends like wax? What spark of good government have they extracted from authority since they went into opposition?

What practical solutions have they ever offered to National problems?

Does the nation enjoy so many good things under Conservative government that it would not turn to the Republicans if they did not present the sad spectacle of hopeless divisions, barrenness, and total failure to grasp the real use and meaning of politics?

We Socialists are not enemies of the Republicans; it is their own bad politics.

It is no fault of ours that the nation looks upon them as more dangerous than useful. And this assertion is not ours merely; it is on every lip, even the lips of the most sincere Republicans.

Amongst those Republicans who long for real progress, and who are disgusted with the inefficiency of so much sacrifice for Republicanism, we hear this phrase repeatedly: We shall end yet by joining the Socialists.

And they are right: Socialism is the place where all true lovers of the people must eventually come.

The day the monarchy comes to grief in the crowding of events, that day a parliamentary or representative Republic might offer a suitable solution to the Conservative party; but, for those who seek to redeem the workers from their misery and toil, there is no Republic but the Social Republic—economic federation upon the basis of collective property.

JAJME VERA.

Socialist Candidate for Spanish Cortes.

Socialists do not care what a man's race or creed is, he is entitled to a good home, comfortable living and time for recreation and education, if he is willing to work and procure them. Under the present system of society, the workers have been denied many of the comforts and enjoyments of life, but the idle, the vicious and the scheming receive in abundance. One of the ways in which this has been accomplished has been by arousing racial or religious or national prejudice among the workers and pitting one against the other. Don't be dupes any longer. Remove the scales from your eyes. The fight of workers is not with one another, but with the man who labors produces more than enough to support himself and those dependent upon him. But the fight is with the idlers and robbers who live upon their fleecings from those who work. Workingmen of all countries, unite!—Syracuse Socialist.

Two ships' crews struck work at Glasgow, Scotland, for an advance of 10s. per month, and their places were promptly filled with non-unionists. The present rate of pay is £4 per month.

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IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Transvaal Miners Can Not Buy Back the Product of Their Toil.

Because Capitalism Is There and Their Wages Do Not Equal the Value of Their Labor's Product.

The course of Capitalism is the same the world over. In Johannesburg, in the Transvaal Republic in Africa, are thousands of unemployed miners, who are anxious for work and who are suffering because they cannot get it. Such is the case according to recent report in the Capitalist press. Such is the effect of Capitalism of the system of production for profit rather than for the public service: which only goes to show that whenever competition takes charge of industry, no matter whether it be under a monarchy or under a republic, the same condition are sure to spring up—a glut in the market—more goods produced than the workmen can consume, because the wages they have received is only a fraction of the value produced by their labor, and with a part only as compensation, they find themselves absolutely unable to buy back the total product of their toil. Hence the entire or partial paralysis of the mining industry in the South African Republic, the enforced idleness of the mines, the stoppage of the means of livelihood, the suffering and the vice and crime amongst all the various sections of society. And all because in what has been regarded the Dark African Continent, the production and distribution of wealth is allowed or made to proceed on selfish, egotistic, individualistic basis instead of on the Altruistic or Socialistic basis—public utility—each for all and all for each. Just as the people of Europe and America, of Asia and of Australasia are beginning to learn, so must it be with the people of the Transvaal Republic, that the ownership by society of the gold mines and of all other sources and forces of wealth production and the utilization of the same by and for the entire body politic, that such is the only way by which the problem of unemployment together with all other industrial and social problems can be solved. DAVID TAYLOR. Boston, Mass.

TOO SOCIALISTIC.

Comrade Flannery's Article Rejected by a Pure and Simple Editor.

The Barbers Will Soon Learn That the Time is Ripe for New Tactics.

We publish the following from the Syracuse Socialist:

In the Barbers' Journal of March appeared a speech delivered by John Swinton on "Organized Labor and Its Accomplishments During the Past Half Century," in which appeared these words: "How can the Trade Union meet the Railway Managers' Association, which has all the power of the Government at its back and back, and which but recently used that power at the West with deadly effect? How, I ask? How can the Trade Union meet the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, or the other swindling syndicates by which prices and wages are fixed? How can it meet this question of the militia as an agency of these novel and all-controlling institutions? Will any intelligent unionist, who has a proper knowledge of what has been and is now going on in the world of industry and of capital, tell me how the institution can be met under the old methods of the trade union, with multitudes of workers out of employment, with shiploads of immigrants landed every day, with hunger in the land, with all the old-time American resources cut off, with capital conscious of its power and remorseless in its spirit, and with Congress, courts and armies ever ready to serve their masters?"

Having scanned the columns of the Journal in vain since for a reply to these vital questions, and at the request of a member of the local union, Comrade Flannery prepared a reply. The article was taken to the local union and it was asked that it be read and indorsed for publication. At the request of President Secretary Klapatzky, however, this was voted down, but it was referred to him as editor of the Journal, and after his perusal, it was rejected because it was too Socialistic. This, however, was expected of a Republican politician, who no later than two years ago stood to a point of order in the Trades Assembly and objected to the discussion of a motion to indorse a law for adopting the initiative and referendum in the State as

Comrade Flannery's reply follows:

"The people who to-day are educating and living off the working class are using the same methods the world over to continue to live off them. It should at all times be the duty of organized labor to relieve the toiling masses of this weight. It should go along some line of action that would uplift the whole human family, because if there is anything wrong with any part it affects the whole. Labor is the creator of all wealth, and the infant should never boss the mother. The question arises do the people who labor get the wealth they produce? A fool, even, would answer, no! Now as labor is organized to get more, and more, and more, I don't see but its object is to get its full value and I cannot see what excuse it has to make why it don't take some action to that end. If organized labor can put confidence in a man and place him at the head of the organization to do its bidding, and says that in the political field it cannot do the same thing, the admission of the latter fact kills the argument in favor of organized labor. What causes all the trouble to-day and prevents the man who produces wealth from getting his share is the fact that he recognizes it as right for somebody to make a profit off his production. Profit is something taken from society without any return. By this system of profit-taking it is easy for those who create nothing that is of value to mankind to get the best this world affords. There is no question in my mind that there is more useless labor performed under this system than there is productive labor, and our object should be to endeavor to have none but productive workers, reducing the hours of labor in proportion as the producers of nothing but arguments and profits are turned into producers of utilities.

"We have the same means to secure the power to change these things to our liking as the capitalists, and it is because we have not used that means that we have not secured the fruits of our labor. On election day is the only opportunity we have to get rid of that class which has ridden too long on the backs of the working men.

"Mr. Swinton, in his review, says 'that organized labor has grown from a mere babe to a giant, and, although hampered and harassed, and in spite of continued efforts to kill it, still lives, and shall live by the strength of its good strong arm.' Well, of what use is that arm if it continues to use it in the future as it has in the past? It might as well be palsied. The good strong arm has simply been used to strike. And what good has that brought? Ask the Miners' Union, the American Railway Union, the Switchmen's Union, the Brooklyn trolley men, the men of Homestead. Isn't it about time we had enough of that kind of medicine and ought to change doctors? Anyone who teaches the old remedy is a quack. The time is ripe for new tactics. Hasn't experience shown that the power back of all crushing defeats, of labor is the powers of government which we have voted into the hands of the Capitalists? Then vote to get control of the means of production and

distribution and make laws for the interest of the workers instead of putting our oppressors in power. The question comes home to the barbers. Are they ready to enlist in the war that is going on for the overturning of the wage system, or will they continue to be humbugged? There is in the field to-day a party, which appeals to every workingman, no matter how humble his station, to look up and be a man. On its broad foundation there is room for every member of the human family. It draws no lines, cares not for race, creed, color or sex, it only asks you to strike one blow for humanity and strike it where it will count—at the ballot box. Vote for men who know your wants, your deprivations, your hopes and your cares, and are conscious of your rights and willing to secure them. This fall the two old parties with stump speeches, fool marching and protection-free trade and sound money-free silver will try to mislead you, but show that you are onto their game and play a hand to win by voting the Socialist Labor ticket."—Syracuse Socialist.

THE REAL ISSUE.

Shall the Socialist Labor Party Manage Its Own Affairs Under the Constitution?

Scientific, Economic and Revolutionary Socialism Defined.

Nowadays we are frequently told, from certain quarters, that we must believe in "scientific, economic and revolutionary Socialism," or we are "no Socialists." Precisely so. I agree. But what does it all mean, anyhow? It simply means if we don't believe in Socialism we are not Socialists. There is just as much sense in it as there is in talking about damp, moist, wet water, or about getting a thing free, gratis, for nothing, without paying for it. The term Socialism to-day necessarily includes this long string of modifying terms. At one time Socialism was Utopian. Such was the Socialism of Sir Thomas More, Cabot, Fourier and Owen. It remained for Karl Marx to place it on a scientific basis—and since his time Socialism, if it is anything, is necessarily scientific, as distinguished from Utopian.

Socialism is also necessarily economic. I have never heard any Socialist put forward the idea that Socialism consisted in

linguistic or anatomical change. Even Christian Socialists recognize that it is an economic question. They know that it is a change in the industrial system which must take place, though they call upon people to bring about that change for love of Christ and their fellow-man, instead of for hatred of the Capitalist class. The end to be achieved is the same, though the motive for action be different.

In "The Co-operative Commonwealth," written by K. Kautsky and adapted for the New York People by Daniel De Leon, we read: "The conversion of the machinery of production, together with the means of communication and transportation, from private into public property, is the revolution—a revolution that is irrevocable and inevitable." Very good. Upon that definition of the revolution I am a revolutionary Socialist. So is every member of the Socialist Labor Party. So are the Christian Socialists. So are the Nationalists. So are all who believe that the machinery of production, together with, or including, the means of transportation and communication, must be converted from private into public property. Upon this definition we are all revolutionary Socialists, and none can presume to say that we are not.

