"SQUEALER" NEVER GOT AWAY

System of New York Police in This Regard Said to Have Been a Magnificent One.

The destruction of men who betray the guilty secrets of the police is: nothing new in New York city. Rosenthal followed others who were puts away for offenses similar to his own.

There was Big McAuliffe, who, a. few years ago, committed the deadly i sin of informing on the police and their system of protection to pickpockets. His friends say that Mo-Auliffe never drank, but he was arrested one night on a charge of intoxication. He went into the West 47th street police station a strong man in the best of health. He was turned out the next morning to die in the gutter almost at the stationhouse door. An autopsy showed that his skull had been fractured and that his body was covered with terrible bruises. Fruitless investigation was made, with the police inspector then in charge of the detective bureau apologising for and defending the men who either killed McAuliffe or

permitted him to be killed. Lefty Boyle, an expert pickpocket, long enjoyed a license to steal in three New York precincts. In the course of his work Boyle one day learned that John Pritchett, an Alabama farmer, was walking about the Tenderloin with \$2,500 so securely pinned to his undershirt as to defy even his deft fingers. He reported to his police patron and Pritchett was taken to the Tenderloin police station on a charge of intoxication.

When Pritchett was released by the police his money was gone. Boyle went to the station and demanded his share of the proceeds, but received nothing more satisfactory than a blow in the face and instructions to go out and do his own stealing.

Boyle went straight away to the district attorney to whom he told his story—a story of police protection for all of his kind. Once more a wave of public indignation swept New York. Pritchett's money was returned to bim, a fair confession that Boyle had told the truth. Policeman Joseph Lang and Detective Sergeant Cornelius Sullivan were arrested. Six days before the two were to be called to trial, Boyle, whose testimony was necessary if they were to be convicted incautiously ventured into a Tenderloin street. At 1 o'clock in the morning he was found on the sidewalk dying, with a bullet in his spine.—Metropolitan.

How a Vote Was Lost.

The favor of the public is as hard to keep now as it was when Aristides was voted out of Athens because the citizens were tired of hearing him called "The Just." .. David B. Parker, A Chautauqua Boy of '61," tells how former Gov. John A. Dix of New York lost a vote when he ran for re-election against Samuel J. Tilden.

General Dix used to say that at his home on Long Island he had set aside a plot of ground, built a substantial house, and given it, rent free, to a fisherman, the only condition being that the fisherman should supply the governor's family with fish at the prices that ruled in the nearby village. The fisherman also had a large family of children, who were assisted by Governor Dix's family in many ways. As election day approached Governor Dix met the man and said to him:

"Well, I hope you have liked my administration as governor well enough to vote for me next Tuesday." "I am very sorry, governor," answered the fisherman, "but I have received two letters from Mr. Tilden that have convinced me that we ought to have a change, and I think it is my duty to vote for him."

What have you to complain of?" asked Governor Dix.

"Governor," he replied, "I have not averaged more than three eels to s pot for the last three months."-Youth's Companion.

Rich Man's Hobby. The life ambition of one of the world's richest men is-fleas, according to the Chicago Tribune. He possesses them from everywhere—fleas from South America, fleas from Europe, fleas from the arctic, and fleas from Australia. Big fleas, little fleas, medium-sized ones, fleas with spots and fleas without 'em. The Hon-Charles Rothschild, son of the late Lord Rothschild, and a member of the wichest family in the world, loves them mil, and has resolved his life into one grand song whereof the refrain is flets, fleas, fleas.. For fifteen years he has pursued fleas persistently, internationally, paying large sums or small sums to achieve his desire, until now his fice collection ranks as the greatseet in the world. Practically every species of animal carries around excess baggage in the shape of an individually designed flea. Charles Rothschild possesses 450 types of flea. But his collection is not complete, not nearly complete, and the man who can discover a kind of fice which Charles Rothschild doesn't possess is on the 🐙 way to gratitude and money.

> Benefit. "Do you think that politics helps

ADe farmer "Some," replied Farmer Corntonsel. "This habit o' takin' straw votes mught to push up the price of straw quite considerable."