This word "revolutionary" is a very ambiguous one, however. If by it is meant an armed uprising, a bloody revolution, it is time we knew it. The rank and file of the party in these United States have no idea of taking up with the outgrowth and discarded notions of European countries. Liebknecht recently confessed that he had during his Socialist career evolved from a belief in the necessity of physical force to a belief in the power of an enlightened democracy to bring about the transition. This, too, in the country in Europe most thoroughly imbued with the military spirit.

I reiterate, if a bloody revolution is what is meant, we, the rank and file, want to know it. If not, and Kautsky's definition is correct, there is clearly no line to be drawn here, no discrimination to be made, because we all believe in it.

There is no use in trying to blind the party to the real issue before it. We are all of us scientific, economic, revolutionary Socialists, if we are Socialists at all. But, all the same, there is much difference of opinion within our ranks. It is not upon any question of the soundness of our Socialism, however. It is a question of whether we shall be self-governing and manage our own affairs according to the Constitution which we have adopted and which leaves the power in the hands of the party through the Referendum, or whether we shall have clique rule—whether the party shall rule or be ruled by its servant, the National Executive Committee.

In either case, whether the Executive Committee or the sovereign people is to rule, the necessity is equally urgent that we make the Executive Committee as efficient as possible by making it actually representative of the whole party throughout the country, and thus insure a National movement. MARGARET HALE. Boston, Mass.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

Gradual Nationalization Would Not Relieve the Pressure.

All We Need to Realize "Socialism in Our Time" Is the Consent of the Workingman

The question as to how Socialism will be ultimately established—whether it will be introduced "gradually" or "all at once"—is frequently raised, not only by those who attend our propaganda meetings and seem to take special pride in their ability to ask confusing questions of the speaker, but also by members of established reputation in the party, and whose devotion to the cause is unquestioned.

While Socialism cannot, in one sense of the term be introduced "all at once," being as it is, the result of a long train of circumstances. Yet to suppose that Socialists, after having conquered the power of government, would inaugurate a one-thing-at-a-time policy seems to me to be the very quintessence of imbecility. After having led the people to believe that the success of the Socialist Labor Party at the polls would mean the banishment of wage slavery with all its concomitant evils; and then to disappoint that belief by temporizing with the present system instead of destroying it root and branch would in my opinion, lead to a counter revolution that would destroy the Government and lead society in the throes of Anarchy.

Perhaps our well-meaning friends, who seem to think it foolish to expect to "establish Socialism to-morrow," will disavow anything like this suggestion, yet there is only one other way for Socialism to come—the "one thing at a time," or "gradual" way; and that is for one of the Capitalist parties to begin the "gradual" process, a supposition, in my opinion, equally as far removed from the domain of probability as the supposition previously commented on.

The nationalization of the railroads, telegraph lines, coal mines by one of the Capitalist parties would by no means bring us any nearer our desired goal, than would the monopolization of all the railroads, coal mines, etc., into the hands of one company or individual. For real social nationalization or nationalization will be

ing class in general would by no means be improved; in fact, those outside of the pale of Nationalization would, if anything, be worse off; for it is not to be supposed the Government would run two parallel railroad lines from Baltimore to New York when one would be sufficient. Multiply this as many times as such cases would appear in the different processes of nationalization, and it will be readily seen what an enormous number of men would be thus forced into idleness to compete with their already underpaid brethren, nor does it follow that those who would thus become Government employes would be greatly benefited by the change, especially in such cases where the workers had had the protection of a flourishing union, because as against the Government their union would be powerless. Neither can the present comparatively well paid employes of the Government be brought to bear against this argument. The zenith of their well being has been reached, both the letter carriers' and the postal clerks' bill, for an increase of salary having failed to pass at the last session of Congress, the letter carriers, during the debate, being referred to by Senator Hale as "that favored class."

Aside from the impracticability of the "one thing at a time" or gradual method, it is bad tactics to go before the public with it. It would be all right if as Ken Hardie says "we could live to be as old as Methuselah," but we can't, and having only a limited time to live I prefer trying it "all at once"; and it will be found that men as a rule, that will not vote to free their grand children, and the only hope we have as a party of being successful, is to induce men to believe that it is not only possible, but probable, that those now middle-aged will see the destruction of Capitalism and the institution of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Let the battle cry be: "Socialism in Our Time." The misery, slavery and depravity of the present system are too great to even think of continuing it longer than is absolutely necessary. All we need to "introduce Socialism to-morrow" is the consent of the working class." Then to work, comrades; why should we fear? "We have nothing to lose but our chains, and a whole world to gain." Socialism in our time! Fraternally,

W. A. TOULS. Baltimore, Md. The Mayor of Newcastle (Riley Lord) formally opened a shelter for stray dogs and cats recently. The premises consist of a shed with kennels for dogs and cats, and a lethal chamber for painless destruction when necessary. One of the association said at present they could only take in a few animals, and those were the homeless, starving and deserted. They could not deny that there must be suffering in the world, but they must exert themselves to try and minimize it as much as possible. And just the day before, the Newcastle magistrates—Riley Lord presiding—sentenced James Roache, whose age is only a few months short of a hundred years, to one month's imprisonment for asking alms in St. Mary's Place.—London Labor Leader.

## SCIENTIFIC CORNER.

### RECENT PROGRESS IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

Some New Inventions in the Way of Bicycles—The Restorative Organs of the Body—About Perpetual Motion—To John Bells.

**A**n improved method of joining belts has been patented by Henry S. Aratfield, of Canada, which consists of a pair of metal plates, the joining edges of which are pintle-shaped and have a series of openings adjacent to the pintles, a narrow coupling plate with a series of coupling fingers adapted to enter the holes in the main plates from the under side, and which are adapted to be struck down over the pintles, thus forming a secure fastening and at the same time maintaining flexibility. This device was patented recently.

#### Perpetual Motion.

A Reader makes these inquiries: "What gain would a perpetual motion machine be to the world? What would the consequences of such an invention be to the workingmen? Would the army of the unemployed be increased?" Answer: A perpetual-motion machine would be a gain in that it would admit of the use of machinery at less cost, as the items of fuel and water add greatly to the expense of any works. Light machinery could be operated at a distance from coal-fields or water, and much could be accomplished that is now impossible. As to the effect of such inventions upon the workingmen, there is much to be said. It is within the memory of man when laborers destroyed what was called labor-saving machinery, because they fancied that it would take the bread out of their children's mouths. Instead of this, labor-saving machinery has made comforts and luxuries possible for industrious working people of all classes. Workingmen live better, have more of the good things of life and are more intelligent with every succeeding generation. It is fondly to be hoped that they will at no distant day realize that every improvement in machinery, every labor-saving device and every new method makes it possible for them and their children to have better food, better clothes, a better house to live in and more of the necessities and luxuries of life. The great army of the unemployed is not likely to be increased by the invention of any new machines or labor-saving appliances. Indeed, in this great and glorious country of ours there is work enough and pay enough for every man, woman and child. The sad part is that people will not work themselves, and many refuse to work at all if they can live upon the products of the labor of others.

#### Industrious Yellow-Hammer.

William R. O'Neill of the Pacific vinegar factory noticed a yellow-hammer industriously at work one day recently on the siding of the factory building. Mr. O'Neill watched the bird for some time, and inside of an hour it had cut a round hole two or three inches in diameter through the inch planking. Mr. O'Neill is not a mean man, and if the bird cared to make its home in the vinegar factory, why, it was all right. Next day, however, he noticed that the yellow-hammer was engaged on another hole. "It's for a back door," thought the owner of the building. But after it had finished the back door it cheerfully went to work on other holes, probably for windows. By the time there were fifteen holes in the side of the factory Mr. O'Neill concluded that the yellow-hammer was taking liberties with his property. So he obtained permission from the chief of police to shoot it. For a whole day the office boy and Mr. O'Neill's brother banged away without fessing the little bird, and it was finally necessary to employ an expert marksman to bring it down. The marksman charged 50 cents for his services, and Mr. O'Neill also lost the best part of a day nailing boards over the holes in the planking.—Portland Oregonian.

#### Latest Bicycle for Two.

A new bicycle is arranged so that two persons may ride side by side in



stand of tandem fashion, says a New York paper. The apparatus may be adjusted so that persons of different weight can keep the machine in balance. That is, a heavy man may ride on one side, and a small boy on the other as easily as two persons of equal weight. An ordinary bicycle for one can be turned into a "sociable" wheel by shifting iron arms to the frame of the machine. These iron arms have saddles and pedals attached.—Ex.

#### Wielding Hot Pen.

It is a known fact that a rapid writer writes 30 words per minute. It has been estimated that in doing so he must draw his pen through the space

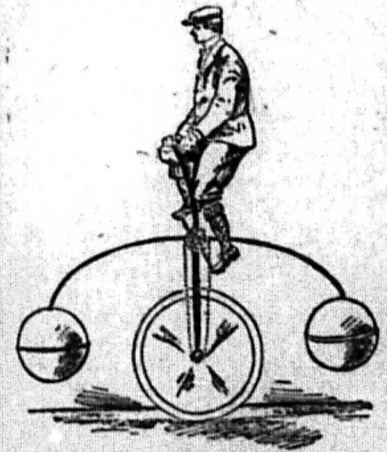
of a rod every 60 seconds. He makes an average of 1-6 curves of the pen to every word written. Writing 30 words per minute he makes eight pen-curves each second or 28,800 per hour. If he works only five hours a day he must daily give his pen 144,000 twists and flourishes, and if he puts in 300 days a year he makes not less than 43,200,000 curves and turns of the pen in that time.

#### The Restoration of Organs of the Body.

A surgeon had occasion to operate upon a dog that had its spleen injured, and the greater portion of the organ was removed. Six or eight months later the dog died of other causes, and the doctor had the curiosity to look over his bit of surgery. He found the spleen almost entirely reproduced. During the several months succeeding the operation, however, the animal suffered severely from indigestion and lack of nutrition, and the utmost care was necessary to keep it alive. As the spleen grew toward its natural size, the animal improved in health, and would probably have lived for some time except for the accident that terminated its career. Medical authorities have never been able to decide what is the special office of the spleen. That it has something to do with assimilation and nutrition is evident, but just what or how no one is able to say.

#### A New Unicycle.

An employe in a bicycle repair shop in Brooklyn is working on a new unicycle that he claims will revolutionize cycling. It is easier to balance than a two-wheeled machine, according to his story. The tire is of the ordinary



pneumatic order, made twice the usual weight, to make it twice as strong. The running gear of the model is eight inches, but can be made to suit the rider. The weight of the machine is 23 pounds. It is the patentee's belief that a man or woman can get greater speed out of one of his new machines than those in use, from the fact that there is less friction in a single wheel.—Ex.

#### Spider Catches Birds.

W. J. Rainbow, an Australian naturalist, gives a description of the large bird-catching spiders of the genus Nephila. Representatives of this genus abound in tropical and subtropical regions. Their webs are composed of two kinds of silk; one yellow, exceedingly viscid and elastic; the other white, dry, and somewhat brittle. The latter is used for the framework of the web, the guys and radii, and the former for the concentric rings. These snares are at varying heights, sometimes within reach, again 10 to 12 feet from the ground, but always in a position exposed to the rays of the sun. The diameter is also variable, from three feet upward. One seen by Graffe in the Fiji Islands constructs a web 20 feet in diameter. These snares are strong enough to entrap small birds. In the author's opinion the web is not set for such game, and the spider does not feed on her ornithological victim. In the cases where she has been observed with her fangs in the body of the ensnared bird it is probable that it is for the purpose of hastening the death of the bird in order to prevent its injuring the web in its struggles to escape. Spiders of the genus Nephila are easily tamed. Although exceedingly voracious, they can exist for many days without food or water.—American Naturalist.

#### The Factor of Safety.

Mechanical engineers lay great stress upon that feature of their work known as the factor of safety. This point ranges from what seems a very wide margin down to the narrowest limit consistent with avoidance of positive danger. For example, while in high-pressure guns the factor may be as great as twenty or twenty-five, in the racing bicycle it may be as low as 1.20, and even this is sometimes shaded a little. This means that while guns and such appliances are twenty-five times as strong as is considered necessary to bear the strain to which they are subjected, the wheel is often brought down to a trifle more than double its power of resistance. All metals and mechanical appliances have their average of tensile strength, and to bring a machine down to such a fine point necessitates great care in construction and a very fine quality of material. Browsers are built with six times their factor of safety, bridges with five or six, and in ordinary machines the allowance is at least four or five. From all of which the necessity for careful inspection is apparent.

#### Scientific Notes.

The romance of the east is to receive a shock in the new iron bridge over the Tigris at Bagdad.

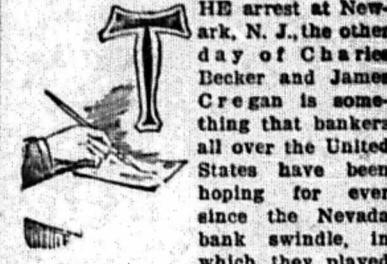
A Russian medical man has noticed that the human eye naturally winks three or four times less often when reading by electric light than when a candle is used.

When water freezes it expands with a force estimated at thirty thousand pounds per square inch. No material has been found which can withstand this pressure.

## FAMOUS SWINDLE.

### OOTING OF THE NEVADA BANK IS RECALLED.

Charles Becker, "King of the Forgers" One of the Defendants—The Operation Was Without Parallel in the History of Great Forgeries.



**T**HE arrest at Newark, N. J., the other day of Charles Becker and James Cregan is something that bankers all over the United States have been hoping for ever since the Nevada bank swindle, in which they played leading parts. The other two members of the gang were arrested last February in St. Paul and are now awaiting trial in San Francisco. Becker has long been known as the "king of forgers." A New York banker said that the arrest of this man alone was worth \$1,000,000 in hard cash to the bankers of the world. "Why," said the banker, "there is no country in the world that this man is a stranger to, and no bank was safe while he was at large. In my opinion he is the cleverest forger that the world has ever known."

The Nevada bank swindle was one of the largest operations of the kind that was ever carried through in this country. For boldness and cleverness in execution it is said to have no parallel in the criminal history of America. On Dec. 2, 1895, a business-like looking man of refined and gentlemanly appearance, perhaps 35 years old and five feet eight inches tall, with abundant dark hair, dark eyes and smooth face, rented an office in the Chronicle building, San Francisco. Shortly after taking possession of the office he had lettered on the door, "A. H. Dean, Merchandise Broker." A few days after opening his office he told the superintendent of the building that he wished to open an account with a reputable bank. The superintendent told him that he would be glad to introduce Dean at the Nevada bank and did so. The bank officials were captivated by Dean's manners. He was so clearly a man of marked business ability that they considered themselves fortunate in obtaining such a customer.

Dean's first deposit was \$2,500 in cash. On Dec. 7 Dean drew against the deposit for \$400. A few days later he drew out \$700 more. On Dec. 13 he deposited \$700 in cash and a draft on the Anglo-California bank for \$95. This \$95 draft was the next step in the swindle. It was here that the middle man, Cregan, got in his fine work. It was he who purchased the draft from the Anglo-California bank. On Dec. 9 Cregan bought another draft on the bank for \$12, drawn on the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank of San Francisco, and payable to the order of A. H. Dean.

This draft was drawn on safety paper, filled out by the cashier in a heavy hand, and perforated on each end with a check punch were the figures 1 and 2, with the dollar sign before them. The Bank of Woodland keeps two accounts subject to check in San Francisco, and on the day the draft was drawn they were drawing on their correspondent other than the Crocker-Woolworth Bank. Inasmuch as the draft of \$12 was to a stranger, they decided to issue the draft on the Crocker-Woolworth Bank, because the drafts on that bank were printed on safety paper. The perforation on each end was out of the regular course and was done as an additional safeguard.

Eight days later, on Dec. 17, this draft, with the date changed from Dec. 9 to Dec. 13, and the amount raised from \$12 to \$22,000, was deposited by Dean to his credit in the Nevada Bank. At the same time Dean deposited the draft he drew out \$2,200 in currency. This was \$5 more than his balance prior to the credit of the raised draft, and left his account balance in the bank \$21,995, so that from that time, if the fraud should prove abortive, the forgers had none of their own money at stake. On the



CHARLES BECKER.

day that Dean deposited the draft he took a young man into his employment as a clerk in his office. The next day Dean drew a check to his own order for \$20,000. Then, accompanied by his clerk, he went to a livery stable, hired a horse and buggy for three hours, drove to the bank and presented the check, requesting that it be paid in currency. The paying teller asked Dean if he would mind receiving the money in gold, and he said he would not. Thereupon, four sacks, each containing \$5,000 in gold, were handed to him.

The gold was put in a satchel, and with the help of the new clerk was lifted into the buggy that was waiting in front of the bank, and then the two

drove to a house in Valencia street, where Dean got out, telling the office boy that he lived there. The satchel was carried into the house, and Dean told the clerk that he should have no more use for the buggy, but that if the clerk cared to take a drive about the city he might do so, but that he must return the horse to the stable at the end of the time for which it was engaged. That was the last seen of Dean in San Francisco.

The raised draft on the Crocker-Woolworth Bank was duly paid through the San Francisco clearing house, and it was not until Jan. 6, of this year, when the Woodland Bank received a statement of its account from the clearing house that the forgery was discovered. Something of the dexterity of the forger may be appreciated by the fact that the draft passed through the hands of over a dozen experienced clerks without detection, and that even the drawers of the draft were not certain that it had been raised until they had examined it under a powerful glass.

Dean, whose real name is Frank L. Seaver, and James McCluskey, another of the Nevada bank swindlers, were arrested in St. Paul last February and returned to San Francisco.

For twenty-five years Charles Becker has been associated with the most noted professional forgers in both hemispheres, and the story of his crimes would fill columns. He is an expert penman and an adept at erasing and rewriting the amounts on checks. He is said to be the inventor of a preparation of pulp, with which he fills up the punched figures in checks and drafts, and, after ironing them, punches new figures.

Cregan, Seaver and McCluskey are all comparatively new men at the



A. H. DEAN.

forgery business, and none of them was ever in any big forgery schemes until they fell in with Becker.

#### WHOLESALE KILLING.

A Homicide Occurs Every Two Hours in Vendetta-Ridden Italy.

A homicide occurs every two hours in Italy. This was one of the many startling statements made by Baron Garofalo, a distinguished Italian criminologist, in a lecture delivered on "Criminality in Relation to the Education of the People" in the Roman college. His audience included Queen Margherita.

In Italy the annual loss of life by homicide (usually by lethal weapons) numbers about 4,000 souls. Compared with France, for instance, she has 10 homicides a year for France's 1, and 35 for Denmark's 1. The Latin populations, indeed, in both hemispheres have a bad pre-eminence over the Teutonic in crimes of violence, if not in crimes generally, and of these Latin populations the Italian is the worst.