Monotony by Night and Day. "There's nothing new under the gun," said the ready made philosopher. "Tes," answered the man who yanws, and it's pretty much the same old story after the sun goes down and they turn on the electric lights."

MARVELS OF SURGERY

ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE ARE THE CASES RECORDED.

Equipped With Perfect Knowledge of the Human Frame, There Seems Nothing Which the Modern Dootor May Not Accomplish.

Since the days when Shakespeare drew that serio-comic picture of the apothecary, surgical science has certainly made wonderful strides. You know the barber's pole is painted white and red, because in bygone days the barber was the only dentist, and the white streaks stood for the lather plastered on the jaws of humanity, while the red stripes typified the blood thta flows from human gums when you pull aching teeth with an instrument little more handy than a pair of tongs. Shakespeare's apothecary and the old-fashioned dentist stood fo rabout all the surgical skill there was in the world.

It is a long course from that to the surgery practiced at Redding, Cal., not long since, when a six-year-old boy fell from the rafters of a barn 12 feet to the floor, striking on his stomach and producing copious hemorrhage in the abdomen. This would have presented a task for Shakespeare's apothecary, and the dentist of that day which would have been far beyond their skill. It was really an easy job for the surgical science of today to handle. The expert surgeons simply laid the child on his back, cut his abdomen open, took therefrom every one of the internal organs, found the hemorrhage to proceed from the diaphragm, an unusual place to be ruptured, sewed up the wound, replaced all the organs, including the stomach, as they should be, then sewed up the abdomen and laid the boy away quite comfortably to rest and

recuperate. Every organ in the abdomen of the child had been taken from its place and had lain on a table for an hour. they had all been replaced properly. and the hope of the child's recovery at the time this is written is great. Modern surgical science can do greater things than this. It can take the heart out of a human breast and hold that palpitating vital organ in its hands, operate around it with its delicate instruments, remove obstruc-

tions therefrom, and otherwise administer to the recuperation of its perfectly healthful action, put it back in place, and the subject suffer no permanent injury.

Unreflective persons are given to sneering at medical science, and no doubt the medical faculty admit young men to practice medicine who are not thoroughly equipped for the task. But that is a small matter weighed against the devotion of conscientions physicians who grudge no pains in learning how to minister to bodies and minds diseased. There is no science in which a larger number of devoted men spend more years or give more thorough study to the improvement of professional knowledge and the scientific treatment of the subjects coming under their care than the medical profession. Nor is there any other profession to which the human family owes a greater debt of gratitude for their unwearying attention in sick ness and accidents.—Exchange.

The French Presidency. Several persons are named for the presidency of the French republic to succeed M. Fallieres, whose sevenyear term of office expires with the beginning of the new year. Among them are Leon Bourgeois, who it is said, would have a "walk over"-this American term now appearing in French politics. But M. Bourgeois will not declare himself a candidate. Antonin Dubols, despite his pretentions, will have no chance for the reason that he is president of the senate and the chamber of deputies will not consent to send to the presidency of France for the third time the president of that body. This would, it is held, have the effect of giving to the senste the privilege of naming the president of the republic. Jean Dupuy, minister of public works, has been mentioned, but he is said to lack prestige. Another name is that of M. Pams, who, however, does not, it is said, desire this high fortune, though he would accept it if it were urged upon him as a matter of duty. It is said that Mr. Poincare is the choice of M. Clemenceau, "le tigre," whose election would vacate the presidency of the council, which is the real seat of power in France, a position that M. Clemenceau would not be

averse to filling again. Mummy as "Dried Fish." The customs authorities at Cher bourg are in a quandary as to the admission of a postal package containing the cremated remains of a Frenchman who died is New York. Not long ago their colleagues at Marseilles were confronted with a somewhat similar difficulty. A well-known French Egyptologist arrived at that port with a royal mummy. The officials were informed, on inquiry, that the case contained a Pharaoh. The tariff list was searched in vain for any such article as a Pharaob, and it was decided to levy duty on the highest scale in order to be on the safe side. The mummy was accordingly assessed as "dried flab."

Bad Omen.

"You never speculate in corn?" said the Chicago man.