Baron Garofalo proceeded to give the reasons why. In the first place, vendetta, which in Greece was hereditary and in mediaeval Europe a laudable custom, has lingered longer in Italy than in any other country. Duelling also, is more frequent in Italy than elsewhere. To the religious instruction given in Great Britain and the United States of America he attributed the fact that these countries have in forty years diminished by one-half the annual proportion of their delinquents and mendicants, while in Italy the want of similar instruction has resulted in the positive increase of delinquency and mendicancy since 1862. When these considerations we add the increased hardness of living in the young kingdom, the strain upon the moral resisting power by a crushing poverty, the squalid dwellings, the defective alimentation, by which the brain is starved, when it is not actually poisoned, by the stimulants in which relief from misery is sought, and the depreciation of life as it exists under such conditions, we arrive at an ensemble of causes which quite accounts for these sad statistics.

#### Jenious Farmers Fight a Duel.

A night or two ago a duel occurred on the plantation of L. H. Adams, near Camilla, Ga., between Isaiah Sweet and Ben Cobb. Sweet shot Cobb with a shotgun, while Cobb used a pistol. Both received abdominal wounds. Cobb lived only a short time, and Sweet died next day. It appears that Sweet walked 10 miles with the sole purpose of way-laying Cobb, whom he looked upon as his rival. Both men were well thought of farmers.

#### Bicyclist Was Impaled.

Elmer Poulson, a Fort Wayne (Ind.) bicyclist, was impaled on the broken handle bar of his wheel. He was "scorching" ran into a team and smashed his machine.

#### Was Bit of a Baby in Iowa.

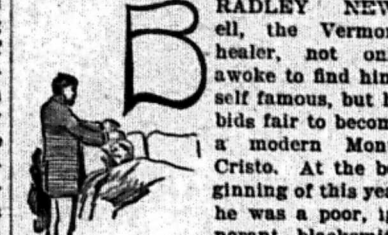
The smallest baby in Iowa is at Foster. It is two weeks old, well developed and perfect, and weighs 2 1/4 pounds. The doctors say it will live.

## HEALERS OF VERMONT.

### AMONG THEM ALL BRADLEY NEWELL IS THE SHINING LIGHT.

Wears Store Clothes Now—Reporter Attends One of His Seances and Witnesses Manifestations of His Power—Going to Europe.

(Montpelier, Vt., Letter.)



**B**RADLEY NEWELL, the Vermont healer, not only awoke to find himself famous, but he bids fair to become a modern Monte Cristo. At the beginning of this year he was a poor, ignorant blacksmith in the little hamlet of Jacksonville. He had in the few months previous gained a reputation in a few towns as a person who healed disease by the laying on of hands, but beyond a radius of twenty miles he was unknown. Jacksonville is in the town of Whitingham, and today Newell is the most noted personage that town ever produced, with one exception—Brigham Young. He has visited thirty or more New England cities as a healer, and his fame is such that hundreds of letters are received by him every day. Not only is his fame spreading, but a golden stream is running into his coffers. Since he went to Brattleboro, in January last, he has received \$25,000 from persons he treated. His income this year will be many thousands of dollars larger than the salary of President Cleveland.

The man himself has changed, in keeping with his improved financial station. When he first appeared in the new role he was a striking personage, in spite of his ill-fitting clothes and long ill kept beard. Today he appears in a tailor made suit and his whiskers have been trimmed to a becoming length. With a figure more than six feet in height, and proportions which bring his weight up to 256 pounds, a full beard, which, like his hair, is jet black, and a face which is lighted by large, lustrous black eyes, he is such a strong, handsome specimen of physical manhood and so individual in character that he would attract attention anywhere.

The story of how whispering voices told Newell that he could cure his wife's headache, and later, that it was his mission to heal, has been told before, but his real power was not revealed for publication until a few evenings ago, when he gave an exhibition before six well known business men of Brattleboro, by whom I was invited to be present.

The company first sat around a table, upon which all placed their hands. In a short time one of the party was visibly affected by some strange power. His arms trembled violently. Two or three of the others said they experienced a pricking sensation, which was more marked when all the hands were clasped, forming a complete circle around the table. One other person besides myself could feel no effect whatever, even though holding Newell's hand.

Hands were placed on the table again, and, in a short time that of a prominent banker was cramped and rigid. A pencil placed in his hand wrote out a short message and several disconnected words.

One of the persons was put into a trance by Newell. The healer fixed his eyes intently upon his subject and moved about him with sinuous motions, all the time using his forefinger after the style of an orchestra leader wielding a baton. He talked continuously, repeating, "You've got to do it! You've got to do it! So sleepy, so sleepy, so sleepy." The subject soon began to exhibit symptoms of drowsiness, then closed his eyes, breathed heavily, and in a few minutes was completely unconscious. Then his appearance changed completely, and it appeared almost as if another spirit had taken possession of the body. The subject reached out his hand, patted a young man on the head and made a great effort to speak to him, but although the lips moved the sound was not audible. So great were the efforts to speak that the young man who held the hand of the subject feared some harm might result, and asked Newell to bring the



BRADLEY NEWELL.

trance to an end, which he did by clapping his hands once. The subject opened his eyes and appeared perfectly natural. He said his only sensation was that of sweet, peaceful sleep; that he had resisted the healer's will as long as possible, but the drowsiness which came upon him was irresistible.

Newell sought to place in a trance another member of the party, but this person was not so susceptible, and he only succeeded in putting his subject partially to sleep. "Take out your watches, gentlemen," said Newell, "and in just one minute from the time I say 'now' this man will open his eyes."

Four watches were held and in a minute to the second after the word had been given the subject opened his eyes.

Two of the younger men of the party were treated, but although Newell repeated his tactics and even rubbed at the sides of their eyes, he could not put them into a trance.

The man Newell had first treated was brought forward again. The sleep came as before, but the manifestation was more weird than before. The subject not only took the hands of one young man and displayed great affection for him, but impersonated his lately deceased father. The impersonation, in movement, expression and voice, was so perfect that it was recognized by all and they were all affected so deeply that for the time all the merriment with which the experiment began vanished.

The subject spoke distinctly, "God bless you, my com." Questions were answered and a great effort was made to impart some information by means of signs and half audible words.

In conversation the healer told the familiar story of how the call came to him to heal, of his success in curing his wife of headache, of his treatment of many neighbors for various ills, often with great success, especially in cases of nervousness and rheumatism. Then a local newspaper described his work. Within two weeks Newell was heralded as "The Vermont Schlatter." He closed his little blacksmith shop, and entered entirely on the work of healing. He had treated more than three thousand cases before he began to receive a regular fee. Now he has a regular business manager, a gentleman formerly connected with several colleges.

Newell's conversation is still in the vernacular of the country folk of the retired Vermont communities, and he abuses English to an extent that would



GEORGE CLARK.

amuse any bright ten-year-old lad from a city school.

He said that last year before he began to heal, he one day heard something say to his inner consciousness, "Go to Lake Pleasant! go to Lake Pleasant." He went to the lake, which is the leading New England resort for spiritualists, and had scarcely entered the grounds when a medium stepped up to him and said: "There is a big brave walking by your side, and he has something to say to you." Newell treated it humorously, but it was repeated. He was accompanied by his wife and sister, and the latter said: "Bradley, don't you remember your talk with Uncle George? Perhaps he has something to say to you." At this moment a young girl who was walking past the group threw up her hands and shouted, "Right, right!" "That girl is unconsciously a medium," said the first medium who had saluted Bradley.

His sister's words revealed a conversation years before when he and his uncle had said to each other jokingly that whichever died first should appear to the other, directly if possible; and, if not possible, through some medium. Newell had long forgotten this compact. The medium said a big brave stood by his side; the dead uncle weighed 330 pounds.

During his stay at Lake Pleasant Newell says he visited a medium, who told all his past history and predicted nearly all that has since come true. Other mediums made similar predictions. All spoke about a black, heavy box, which was to be of great importance to him; but it has not been found yet. The man's sincerity and evident honesty in telling us these things impressed us all.

He denies that he is a spiritualist and says he knows nothing about hypnotism. The impression gained of him was that of a man of strong will and great hypnotic power, although he seems wholly ignorant as to what his power is. Many persons declare that their pains vanished when Newell touched them, but many others felt no effect whatever. Probably one-half think they are benefitted at the time, but the percentage of persons who profess to have been permanently benefitted is small.

One result of Newell's success has been to bring out a horde of healers. George Clark, of Halifax, a town which adjoins Whitingham, who had been in the Vermont legislature, and there gained the title of the great objector, is now healing. Albert Larrabee, a bumptious youth of the same town, and Manley Rawson of Jamaica, another nearby town, also claim to have the art at command. Instances of cures by each are related. In fact, the woods in southern Vermont are getting to be full of healers, but Newell is the only one of them who is becoming rich. Newell is taking all the social honors that come his way, and will soon sail for Europe with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, of which he has been elected an honorary member. He hopes to shake hands with the Prince of Wales and to swap points on investments with Barney Barnato.

# 150TH ANNIVERSARY.

## SERVICES IN NEWARK'S ANTIQUATED CHURCH.

A Portion of It is the Oldest Piece of Masonry in That City — A Picturesquely Situated Edifice, Whose Spire Has Always Been White.