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I got the idea that my luck didn't run that way. Finding a red car at a husking bee was how I come to get engaged."

HAS FUND OF WAR TALES

Boer Captain's Experiences of Exciting Times Full of Interesting and Humorous Details.

Capt. C. Van de Watering, one of the heroes of the Boer war, and a man of wide experience in many parts of the world, was in Philadelphia recently and was prevailed upon to tell some of his opinions concerning the figures which loomed large in those troubled times in South Africa, according to the Philadelphia Ledger. The captain is a Dutchman born, but he speaks English perfectly, and likewise French and German. Since giving up the profession of soldier he has been in the much more peaceful pursuit of selling varnish. He is a remarkable developed man physically, and he carries his 240 pounds without any appearance of superfluous flesh.

According to the captain, Oom Paul was a sort of modern King Solomon for sagacity and wisdom, and he proves this by telling a story:

"Cecil Rhodes and De Beers." he said, "had a diamond farm once near Kimberley, and they could not agree onhow it should be divided. To settle the matter, they decided to leave it to Kruger. It was explained to him, and he said to Rhodes: 'You are the clder, so you may divide the property,' and to De Beers: 'You are the younger, so you may have the choice of the two pieces." In the captain's cpinion this settled the vexed question in a most satisfactory manner.

It was suggested to the captain that he must be interested in the Boy Scout movement, since he was himself a scout serving under General De Wet.

"I think the movement is a great thing," he replied enthusiastically "Anything which will get the youngsters out of dors should be encour aged. I had my start in an outdoor life and every young fellow should have the same opportunity."

The captain doesn't think quite sc much of Baden-Powell, the founder of

the scout movement. "Why, he couldn't scout a free lunch," he said. "You see, I helped to capture Baden-Powell once when he was scouting. It was down near Mafeking, and I was in a detachment with Elof, the grandson of Kruger We caught Baden-Powell and got him right, but he did not know everything about scouting then."

The captain was the man who ar rested John Hays Hammond, in 1896 Mr. Hammond was not on a diplo matic mission in the Transvaal at that time, but was acting as an engineer for the Consolidated goldfields.

Misplaced Confidence.

I wonder how many quarrels, heart aches, broken engagements and ruined lives could be traced to the betrayal of little conndences which young girl are apt to confide to their women friends?

The German people, who are usually pretty level-headed when it comes to the philosophy of love, have an old proverb, which, being translated would read thus: "When the devil thinks that matters are running along too smoothly between a man and s maid, he tempts the maid to tell her joy to another woman; then the devil retires, for he knows that the other woman will do all that seven devils

Now, that seems rather hard on the "other woman," doesn't it? Still, if one will but look back-over

her experiences, the proverb will prove true in more than one instance, I am sure.

Strange as it may seem to most peo ple who are refined and educated, the fact remains, nevertheless; very few women can resist the desire to meddle with another girl's happiness—even when she has herself won the love and married the man of her choice.

Whether the ulterior motive is one of malicious origin only the woman herself could explain, but the mischief she does has the same results, even if she be entirely innocent of inter tional wrong-doing.—Exchange.

Unique Device for Rocking Cradle. Unique and probably the most primitive cradle-rocking device ever seen or employed in any part of the world is the one that has been adopted by the matter-of-fact squaws of the Kwakiutl tribe of Indians now living on Vancouver island, British Columbit. The mother performs the double duty of spinning and rocking her infant, snugly packed in a hollowed-out cradle stuffed with cedar-bark strips suspended from the limb of a sapling. This is about the most realistic and accurate representation of the old nursery song, "Rock-a-by, Baby, in, the Treetop," so far known; the most striking part, however, being that of the Indian mother using her big toe as the motive power. . With a cord attached to the bent limb and the other wound around her toe, she swings her dangling offspring to and fro, leaving her hands entirely free for weaving. So out of the ordinary was this scene of Indian life, which was met by an expedition, that a lifesize group of this subject has just been set up in the North Ethnologicall hall of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.-Chris tian Herald. ---

Second Burbank.

"I'm very fond of watermelon," remarked Mr. Gummey, "but it always gives me cramps."