**B**ROAD street, Newark, is one of the oldest thoroughfares in this country, and unlike all old streets it is wide, reasonably straight, and decidedly picturesque and attractive, by reason of the arrangement of its

four or five parks, the outcome of commons which were set aside by the early settlers, whose wisdom in laying out the main street was far in advance of their times. Chief among the commons was the "training place," afterward named Military Park, where for more than 230 years assemblies, trainings, public meetings, and inspections have been held.

Over 150 years ago half an acre of the northern end of this common was reluctantly given up to worshippers in the Church of England. At that time and long afterward the Presbyterian church dominated in Newark, and in the early days of the century there was a binding law in Newark that none but members of one of the Congregational churches could hold office. Upon the half acre grudgingly given to the Episcopal church was erected the small building which was the tap root of old Trinity, whose pure white spire is now the most pleasing if not the most imposing object which strikes the eye in glancing up or down the thoroughfare. Its ancient quaintness makes Trinity far more interesting than the elaborations which architects have put upon the exterior of bigger and more recent structures in Newark, and it is not in the least dwarfed or deteriorated as an object of attention by its massive and ornate neighbor, the Peddie Memorial church. Trinity stands alone with a public park crowded with aged trees upon either side, and recently its 150th anniversary was celebrated.

The body of the church is homely and homelike. It was built of red sandstone from the Belleville quarries upon its present site in 1743, and three years later it received its charter from the Church of England. The original edifice was sixty-three feet long and forty-five feet wide, and from its front arose a square tower of stone twenty feet in width, upon which rested a white spire of pine reaching ninety-five feet in the air. Enlargements were made subsequently, rearward and sideways, but the tower with its arched entrance was never changed, and it is now said to be the oldest existing piece of masonry in Newark. New spires topped it at intervals, and each was higher than its predecessor, but all were painted white, and for generations it has been the popular supposition that something in the charter or in a deed of gift to the church imposed the injunction that only white paint should ever be used upon the steeple. Now it would be regarded as something worse than heresy to desecrate the graceful structure with any color.

The portico is supported by four round pillars of stucco-covered brick which were added when the church was rebuilt in 1810, the corner stone of the present edifice being laid on May 23, 1809, when reference was duly made to the fact that Washington worshipped in the church during his march through New Jersey in revolutionary times. Among others who frequently passed through its portals were Robert Morris, Robert Livingston, and Gen. Lord Livingston, and there is a legend



TRINITY CHURCH, NEWARK.

(Built 150 years ago.) that the old church was used as a hospital for the care of wounded Continental soldiers.

When the present edifice was built the pastor was Rev. Joseph Willard, who succeeded Uzal Ogden who took charge in 1788. Mr. Willard was succeeded in 1813 by the Rev. Louis P. Bayard. The Rev. Henry P. Powers followed in 1827, and ten years later came Matthew Henderson, under whose charge the church made great progress. He remained until 1852, and meanwhile Grace church and the House of Prayer were founded by him. He preached the first sermon in each. Mr. Henderson preached at the centennial celebration of Trinity in 1846, and three men who were members of the church at that time are now officers of Trinity. They are Cortlandt Parker, James D. Orton, and John A. Gifford, all of whom have been active in preparing for the 150th anniversary.

While the Rev. Mr. Henderson was organizing the House of Prayer, Trinity's most eloquent preacher took his place. This was the Rev. Samuel Southard, Jr., a son of United States Senator Samuel Southard. In the Rev. Mr. Henderson's declining days his

place was filled by the Rev. Alexander G. Mercer, who was sent to Newark by Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania. He was a young man, but he had such an influence for good that everybody sincerely regretted his departure to take a charge in Boston. The Rev. Dr. Neville was really the Rev. Mr. Henderson's successor. He went to Newark from St. Thomas's church in this city, and from Newark to Toronto after making a profound impression and countless friends. He was succeeded by the Rev. John C. Eccleston, who was followed in 1862 by the Rev. Matson Meier-Smith, who gave place to the Rev. William R. Nicholson, who in 1871 was followed by the Rev. William W. Newton. Four years later the Rev. James H. Eccleston took the charge and remained until 1883, when J. Sanders Reed began his career in the church and succeeded in making a slight sensation which caused several of the old members to withdraw. The Rev. Mr. Reed was succeeded a few years ago by the present pastor, the Rev. Louis S. Osborne.

A number of handsome gifts have been made to the church recently, and the interior has been considerably altered and handsomely refitted. One memorial gift from Christopher Richardson is a new altar of antique oak and brass, which is given in memory of his wife. Warren N. Trusdell has given a tall brass lectern, surmounted by an eagle, in memory of his son, who was drowned last year. Mr. John



REV. L. S. OSBORNE.

(The present pastor.) A. Gifford has handsomely tiled the sanctuary and furnished a new chancel rail.

### COURTESY OF MRS. CLEVELAND

She Invited a Stranger to Her Private Reception.

A trait that has added greatly to Mrs. Cleveland's popularity is her wonderful memory of faces and names, says an exchange. A woman visiting Washington during the last winter was most anxious to see Mrs. Cleveland. Upon inquiry she found that the only way in which this could be accomplished was to attend the public reception. This she accordingly did, but when she found herself in the procession composed of queer kinds of people who usually attend these functions she was greatly embarrassed. Beside her in the line was an old woman fresh from her stand in the market, who had left a basket of produce outside; in front was a cowboy from the prairies in slouch hat and top boots; near by she saw an old woman flower-seller with her basket of half-faded carnations in her hand. When at length she reached Mrs. Cleveland she said a few words of her distress at being one of such company. Mrs. Cleveland was all gracious. "If you will tell me your name and address," she said, with one of her bewitching smiles, "I will send you a card to my private reception. You will find that pleasant, I think." The visitor told her where she was staying and was much pleased at her pleasant reception but it did not occur to her as possible that the president's wife would remember the card. What then, was her astonishment to receive the card next morning! When she attended the private reception her cup of bliss was quite full when Mrs. Cleveland recognized her and called her by name.

### CURIOUS FACTS.

The world's railroads reach 407,566 miles.

One hundred new words are annually added to the English language.

More than one-half of the vapor in the atmosphere is within six thousand feet of the surface of the earth.

The sacred Bo tree of Ceylon is said to have sprung from a slip of the tree under which Buddha was born.

Lenenhook and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

A dealer says there is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

The bones of the skull are arched because in that form the greatest strength is combined with the least weight and quantity of material.

The Saxon village of Eisleben, famous as the birthplace of Luther, is falling into decay as the result of continued earthquake-shocks, which began in 1892.

Some workmen in a Gorham (N. H.) carpenter shop have a queer pet. It is a handsome butterfly, which has stayed in the shop all winter and is very tame.

A cow has been known to recognize the picture of a calf, and the tiger is said to be drawn to a trap by the picture of a companion. The timid horse, however, takes no notice of a picture, and a cat will not spring at a painted bird.

There is much of the devil's work that can only be done by the hypocrite.

# DARKEST BRUSSELS.

## BELGIUM'S CAPITAL STARTLED BY MANY MURDERS.

At the Head of a Gang Who Had for Their Object Murder and Plunder—A Long List of Mysterious Crimes Explained.

**T**HE inquiry into the murder of the aged Baroness Herby van Scherpenberg, leading to the arrest of Alexandre Courtols, formerly assistant chief of police, has brought to light one of the greatest criminal conspiracies on record in Brussels, Belgium.

The baroness, eighty years old, lived at No. 7 Rue de l'Arbre Benit, Ixelles, a suburb. On Sunday morning, April 26, she was discovered by a maid servant dead in bed, with a number of bluish marks about her neck and a gaping wound in her head. The closets of the room had been forced and ransacked. The small safe, in which the baroness had 35,000 francs (\$7,000), some bonds and stocks and rare family jewels and plate, had been carried off.

Two large watch-dogs were in the yard. They never before had failed to announce anything unusual after nightfall. The baroness' lap dog was in the room when the murderer entered, but made no sound. The servants said that the baroness' son returned home about 2:30 a. m. Sunday. He found everything as usual, except that the lap dog was in the lower hallway. The street door was fastened, the servants had retired and all was quiet. As the appearance of the small dog in the lower hall was not unusual, the young man went to bed. Two men residing in the same street, while on their way home about 2 a. m. Sunday, saw two persons standing opposite the house, but their description of those persons was most meager.

On that Sunday forenoon a well-dressed, fine-looking man presented himself at the office of a broker on the Bourse (shops are kept open in that country on Sunday morning.) He said he was an artillery officer and gave his name as Lefebvre. He had just decided to go to Ghent, with some other officers, to buy horses. He had six bonds of 1,000 francs (\$200) each which he wanted to negotiate in order to get cash for the prospective purchases. The numbers of the stolen bonds not then having been posted, the broker made the usual advances. On Monday morning a farmer living in the Commune Leeuw St. Pierre found the baroness' safe in a wheat field, broken open and its contents gone. That morning the numbers of the stolen bonds were posted on the Bourse, and the broker who had made the advances to the supposed army officer told of the circumstances. It developed that there was no officer named Lefebvre in the service. A number of photographs of persons answering the broker's description of the "officer" were laid before him and he picked out one as the picture of the man who got money from him for the bonds. It was a photograph of M. Courtols, formerly assistant chief of police in Brussels.

M. Courtols was arrested. He said there must be some mistake. The broker had not previously known him, having located in Brussels after the assistant chief had retired from the police service. M. Courtols was mixed up with a lot of prisoners and the broker was asked if the man who sold him the bonds was among the number. Without hesitation he pointed to M. Courtols.

The ex-assistant chief's house was searched, the plate was found and a coat which contained the balance of the stolen bonds. Its sleeves showed spots of blood and saliva. In other clothing were found many pawn tickets, and in the cellar a large quantity of pawn receipts, issued by brokers in cities remote from Brussels, which were regarded as evidence of other crimes.

Finally he admitted having been concerned in the negotiating of the bonds, but denied complicity in the murder. When it was known that the ex-police official was in jail, persons whose mouths had been sealed began to give



ALEXANDRE COURTOIS.

information. It was recalled that he had been accused of the robbery of the Countess of Flanders, and had been connected, as a police officer, with clearing up the mystery of the murdered Bockel English family. He had married a former servant of the Countess of Flanders, and his peculiar actions at the time the English family was murdered apparently frustrated the efforts to detect the murderers.

With the arrest of two men, named Restiau and Smits, the brother of Courtols (also a former police officer) and three women, came the sensational report that this last murder was only one of a large number committed

in Brussels and its vicinity in seven or eight years by a band of robbers and assassins, of which Ex-Assistant Chief of Police Courtols is believed to have been the leader.

It is thought Courtols planned and helped carry out the robbery of the Countess of Flanders. It is recalled that he re-detailed certain police officers on the night of that famous robbery, which occurred during a fete when policemen had been detailed to guard the palace. The theory is that Courtols and his accomplices, among them his present wife, had so arranged matters that the robbers gained access to the secret passage leading to the palace, and that Courtols then so re-detailed the policemen not in his confidence that the robbers were able to leave the palace without detection.

The murder of Mrs. Bockel and her children is also re-called. They had gone to visit "Venice in Brussels," a Midway Pleasure on a small scale. It is believed they took a cab after the concert to drive back to the city. They were evidently driven in a wrong direction. At an appointed spot accomplices took them from the cab, murdered them and threw their bodies into the canal. Mrs. Bockel was known to carry all her money and jewels on her person. No money or jewels was found on the bodies. The magistrate who conducted the inquiry now claims, it is stated, that every effort to apprehend the guilty parties was frustrated by Courtols.

The postoffice robbers, who escaped the Ludlow Street Jail in New York, have been in jail in Brussels for months, charged with a jewelry robbery at Ostend. It is now claimed that they are innocent of the latter crime, but that members of the Courtols gang committed the deed, and, recognizing these American crooks, ran them in for it. The American minister, Mr. Ewing, applied for the extradition of these post-office robbers, but this was refused until the men had served the time given them for this robbery. The finding of further evidence of the actions of Courtols and his accomplices may result in turning these post-office robbers over to the American authorities.

The gang with which Courtols surrounded himself was in the habit, it is proved, of making sweethearts of servants in rich families, who kept the gang posted as to the contents of their houses and the actions of their masters.

One of the late baroness' maid servants has suddenly disappeared. She announced that her father had fallen from a building and she must go home to see him before he died. Investigation proves that the accident never happened, but thus far the detectives have been unable to locate her. It is thought that she either made it possible for the assassin to secrete himself in the baroness' room or to enter the house unobserved.

One plan of robbing residences at



ADOLPH COURTOIS.

tributed to Courtols was as novel as it was successful. When he thought a large amount of money or valuable jewelry was kept in a house, it is asserted that he would send some pals to make a feint at robbery. These feints usually consisted in sawing out the lock of the front-door entrance or leaving evidence that robbers had tried to get in through lower windows or cellarways. The head of the house naturally reported the case to the police. Courtols would go to the house, the family would show him where the valuables were, he would tell how to guard them and in a short time the house would be robbed.

Courtols' parents, who live at Bruges, were soon to celebrate their diamond wedding, but the aged father on hearing of his son's arrest and the details of the crimes accredited to him and his gang, is said to have fallen in a fit of apoplexy and is now supposed to be dying.

The laws of Belgium prescribe the death penalty for murder and some other crimes, but King Leopold has declared that no human life shall ever be taken for the commission of crime while he is king. The courts pass sentence of death, but it is not executed.

A very strong effort is being made to prove that Courtols is insane, and this in connection with the announcement that the government is to be asked to explain why he has always been given protection, has caused considerable comment in regard to the course of the magistrate, who acted, as was thought at the time, somewhat hastily, in sentencing three men who informed upon Courtols when the palace of the Count of Flanders was robbed. These men were each given a fine of 1,000 francs and one year's imprisonment for attempting to defame the character of a trusted city and government official. People are asking why this man, when accused by reputable citizens, was screened by the authorities, and innocent men were punished.

According to the Lady Cyclist, the Sultan some time ago introduced bicycles into his harem for the punishment of refractory wives.

# KATE FIELD'S LIFE.

## THE FAMOUS WRITER A GENIUS FROM CHILDHOOD.

Her Efforts in Behalf of Womankind Have Been Blessed With Good Results—Her Washington Paper Was a Free Lance.

**T**HE late Kate Field was a genius from childhood. She was born in St. Louis about fifty years ago; the exact date seems to have escaped the pen of the many who have been writing about her for a score of years. Walter Savage

Landor was attracted by her talent when she was a slip of a girl and he at once assumed her tutelage. He taught her Latin. He never forgot the association and, at his death, bequeathed her a valuable portfolio of drawings, inscribed with these words:

Modest as winged angels are, And no less brave and no less fair. She was sent to Florence very young, and there she acquired music and the modern languages. She became acquainted with George Eliot, and took her harmony lessons from the best teachers in Italy. All this was of advantage in Miss Field's latter days, the association with the great English woman forming the basis for a keen analysis of the character of George Eliot and her works. She also met the Brownings there, and, from all sources received impressions which helped to put her into the midst of the brightest critics and literature makers in the country.

This was, however, not the only way in which she became distinguished. She was a lecturer of note and ability, a politician of the shrewdest and best type, a philanthropist, an editor, a leader in a half-dozen ways, the brilliancy of any one of which would have made her name a monument among the most brilliant of American women.

Her life in Washington was of historical moment. She labored there for years in an effort to establish a paper, which she called Kate Field's Washington—a manner of free lance which was nothing more and nothing less than Kate Field. She used the columns for the furtherance of views which were sometimes radical, but always in favor of the greater good of the people. It cost plenty of money to keep the plant going, and, after a long, hard, conscientious fight, she was compelled to give up the enterprise. She even went upon the lecture platform to get money for the paper, but the strain was finally more than she could stand. She paid every cent of the indebtedness in time and never lost track of the very humblest assistant on the



KATE FIELD.

paper until she had secured for each and all new positions.

It was during this eventful period she began the crusade for free art. She labored with the house committee to have importations of this kind placed upon the free list that the collectors of her country might not be embarrassed in trying to establish worthy galleries in this land. Major McKinley listened to her eloquence, as did the balance of the house committee. The major recommended the granting of the request. She then moved with great glee to the senate, but did not meet with the same success in the upper house. Art was inserted in the bill as a dutiable product, but she never gave up the fight. She argued that it went there only as a compromise, which was in itself a half confession, to her mind, that it had no right there.

Miss Field urged a vigorous crusade against polygamy. She has probably spoken in every large city in the union against this evil, and was a perfect encyclopedia of facts in relation to it. She went to Utah long ago to study the institutions existing there, and then wrote about them with a fierceness that did most effective service. She stopped in Salt Lake City while on her way to the Hawaiian Islands, and her observation of Mormonism's latter day aspect were read with lively interest. It was part of her creed never to drop a campaign until she was fairly beaten, which was very rarely, or had won a decided victory. This spirit was clearly manifested in her work in the west. She was the pioneer in the fight against Mormonism's evils. Her stirring talks first aroused the people to its phases, which had been hidden by distance and inaccessibility, and it is not more than fair to give her most of the credit for the public sentiment which aroused, made subsequent legislation possible.

Miss Field had her own views about the position of her sex. She believed

herself equal to the task of mind which might be the lot of man. One of her memorable editorials is very plain upon this point, and ran as follows:

If it so happens that a good deal is said in its columns about women, it is because women are an interesting study; not because they are angels in the pin-feather stage on one hand, or poor crushed worms on the other, waiting for somebody to turn them. Woman is a human being, seeking, like man, to find her level. Next to shutting her out of occupations and enjoyments for which nature has manifestly fitted her, simply because she is a woman, the worst thing you can do for her is to pat her on the head for her success, simply because she is a woman. The sensible course is to treat her just as you would a man. Some things she can do better, some she does worse. Don't praise her second-rate work any more than you would treat conspicuously that which is first-rate. All she needs is a fair field and no favor. Anyone who demands more than that of her is her enemy rather than her friend."

### London Lunacy.

In London one may see strange things. Almost everybody knows about the bare-headed academicians, but the sight of a pug dog with clothes, boots, and even an umbrella to protect him from the sun or rain is something new. London ladies are carrying the pet dog matter to extremes. There are dog boots for wet weather—nice little rubber galoshes with black studs and buttons. There are fancy boots, worn at dog parties, of soft brown Russia, with pretty silk lace to match. These dog boots are more expensive than human boots, for a set of them, tiny as



"WHILE CHILDREN STARVE."

they are, costs 2 guineas, or \$10. The rubber shoes are worn by rheumatic dogs. London's climate is favorable to the development of rheumatism among dogs and many of the animals have a foot trouble peculiar to London. Dogs are received in society on equal terms with human beings. They make morning calls, elaborately dressed, with their mistresses, and the dog's card is always left with that of the lady. This proceeding is a serious matter and the mistress never thinks of laughing at her own folly. They are making very expensive dog baskets quite prettily lined. Where it will all stop who knows?