"Just wait till my idea is perfected," replied Mr. Glenders, "and then you can eat watermelon with impunity."

"What is your idea, may I ask?" "To graft the watermelon to the Jamaica ginger plant."--Lippincott's.

IS DESTINED TO STICK

SCION OF THE HOUSE OF JONES HAS HIS SOBRIQUET.

Unfortunate Pet Name Bestowed by Fond Father Is Never Likely to Be Forgotten in the Years to Come.

Unto a young couple whom we'll call the Joneses a son was born. Naturally it was an event that minimized the importance of everything else that had ever happened-especially in the opinion of the young mother's folks. who closed up their houses and took up temporary residence with the Joneses so's to be near the new-born, where they could make frequent comment on the rare sagacity he displayed.

After the excitement following the discovery that he had limbs and eyes like a reg'lar baby had subsided a trifle the family connections all tried to get together on a name.

Now Jones, the father of the prodigy, insisted that he wanted some plain name that could be boiled down. into a nickname of the old-fashioned. blown-in-the-bottle sort, such as Jack or Jim. His wife, however, was strong for a name such as Ronald or Marmaduke. She said if he got any ordinary name at all it would have to be one of those double names that are so popular in families where they raise children that grow up and lead cotillions. She would have called the child James Edward, for example, and use the full name whenever she addressed him. But Jones just naturally wouldn't stand for it.

"Wouldn't it sound ridiculous, now." he pointed out, "to go out on the front porch to call the boy in from his play and say, James Edward, come in here?' Call him Jim or Ed if you want to, but none o' that double name truck. I know one man whose friends call him by two names and he always looks to me like the remnant of a discarded hypothesis."

Then the mother's parents had a lot of fool names that they would call the helpless babe. Most of them were names that can only be used when the last name is "St. Clair," like the villain in a show.

Jones, being unable to carry out his own wishes in the selection of a suitable nomination, was content to postpone the christening in the hope that after a time some name might turn up on which all the relatives could agree. But the delay allowed an awful thing to happen. The young one had a fumny way of screwing up its face and throwing its arms when it cried that Jones said made him think of a-bug. So he playfully got to calling his offspring by the nickname of "Bug." The nurse took it up. Neighbors got hold of the sobriquet and they call him "Bug." Everybody calls him "Bug." By the time the family agreed on a regular name for him, the "Bug" nickname was so irrevocably established that there will be no forgetting it. That child is destined to go through life with everybody addressing him as "Bug," regardless of what may be his title in

the family Bible. Some day a tall, smooth-faced man in a frock coat may arise in convention hall, mop his brow, and say: "Gentlemen, I wish to place in nomination the name of that sterling young patriot, Mr. Bug Jones!"

The deed has been done. That "Bug" is destined to cling.

Horse's Part in War. "Les grands maneuvers de pouest," as the French maneuvers are officially termed, are unique in their way because for the first time aeroplanes are to be tried on an organized system, says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. No longer will the commanders in chief be obliged to rely on the reports of the cavalry for their information on the enemy's movements.

An aeroplane can do the work of a cavalry patrol in a twentieth of the time and in a far more comprehensive manner; and one thing is certain, this new development of a military science will have the effect of speeding up war and will give birth to a new school of generals, men of lightning decision, who can decide with intense rapidity what the next move on the great chessboard of war

shall be. The millennium of peace seems a most to have arrived for the hors-He has practically disappeared from the scene on which he has played such a giorious role in the past. He drags nothing and he is almost useless for scouting.

The motor trolley puffs along the road, relieving him once and for all from the sore backs of his progenitors, and the aeropiane soaring overhead leaves him hopelessly in the rear if he endeavors to ascertain the movements of the enemy.

Change of Front. That the framework of the faces of Europeans has changed greatly in the last three centuries is the contention of Dr. F. A. Woods of Harvard university. The eyes are now closer together, the upper part of the nose more slender, and the cheek bones less prominent. Altogether, the upper part of the face was closer to the Mongolian structure three centuries ago. The mouth and lower part of the face, on the contrary, appear to have changed very little. In the early part of the portraits of English, French and German nobility it was rare to find a face of the modern type. The face of the aristocrat of those days was more like the peasant of today.