### These May Be English Readers.

It seems an impudent thing to say, but we believe that the majority of proprietors of daily papers are still wonderfully unaware of some of the conditions of their own trade. They never, for example, realize the profound ignorance of the mass of their readers but go on publishing telegrams and even, strange to say, accounts of battles without editing them, without notes, without explanations even of geographical references. They are unable to believe that nine out of every ten of their readers do not know where Armenia is, are wholly ignorant of the connection of Spain with Cuba, and are not sure that Venezuela is not a dependency of British India. Nor are they ever aware that among their audience there are thousands who, though not ignorant, never keep up with the news, who miss intelligence for a week or two at a time and who are utterly puzzled when they take up the threads to understand what the last turn in the kaleidoscope may mean.—The Spectator.

### Heiress to Baron Hirsch's Millions.

The Baroness Hirsch, who is nominally the legatee of the Hirsch millions, was instructed by her late husband to make their grandchild, Lucienne, her heiress. Lucienne is the



BARONESS HIRSCH

daughter of the baroness' only son. She is a handsome girl, in her teens. The future heiress is being educated in Belgium in royal state. She has her own chapel, a private chaplain and all the appurtenances of a princess, and a very rich princess at that. She is being educated as a Catholic, out of deference to the wishes of her mother, who was a French governess. Lucienne will be the greatest heiress in the world when she is in possession of the late Baron Hirsch's millions.

### Business.

If you are a business man, be a shrewd business man. You will find that it is the motive that counts most in the end.—Bishop W. X. Niada.





# FOR HOME BUILDERS.

## SOME ADVICE AS TO INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

It is becoming popular with those who like an artistic finish—for the flooring and walls—out of date materials.

(Copyright, 1896.)

The wood finish and joiner work of a house puzzles many a man who contemplates building. The estimates for the various styles of finish differ quite materially, and yet the matter is one that cannot be settled off-hand by the question of price, as the owner wants to be sure that he will get satisfactory results, for this is the one part of the house that is abiding. He may change his outer walls, he may build additions, he may alter his system of heating and plumbing, but it is quite impossible to tear out the woodwork and replace it with another kind; so it behooves the man who is about to erect a house to give this subject the most careful attention and "be sure he is right before he goes ahead." If the matter of money does not cut any figure, of course the problem is simple. There are the rich and valuable hardwoods that produce the most beautiful effects when finished by competent cabinet makers, such as mahogany (both San Domingo and white), butternut, sycamore and quartered oak, which can be used appropriately in the different rooms, and the results will be a constant pleasure to the eye and a gratification of the artistic sense.

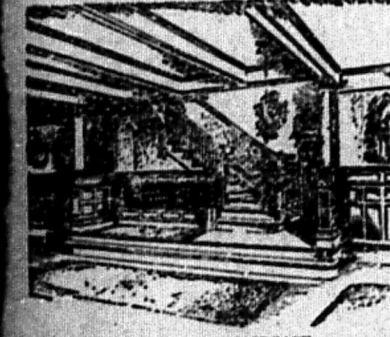
These luxuries, however, are impossible to most house owners, as the question of cost must dominate most plans, so that the choice is restricted to the cheaper hard woods and the few soft woods that are used for the purpose. Chestnut and ash are satisfactory in certain cases, but the result is rarely pleasing if they are used for all the joinery work, having little beauty of grain and lacking in warmth of color. Cherry is immeasurably better than either, but it should always be used in its own beautiful soft color, with rich satin effect. Cherry that is stained to imitate mahogany deceives no one, loses all its natural beauty and is always an abomination.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

It is only within the past few years that one of the best American woods, with fine color and effective grain, has been used for interior finish. This is pine, and few woods yield a better effect. Time was when pine was freely used, but was always grained to imitate the various hard woods, the art of the grainer being wonderfully perfected. Many panels and doors of the old-time are marvels of misdirected art, the height of philistinism—which has happily fallen into desuetude. After graining came the return to the painting of woodwork in solid colors, and in some few cases this is not to be condemned at present. Houses that from their situation are bound to be dark sometimes gain from the woodwork painted in light warm tones. But paint will not long remain fresh, becoming scratched and grimy, and then nothing can be done save to paint it all over again, at considerable cost. On the contrary, wood that is oiled, waxed, shellaced or varnished can be touched up in spots whenever it is needed, and at comparatively no expense.

For cottages and small inexpensive houses, perhaps the best results are obtained by the use of cherry and pine, in their natural colors. Both woods harmonize well, and there are no violent contrasts where the two are compelled to meet. The use of hard woods, like oak, chestnut, or ash, for a few rooms, finishing the rest of the house in any soft wood, makes a contrast that will always be displeasing to the critical eye. Whitewood and basswood are sometimes used, but these have no grain at all to speak of; when stained, they are always vile; in natural finish they are not displeasing, but they are not to be commended on account of their lack of durability. A single dig from a carelessly used rocking chair will gouge out a piece as effective as a chisel.



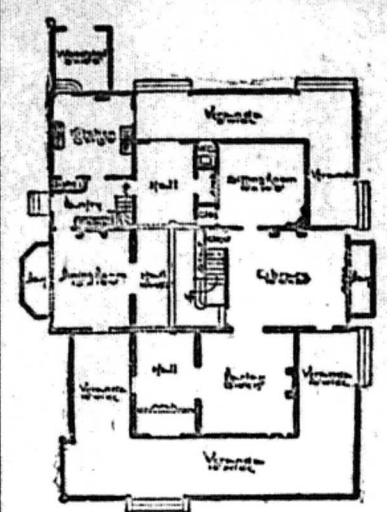
HALL AND STAIRCASE.

The one prime caution in the use of any wood is to avoid as much as possible machine work. The stair rail should be large and worked with simple curves. The balusters should be firm, of good size and plain. Most cheap houses sin mainly in their mantels, generally being monstrousities built up of cheap machine moulding and tawdry turned spindles and rosettes. The line of a mantel should be simple, the general design should be severely plain, and if the size of the room will warrant it, it should be massive. The artistic eye of the architect can here be shown in the careful selection of design in mantels and tasteful draughting of detail in stairways and interior woodwork. Such details

should never be left to the carpenter, contractor or builder, but be shown and selected before by the architect. We show here a house that can be built for about \$12,000, together with the interior view of hall and staircase from the first floor.

General Dimensions: Extreme width, 62 ft. 6 ins.; depth, including veranda, 78 ft. 8 ins. Heights of stories: First story, 10 ft. 6 ins.; second story, 9 ft. 6 ins.; attic, 8 ft.

Exterior Materials: Foundation, piers; first story, clapboards; second story, gables and roofs, shingles. Outside blinds to all windows except

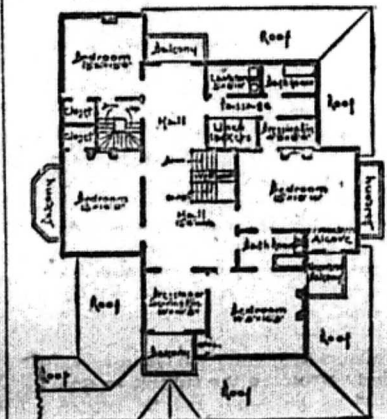


FIRST FLOOR.

those of parlor, library, dining and drawing rooms.

Interior Finish: Hard white plaster; plaster ornaments and centers in parlor, library and dining room. Hard pine flooring in hall, dining room, kitchen, servants' hall; soft wood flooring elsewhere. Red baywood trim in first and second stories, except in kitchen and pantry, where soft wood is used. Ceiling of hall and dining room paneled to imitate open timber work. Panels under windows in parlor, main hall, library and dining room. Wainscoting in kitchen and bath room. Stairs, baywood. Interior woodwork finished in hard oil.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the plans. No cellar. Billiard room, hall, two bedrooms and tank in attic. Hall, ten feet wide,



SECOND FLOOR.

runs through house from front to rear, with very handsome recessed staircase. Sliding doors connect hall, parlor, library and dining room. Open fireplaces in parlor, dining room, sitting room, library and three bedrooms. Two bath rooms in second story, and two independent water closets.

Cost: \$8405, not including mantels, range and heater. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should be less. The Co-Operative Building Plan Association, New York.

### ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.

Lioness Who Nursed a Puppy—The Cat and Her Chickens.

Animals form very strong and very strange friendships, says the New York Journal. Thus, for instance, a lioness from Somaliland has recently taken under her most tender protection a youthful bull terrier, which she treats as well as if he were her own son and heir. Curiously enough, she will have nothing whatever to do with her young friend's affectionate brothers and sisters, and, while the favorite reposes, securely under her protection she has nothing but a very suggestive snarl for the rest. Again, there is a young Maltese cat, which, on finding out in some mysterious manner that a nestful of tiny chickens were left motherless, took the orphaned family at once in hand, or, rather, paw, and the fluffy party made themselves immediately at home in the warm fur coat of the strange foster-mother. If, we are told, one of the babies ever happens to stray too far afield, the furry foster-mother recalls it at once with a plaintive mew. An equally curious case is told by M. Bellet of a terrier and a cat, both of whom were the mothers of happy families in the same stables, exchanging their progeny and nursing and tending their adopted children with the utmost care. At the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, a lioness and a hound live in the same cage in perfect peace and friendliness and in a corner in north Germany a gamekeeper has recently reared a mixed litter of pups and fox-cubs.

### Conversation.

The tone of conversation is the keynote of the moral influence. It is no necessary to be as learned as Aristotle or sage as Diogenes to be instructive in conversation. The wit which handles instruction winningly and honestly is the conversationalist admired. The frivolous buffoonery to win a laugh only is soon forgotten and its place void unless covered by nettles.—Rev. W. A. Colledge.