SEARCH CELLARS OF HOUSE

Precaution That is Never Neglected Before Meeting of the British Parliament.

It is 307 years since the British houses of parliament were searched and the barrels of gunpowder under the custody of Guy Fawkes discovered a few hours before the opening of the session. That discovery was not due to any special acumen on the part of the authorities, since it followed upon information sent them by letter; but there has certainly been no lack of vigilance since then, seeing that on no occasion for three centuries has Parliament been opened until its cellars had been searched.

The duty of examining the vaults and secret passages is assigned to the lord chamberlain of the court, but generally it is the vice-chamberlain who conducts the search. His assistants are the deputy sergeant-at-arms of the house of commons, the clerk of the board of works and an inspector of police. There is a lot of ceremony pertaining to the proceeding.

The four officers mentioned are preceded by four yeomen of the guard in uniform and fully armed. Through one corridor after another they tramp, peering into every dark corner until they finally reach the conclusion that no gunpowder has been stored in the cellars and that, therefore, it is quite

safe for parliament to meet. When, during the reign of James I., the earliest searches were ordered, the guardsmen carried lanterns through the dark passages, and now, although the corridors and underground passages are thoroughly lighted by electricity, the good old custom is still respected by the guardsmen, who yet carry lanterns in their hands.

In the days of the Stuarts it was the custom, when the inspection had been finished, for the lord chamberlain to dispatch a message to the king by a mounted soldier to the effect that it would be entirely safe for him to attend the opening session of parliament. Nowadays the mounted soldier is no longer seen riding post haste to the king; but the vice-chamberlain still sends the traditional message to his majesty by private wire and the king is assured that there are no explosives in the cellars and that he will not be exposed to unusual risks if he chooses to meet his lords and commons. The king may not have the remotest notion of opening parliament, but the message is sent just the same, and it is duly received and acknowledged.—Harper's Weekly.

In Debt to the Ants. If the ants had not got into the sugar there would have been no vacation for mother in a Pratt street family. Father was going away for a while and mother had made up her mind to stay at home with the young son and just rest and have a good time in her own yard.

But on the day of father's departare mother was doing some baking and she went to the sugar crock for some sugar. When she removed the Ind she found the sugar alive with tiny ants. She took the crock to the back porch, spread a newspaper out on a table and emptied the sugar on the paper. Just then her gaze fell on a railroad advertisement of excursion rates. She found that a special train would run from Indianapolis that night and that the fare was low. The advertisement told about the fine bathing beach, the hotels, the fishing and all of the other attrac-

When father came to dinner that day there was a large bouquet of flowers at his plate. His chair was cushioned and a nice, fat, soft pillow was there also for his comfort. He knew something was about to happen, but he didn't know what nor how much it was going to cost.

"What is it now?" he asked. "Looks like there's something on your mind." Mother handed him the paper. As soon as dinner was over father wrote a check, and mother and son packed their trunk.—Indianapolis News.

How to Estimate Number in a Review. Did you ever try to estimate the number in a crowd and then find out inter that you had missed your guess by hundreds?

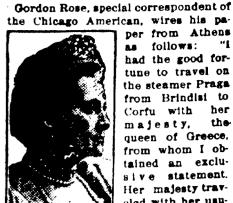
Here is a simple system with regard to the number of troops on the march:

The strength of a body of troops may be estimated from the length of time it takes to pass a given point. Assuming that infantry in column of fours occupies half a yard per man, cavalry one yard per trooper, and ertillery is in single column of guns and caissons, a given point would be passed in one minute by about 175 infantry, 110 cavalry at a walk, 200 cavalry at a trot, and five guns or caissons. Allowing for spacing between companies, battalions, and regiments, all of which is according to mathematical rule, it takes a regiment of 1,000 men divided into battalions just ten minutes to pass, or at the rate of 6,000 an hour. And this supposes no breaks in the line. These rules, it must be remembered, are for trained soldiers used to a long step and to keeping up without straggling. No civilians ever have kept up this pace.