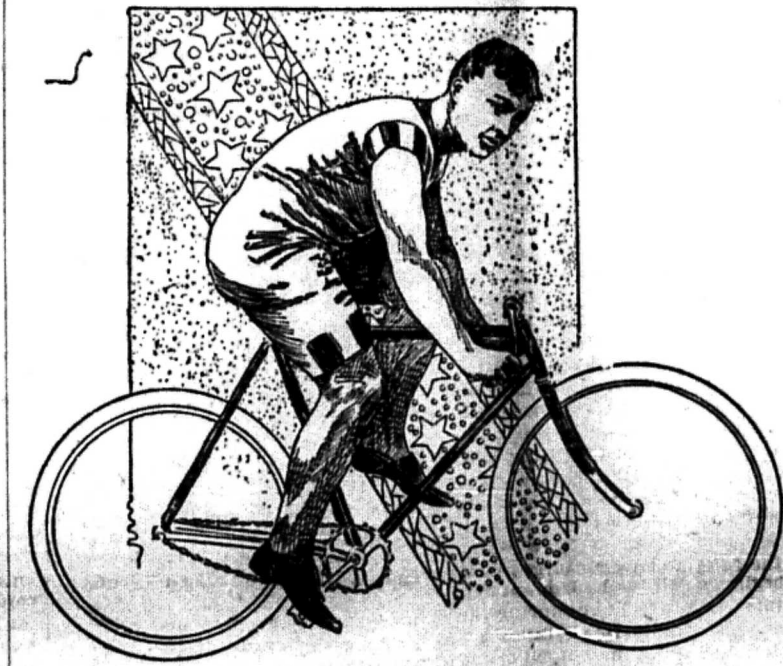
# GENERAL SPORTING.

## RECENT DOINGS IN VARIOUS FIELDS OF SPORT.

Tom Eck and Ray Macdonald in Paris—Bicycles Coming from Japan—Kush, Iowa's Great Sprinter—A Spring Seat at Last.



TOM ECK, the bicycle impresario, is a clever advertiser in a way, but his way advertises himself more than it does the wheel made by the firm that pays the freight of his present expedition through Europe. Victory has not perched often on his banner, and the men in his party seem to be meeting defeat in almost every race they enter. Johnnie Johnson and Ray Macdonald are the stars and Antoine Johnson the "plugger" of the expedition. Johnson was beaten repeatedly, but Macdonald has been more fortunate. He has won a race or two. It is probably for that reason the Paris bicycle papers print his pictures under the line, "Champion class B rider of America." Macdonald is not—never has been the class B champion of America. That's where the "clever advertising" comes in, and Tom Eck, having taken Macdonald under his wing, has to boom him properly. He has missed no opportunity so far. In fact the little fellow is now sometimes facetiously called "Tom X Ray Macdonald," and his connection with the Eck expedition explains how he happens to be called in Europe the "Class B Champion of America." Johnnie Johnson has had to lower his colors on various occasions in Paris to Mar-



RAY MACDONALD.

lon and Jaap Eden, the "flying Dutchman" of European cycling. Eck maintains that his men are not yet in as good condition for racing as they will be later on when they will take races from Europeans right and left. Trainers in America declare, though, that the best riders on the other side are too tricky for Johnson, if not too speedy. Johnson is a phenomenon against the clock, but he has not the best head in the world for racing tactics. It may be, though, that he will "take a brace" soon and do what American cyclists wish he would. It is too soon yet to say that he will not win.

It is noticeable, however, how little mention is made of the wheel Johnson rides, the wheel whose makers pay Johnson's car fare and hotel bills. It is "Eck's team" that is heard of, with Johnson and Macdonald as members of it. Which furnishes another illustration of the small value of racing teams for advertising purposes. The same amount of money spent in legitimate advertising channels would bring far greater returns or if saved



J. H. RUSH.

altogether might have a tendency to reduce the cost of wheels to the individual purchaser, who really "pays the freight" and do not care what wheel Johnson or anybody else is paid to ride.

There has been a good deal of talk in regard to the possible importation of Japanese bicycles, which are to be sold at \$10 or \$12 each. Representative Newlands of Nevada recently presented a resolution in the house of representatives, adopted by the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, calling the attention of congress and of the country to the invasion of manufactured products from oriental countries, particularly Japan. He made a short address at the time, and spoke of the sales of bicycles at \$12 each, which were imported from Japan and sold in San Francisco. R. R. Burr of Washington sent a copy of Mr. Newlands' remarks to A. J. Posten, the Pacific coast passenger agent of the Union Pa-

cific railway, a personal friend, requesting that the Japanese consul at San Francisco be shown the clipping. This was done, and a reply received as follows: "In accordance with your instructions, I called upon the Japanese consul. He said that he could only reiterate that he had remarked upon the subject at a former visit; that is, there are no bicycles manufactured as yet in Japan. He went on to say that while labor in Japan is very, very cheap, yet his country does not produce the material necessary, but as his people were quick to observe, at some time they perhaps might imitate our wheels, only by getting material from either Europe or America. This, he claimed, was really compulsory, in which event they could not afford to place them on our market for \$25. He informed me that he received many letters daily on the same question."

There is a strong contingent of American wheels in London, Eng., at the present time, notable among them being the Columbia bicycle. Its riders include the Countess Cairns, Lady Spencer Churchill, Lady Hay, Lady St. Leonards, Lady Dunleath, Mrs. Berens, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Earl of Dunraven, H. Rider Haggard and Henry Norman. The Columbia is a machine which yields to your every call, and your command over it is complete. Weighing but 23 pounds, it is nevertheless, as strong a machine as any one could wish for, and that is because it is made of the finest nickel-steel, the sort of which our cannon are made. The Columbia bicycle has taken its makers nearly a quarter of a century to bring it to its present perfection. Its peculiar features are its new crank shaft, the fitting of which on the '85 machine caused such wonderment among the mechanical experts of the whole American continent and the 'cycling world in general.

The great mare Yo Tambien is dead.

She was taken to the McGrathiana Stud, near Lexington, Kk., a couple of months ago and bred to Hanover, and on the afternoon of May 20, while romping in the paddock with Hattie, she ran into a fence, the end of a splintered rail penetrating her abdomen on the right side near the fourth rib and piercing the diaphragm. She lived but fifteen minutes. Yo Tambien was by Joe Hooker out of Marian, and was the property of Chris. Smith.

If J. Harland Kush, the young sprinter from the Grinnell College, does not prove to be another John V. Crum in the athletic world he will sadly disappoint an entire state. Iowans are sure the handsome fellow who created such a sensation before one of the biggest crowds ever assembled in Marshalltown recently will prove to be one of the fastest sprinters America has ever produced. There seems to be good ground for the confident expectations reposed in the boy from Waterloo. At the state championship meeting at Marshalltown he performed with great credit to himself, winning the four sprinting events handily in time that stamps the new man as having brilliant future on the cinder path. He ran fifty yards in 0:05 2-5, 100 in 0:10 2:00 in 0:20 3-5, 220 in 0:22 3-5, and closed the day by romping away from his field in the quarter mile event in 0:53. This is a day's work that even the wonderful Wefers might well be proud of. Kush has been in training for running less than one year. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds in good condition. He has a perfect style, which comes natural to him, and in action on the track looks like a runner who has been in the sport for years. This is all the more remarkable from the fact that he has never had the advantages of being handled by a trainer of experience, who could advise the young man of his faults. He is exactly 21 years old, and what he knows about sprinting he picked up by seeing others perform. The interest in the coming of Kush is widespread among the colleges of the west.

### Sporting Briefs.

St. Louis has loaned pitcher Wood to the Columbus (O.) club. Ethel and Lottie Rinker of St. Louis are two young ladies who handle a shot gun well. Among the New York polo cranks John E. Cowdin is said to have some clinking green ponies. At this early season all polo ponies, like 2-year-olds at the race tracks, get the benefit of the deucht and are called as coming marvels.

Shirt-Waists. The newest shirt-waists are tucked across the fronts the depth of a yoke, and have a corresponding number of tucks running round the tops of the sleeves in a direct line from those in the yoke; and a very novel one has the whole sleeve tucked upside down in half-inch tucks, every tuck falling out slightly, from its own weight. There is a new lining called ribbon-cloth, which has a pretty gloss, and comes in all the delicate colors, and is very suitable for using under organdies and lawns, when taffeta is too expensive.—July Demorests.

An Appeal for Assistance. The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mate appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the glands that secrete his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use it, if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

Sand and grit will win the day in battling 'gainst life's hardest knocks, but they never ought to have their way as factors in the strawberry box.

Dr. Carstedt's German Liver Syrup is the ideal cathartic. Purely vegetable. It promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. 50 cents and \$1 bottles at all drug-gists, or the Carstedt-Medicine Co., Evansville, Ind.

As might be inferred from his name, Mr. Bean, the new Chief Justice of Oregon, is a native of Boston.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

"She gets her complexion from her mother's folks." "Ah, indeed; are they Gruggists, then?"

The Bane of Beauty. Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet unfurled by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, HIRE'S Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. Best by any test.

PENNSYLVANIA JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 2 years last war, 1862-1864. W. N. U. St. L.—'96—991--28.

FREE HOMES From Uncle Sam. Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.

Battle AX PLUG. Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

Standard of the World. For nineteen years we have been building Columbia Bicycles, constantly improving them, as we have discovered better materials and better methods, until today they rank, not only in America, but in Europe, as the handsomest, strongest, lightest and easiest running bicycles made. Columbia Bicycles are made in the largest and most completely equipped factories in the world, and every detail of their manufacture is carried on upon thoroughly scientific lines, thus preventing mistakes or imperfections. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