Persuaded. "That man's motto is 'After me the deluge!" said the fervent speaker. "In that case," replied Farmer Corstossel, "I'm gein' to vote far 'im. We never did have enough rain to satis fy me."

"Ain't It Awful?" Mack-Everything is going up. Jack-Yes, even the price of en perience has advanced.

GREEK QUEEN IN PLEA TO WOMEN OF AMERICA



per from Athens as follows: "I had the good fortune to travel on the steamer Praga from Brindisi to Corfu with her majesty, the queen of Greece. from whom I obtained an exclusive statement. Her majesty traveled with her usual lack of ostentation and was ac-

companied only by one lady in wait-

smile of recognition.

ing and a courier. It was many years since I had seen her, and I thought I could recognize in her strong, thoughtful face new lines, perhaps from the worries and cares of the past few weeks. Queen Olga, who is an aunt of the czar, carries herself as one would expect—a queen. Although dressed somberly in black, the only touch of lightness was her gray hair and the natural brightness of her face, which was illuminated by her

Queen Olga spoke freely and declared that as a devout Christian she had a message for the women of Christendom throughout the world. She said:

"Greece does not fear to throw herself into the scale. She does not fear for what she may lose nor has she any hope of territorial aggrandizement. Greece, like the other Balkan states, has a solemn duty, that of succoring Christian women and children and men suffering the barbarities of Turkish misrule. It is a strange phase of history that has made Greece the champion of Christendom, whilst the great powerful Christian nations stand aside, but this is not a question of politics-it is a question of human-

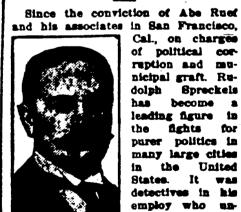
"War can hold no horrors as bad as those of peace under the Turkish flag. There will be many families in destitution because those breadwinners who have not carried the colors have come forward as volunteers. There will be many widows, many women weeping for sons who will not: come back. Privation and perhaps. starvation will be added to the empty chair of him who comes home no more.

"Greece will do all she can to aid her people in distress, but Greece is so small and the distress is so vast that her women will sell their jewels and finery to provide for the stricken. just as they did in the last war. If the women of the great Christian nations who are not asked to sacrifice their men in this latter day crusade would but sacrifice the smallest fraction of their comforts and luxus a few weeks, then the men would fight with lighter hearts, knowing that their

dear ones are not starving at home. "Greeks throughout the world are filled with enthusiasm. From all over Europe and Egypt and even America every incoming ship brings a load of pariots. Their enthusiasm is solid. They do not cheer or shout on this grim business. They take it earnestly. If the enthusiasm and grit of the poor man who risks his all means anything, then there is food for reflection in the question of how much civilization has borrowed from Greece."

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS A

WEALTHY FOE OF GRAFT



Cal., on charges of political correption and municipal graft. Rudolph Spreckels has become a leading figure in the fights for purer politics in many large cities in the United States. It was detectives in his employ who uncovered Ruel and his methods and

it was his cash that backed the prosecution of the case. Mr. Spreckels is a son of Claus Spreckels, who built up a great fortune in the sugar business, which figured recently in the investigation of the Sugar trust. He is a brother of John D. Spreckels, who is identified with a great many enterprises in San Francisco and along the Pacific coast and is owner of the San Francisco Call. Mr. Spreckels inherited much of his wealth but even now, in addition to his business, he finds much time to devote to politics and to the driving out of crooks and graftery wherever they may be found.

Women Students in Germany. Nowhere in the world have the uniwernities a more masculine outward aspect than in Germany, and yet, if we may judge by recent statistics, femininism is surely gaining ground even in. these strongholds. It is now only four years since women were by law allowed to study at German universities. Now they represent five per cent of the incorporated students. Berlin counts 345 (by far the largest number); Bonn, 255; Goettingen, 224; Munich, 188; Heldelberg, 165; Freiburg, 149; Breslan, 134, and Leipeic, 103. To this total it is necessary to add nearly 1,800 unattached students, making the grand total of women students in Germany 4,500. The majority are Protestants or Jews. Very few are Catholies. The courses of study most in favor with them are philosophy and

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS